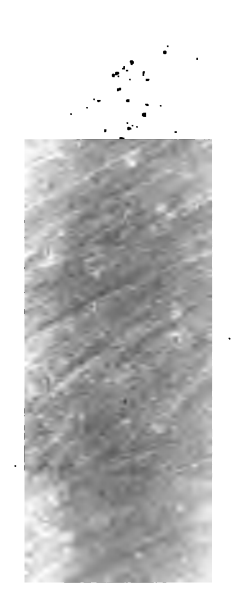

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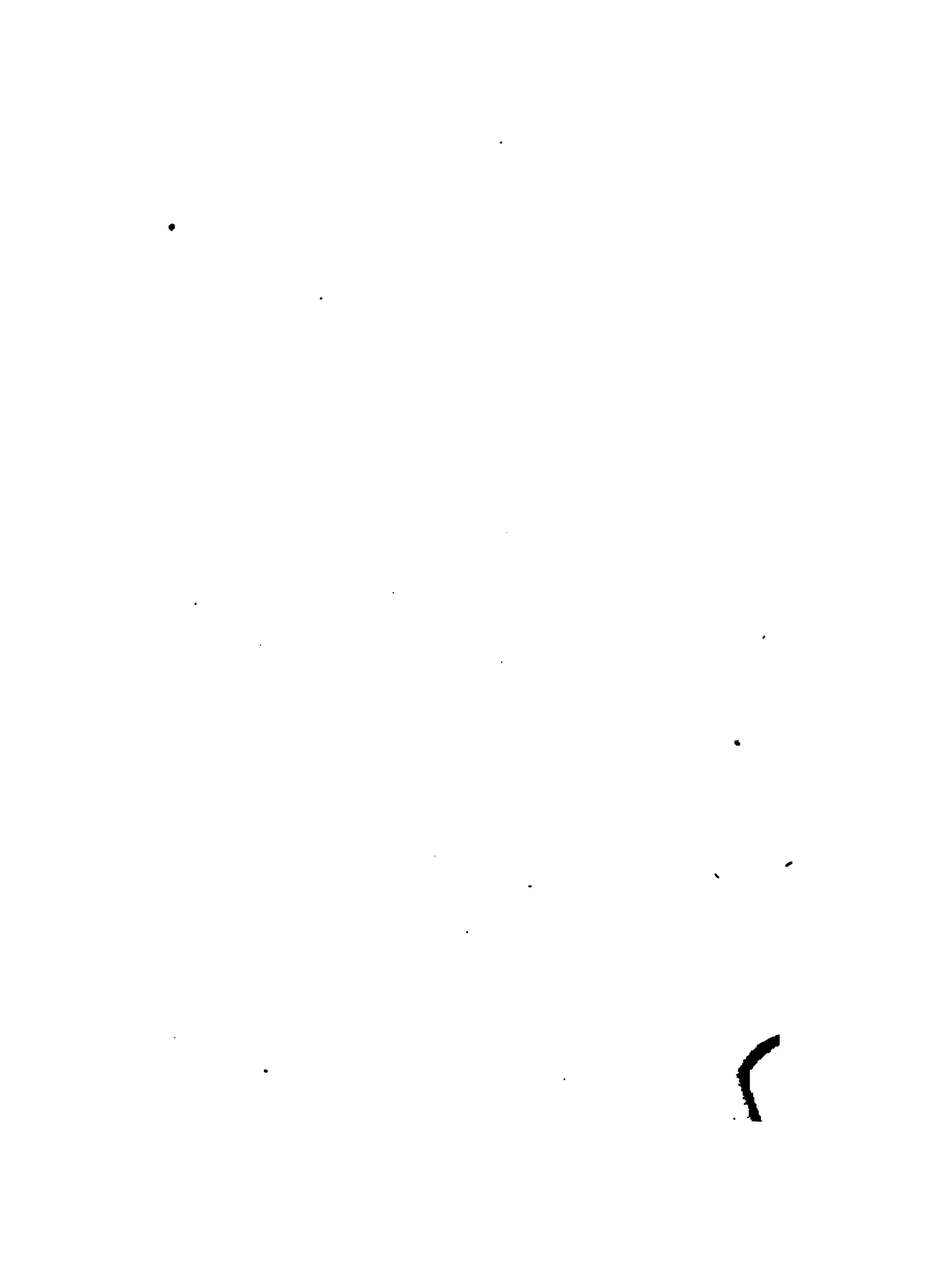
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HORÆ GERMANICÆ:

A VERSION

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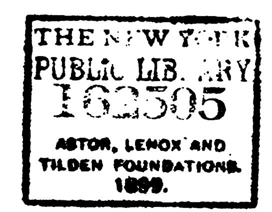
GERMAN HYMNS.

BY

HENRY MILLS.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

NEW YORK AND AUBURN:
MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN.
New York: 25 Park Row—Auburn: 107 Genesee-st.
1856.



AUBURN:

MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN,

STEREOTYPERS AND PRINTERS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Translator would premise:—

Hymns 38, 62, 119, and 164, were written before he could venture on an imitation of the German *double rhyme;* and therefore fail to exhibit that trait of their originals. All the rest give the precise form of the German stanza.

As to the character of the version—it is so *free* as to furnish no apology for harshness or obscurity in its language: and yet sufficiently *close* to exclude him from all claim to merit for the thought.

It is offered as "*a specimen*" of an almost boundless store of German hymns; and should it also prove an acceptable "*manual for the closet,*" his highest hopes respecting it will be answered.

Auburn, *November,* 1845.

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The additional hymns, (forty-four in number,) have an asterisk (*) before their titles.

The *originals* are not answerable for the stanzas in brackets.

Auburn, *January,* 1856.

L'ENVOY.

Go forth, little book!—I to others now leave thee;—
  Go seek among strangers in future thy friends;
If worthy,—the worthy will kindly receive thee;
  If worthless,—neglect is thy worthy amends.

Throughout all thy growth, I have taught thee with pleasure,
  What Germans have chanted, in English to tell:
Amid graver cares, and in seasons of leisure,
  I've lov'd thee;—and, loving, now bid thee Farewell!

And, for saint the most feeble, should God ever use thee,
  One joy to impart, or one murmur restrain;—
Though others in scorn, should all favor refuse thee,—
  My toil and my pleasure will not be in vain.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

1

THE GOD OF NATURE.

Thou Great First Cause! when, of thy skill
And might, the traces viewing,
I see, too, how thy love is still
The good of all pursuing,
Astonish'd at thy matchless ways,
How can I render worthy praise,—
My God, my Lord, and Father!

2 The Earth, where'er I turn my eye,
Reveals her Maker's glory;
Through day and night the shining sky
Of praise repeats its story;
Who for the Sun there fix'd his place?
Who clothes him with majestic grace?
The starry hosts—Who leads them?

3 Who rules the fickle raging winds?
The clouds, in rain distilling?
And Who the lap of Earth unbinds,
Our stores with plenty filling?
Great God, thy praises shall abide,
And, with thy goodness, reach as wide
As wide creation reaches.

4 Praise thee the sunshine and the storm;
Thy praise the ocean raises:
"Come!"— says each happy living form,—
"Come, sing my Maker's praises!"
"Me"— says the tree in bloom array'd,
"Me"— says the grain, "thy God has made,
"Sing praises to our Maker!"

5 'Tis Man,— a body, of thy hand
The marvelous formation;
'Tis Man,— a soul to understand
Thy wonders of creation;
'Tis Man,— who to himself supplies
Best proof that thou art good and wise,—
Who best should sing thy praises.

6 Now pay thy honors to his name,
My soul, his glories telling:
Thy Father and thy God proclaim,
The world's glad anthem swelling:
Let all our race, with one accord,
Love, trust, and serve our common Lord:
Who can refuse to serve him!

C. F. Gellert, d. 1769.

---

2 THE GOD OF GRACE.

Jehovah is my light, salvation showing,
Perfection in Jehovah finds its place,
The soul's best joys are from Jehovah flowing,
Jehovah is the fount of holiness.

This *light* alone can ev'ry doubt dispel,
Perfection!—'t is to this my hopes aspire,
While *joys of soul* but quicken my desire
That I in *holiness* with him may dwell.

2 Jehovah — Who can comprehend his being?
Here human thought is lost in wild'ring maze:
But from his *word* I much may learn, there seeing
How strangely wise and good are all his ways.
In these, Who had his mind and purpose known?
Or was his counselor, his course to guide?
Proud Reason, blush! — that sea is far too wide,
Too deep for thee.— His plans are all his own.

3 Jehovah,— Source to all of life and motion,
For mortal eye thy glories are too bright;
Yet here a pilgrim, with sincere devotion
I fain would live beneath thy watchful sight.
Thyself art light,— and light is thine abode,
Thou hatest him who in the darkness hides,
But him thou lovest who in light abides—
In beams of mercy shine on all my road!

4 Jehovah, God with us! — till life is ended,
Be ev'ry day in thy communion pass'd;
My soul, till then by thy kind eye attended,
Thou wilt to endless glory bring at last.
Blind sinner, think! — in time thy danger see!
Refusing light, wilt thou the darkness take?
At death, all joy and hope will thee forsake,
While Light and Love unite my God and me.

JOACHIM NEANDER, d. 1680.

3 THE GOD OF NATURE AND OF GRACE.

DREAD Majesty above!
Of pray'r none else is worthy:
The angels near thy throne
With rev'rence bow before thee:
In love and humble faith
Make thou our souls sincere,
That we may seek thy face
With thanks and holy fear.

2 Thou art the highest good,
To ev'ry ill a stranger;
Thy bliss, complete in thee,
Of change can fear no danger:
All glory too is thine,
Nor creatnres, great or small,
Thy glory can increase,
Great Maker, Lord of all.

3 Thou callest what was not
To life and conscious pleasure;
And beings round thee spread
In numbers out of measure:
Thy nature all is love,
And works of boundless skill
Unceasingly employ'd,
Thy schemes of love fulfill.

4 Thou speakest, and 't is done;
When but thy word was given,
The frame of nature rose —

The earth and starry heaven.
Thy will throughout the world
Such deeds of power show,
As creatures else would think
Beyond all pow'r to do.

5 Thou art the Lord of lords;
And earthly kings, the highest,
Before thee are but dust,—
Thou all their strength suppliest.
Whose pride thou wouldst depress,
Who longer can sustain?
But, whom thou wilt exalt,
Shall envied glory gain.

6 'T is thine alone, to live
And reign supreme forever.
Life's thine to give or take,
We breathe but by thy favor.
The soul that rules in us
We have, Most High, from thee;—
Were such thy will, it dies,
But thou must ever be.

7 Thee—who has ever seen?
Who can in flesh behold thee?
No mortal eye could bear
The splendors that infold thee
Where thou, in glory thron'd,
Inhabitest the praise
Which angels, evermore,
In songs of rapture raise.

8 What we, immortal King,
Are of thy nature knowing,
Thou hast thyself reveal'd,
Thy works and counsels showing.
Creation speaks thy power,
More clearly still thy Son
Displays thy wondrous grace,
And makes the godhead known.

9 Yet, what we learn of thee
With shadows here is shrouded;
But soon we hope a light
And vision all unclouded,
When we to God shall come,
No shade or veil between;
And there his glory see,
As we ourselves are seen.

10 Meantime would we below
Ne'er cease our honors bringing;
Despise not, Lord, the praise
Our stamm'ring tongues are singing:
When we shall rise to thee
In realms of light above,
In higher, nobler strains,
We'll sing the God of love.

J. S. Dieterich, d. 1797.

4 *PRAISE TO GOD.

Of God I sing,
The God of grace and power;
In name He's great,
Of mighty deeds the doer;
In heav'n, o'er all its hosts, the King.

2 If He but speak,
New worlds would start to being;
And, at his frown,
To non-existence fleeing,
Would worlds like empty bubbles break.

3 His robe,—the light;
The best,—what he proposes;
He reigns, *as* God,—
The drapery, that incloses
His throne,—is spotless truth and right.

4 His watchful care
Is over all extended,—
He was—of old,
Will be—when time is ended,
None else can with our God compare.

5 What is—has been—
In sky, and earth, and ocean,—
Before him lies.
To us what's blind commotion,
Is all by Him distinctly seen.

6 He guards me round,—
My rest for me arranges:
Discerns my plans,
Foresees their hidden changes,—
With Him there is no darkness found.

7 He's ever near:
At home, abroad with strangers,—
Where land, and sea,
And sky disclose their dangers,
He still upholds me safely there.

8 My wish He knows,
All that I fear—He knows it:
The good I would—
He sees what ills oppose it,
And evermore his mercy shows.

9 For me He weigh'd
The portion here assign'd me
Of joy and grief;
What length of days should find me
He fix'd,—before the world was made.

10 There's nothing mine,—
All, all—to God I owe it.
Love to thy name—
Lord, give me grace to show it!
Be all the praise and glory thine!

11 No one can reach
Thy works with worthy praises.

The floating down,
Wherever borne, bears traces
Its Maker's pow'r and skill to teach.

12 Each blade that springs
With perfect wisdom tallies:
Ye winds, and waves,
Ye brooks, and hills, and valleys,—
Ye are the hymns that Nature sings.

13 Who cheers the land,
Us to green pastures guiding;
And night, and day,
And corn, and oil providing?
Our comforts flow at *his* command.

14 The sparrow's fall
Awaits the Lord's direction:
Then shall not I
Confide in his protection,
And trust his grace to hear my call?

15 Let God be nigh,
From ills my sole defender,—
What would I more
That Heav'n or earth could render?
Yea, Hell itself I might defy.

C. F. Gellert, d. 1769.

5 * THE GERMAN TE DEUM.

Now all,—to God give thanks
With hearts, and hands, and voices!
'T is He, whose wondrous grace
All, ev'rywhere, rejoices:
From birth, through helpless years
He bore us safely on;
His love, throughout our course,
Has countless favors done.

2 May God, in mercy still,
While earth remains our dwelling,
His good bestow,—our tongues
With joy his goodness telling!
And when our strength shall fail,
May He display his pow'r;
And, from the ills we fear,
Defend us evermore!

3 Praise, honor, thanks to God!
On high the Father seated,
The Son, and Spirit too,—
With equal homage greeted!
He is the God of old,
And right in all his ways;
To Him, the Great and Good,
Let all give endless praise!

M. Rinkart, d. 1649.

6

POWER OF GOD.

WHO, LORD, thy deeds can measure?
Unbounded is thy might,
When men make crime their pleasure,
Thy sword for slaughter's bright.
Destruction, at thy bidding,
Sweeps o'er what thou hadst made,
Submissive to thy guiding,
And, at thy word, is stay'd.

2 'Gainst those thy will despising
Thy glory thou'lt maintain;
Their wrath to fury rising
But proves their rage is vain.
Be still, ye proud,—nor longer
Provoke his fearful rod;—
Dream not that ye are stronger
Than is the arm of GOD.

3 Vain hope, his church to trample!
Ye foes, mark well the word!
For *her*—resources ample
Are ever in the LORD.
His sword, high o'er her flaming,
Shall guard and banner be;
Her host, in fight exclaiming—
"*The* LORD *and victory!*"

P. F. HILLER, d. 1769.

7

THE LOVE OF GOD.

God is love—then sing his praises!
Love that shall unchanging be;
Tell what joys his Spirit raises,
Making known that love to thee!
While his holy vengeance reaches
With its flames the lowest hell,
"God is Love"—'t is what he teaches,
And his saints approve it well.

2 Love! which he to men revealing
Points them to his dying Son:
Love!—all human thoughts excelling,
Measured by himself alone;
Broad art thou, through space extending;
Long,—to last when time shall cease;
Deep,—to hopeless guilt descending;
High too,—reaching heav'nly bliss.

3 Love!—although my heart can never
Thy full measure comprehend,—
O make vain the foe's endeavor
From thyself my heart to rend!
Love!—to thee my soul is plighted,—
Teach me more of thee to know,
That my soul, to God united,
May his love forever show!

P. F. Hiller, d. 1769.

8 * OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

Thou Spirit, perfect and allwise,
Who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
But, o'er all changes as they rise,
Thy watch untiring keepest,—
No darkness can obscure thy sight,
No shelter is availing;
But deeds that seek the shades of night,
Of wish'd concealment failing,
From thee shall find exposure.

2 Our very thoughts to Thee are known
While we in secret hold them,—
Before by language they are shown,
Or any act has told them.
The heart is open to thine eye,
Uncover'd its recesses,—
The hidden aim—tho' it belie
All that the lip professes;—
The reins of men thou triest.

3 Whatever most thy friends desire
Is known ere they implore thee;
Their sighs have gain'd all they require,
Ere they have bow'd before thee.
And what thy foes would fain conceal
Beneath their false adorning,
To thee far clearer rays reveal
Than beams of brightest morning
Without a cloud or shadow.

4 What in the future yet shall be
When ages shall have ended,
Already present is to thee
With perfect light attended.
Things yet to come thy saints have heard,
That they to saints might tell them,
Or, as the heralds of thy word,
Throughout the earth reveal them,
And so proclaim thy wisdom.

5 When *we* regard thy present ways,
There's much in myst'ry shrouded:
Thou lookest through unnumber'd days,
With Thee, is nothing clouded.
What's dark to us shall yet be plain,—
That thou hast all directed
In righteousness—be fully seen,
And light, from all reflected,
Shall show abroad thy glory.

6 Remind us of thy searching eye,
Whene'er temptation rises;
Lest we, with hypocrites, apply
To false and vain disguises:
Beneath thy gentle cheering light,
Imbue us with thy spirit;
That, ne'er asham'd of what is right,
The wrong—we more may fear it,
And walk with God sincerely.

J. J. Rambach, d. 1735.

9 * GOD'S WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

STRANGE at first, in glory closes
What the GOD of grace proposes,
  Guiding by his mighty hand:
We, aghast, its progress viewing,
Skill divine completes the doing,
  While we cry—"Where will it end?"

2 Well may wonders be expected
Where GOD's wisdom has directed
  For his glory and our need.
Though at first all ills seem blended,
Comes at last the good intended,
  Onward by these evils led.

3 When his path is on the ocean,
Mid the tempest's wild commotion,
  There no eye his feet can trace:
So, our sea of troubles guiding,
GOD his way from us is hiding;
  We no longer own his grace.

4 In that gulf that ever rages,
Where the surge with surge engages,—
  In the gloomy sea of Death,—
Saints themselves, with Death contending,
In their struggle none befriending,
  Seem abandon'd to his wrath.

5 This to know—Who can attain it?
Man to man can ne'er explain it,
  Boasted Reason here is blind:

Shadows thick around us hover,
Till no light can we discover,
Nor God's way of wisdom find.

6 He, in clouds and darkness dwelling,
Bids us, ev'ry doubt repelling,
Walk by faith, and not by sight.
Fruitless all our restless sorrow,
Trust him now, and for the morrow,
Else *all hope* is sunk in night.

7 All thy way,—to God confide it,
None so well knows how to guide it,
End, beginning—all be his.
All that He begins,—when ended,—
Shall with praises be commended,—
Strange, but glorious in our eyes.

8 Though with fears he may confound thee,
Rushing torrents roaring round thee,
While on high his thunders roll:
Oft o'er frightful cliffs may lead thee,
Fire and storm each step impede thee,
Terrors shake thy wond'ring soul:—

9 Never let thy fears oppress thee,
Look to God e'en yet to bless thee,
Trust his wisdom and be still:
He so guides that He will show it,
And, ere long, thyself shalt know it,
"*God alone doth all things well.*"

10 Nor from others then conceal it,
But with thankful joy reveal it,
All abroad the tidings send!
Lighten thus the heart of sadness,
With the cheering shout of gladness—
"*Strange beginning, glorious end!*"

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10 * GOD'S WAYS WONDERFUL.

"WONDROUS ways is GOD pursuing,
Hid to us his sov'reign will;
But 'tis glorious—all he's doing,
So his finish'd work will tell:
Whom he loves—he chastens too,
This with him is nothing new:
Weeping, trust him still, nor waver,—
Sorrows, bless'd, evince his favor.

2 Think when former days were dreary;
From the past be wisdom learn'd;
Gloomy fears, to prospects cheery,
Were by GOD in mercy turn'd:
While thy sins upon thee lay,
Oft didst thou in anguish say—
"Sinking, I must hopeless perish;"
But wast spar'd bright hopes to cherish.

3 GOD abides! Beware of taking
Him like fickle man to be,

Choosing now, and now forsaking!
How can God abandon thee?
He, with more than father's care,
Watches all he lets thee bear;
Than the love which mothers render,
His to thee is far more tender.

4 Call to mind what He has spoken,
Swearing by himself, has said;
Can *his* word and oath be broken?
Firm the cov'nant He has made;
Earth and skies may pass away,
But the truth of God shall stay:
Resting on this sure foundation,
Never doubt of his salvation.

5 Though his promise has not told thee
When and *how* thy help shall come;
Trust his care!—it will uphold thee,—
Give to fear and doubt no room!
He thy heart would fully try
Whether thou wilt yet rely,
And, while troubles round thee gather,
Own him still thy gracious Father.

6 He will quicken thy devotion
Which thou mournest o'er as dead;
Raise thy love to glad emotion,
After all thy cares are fled.
Then will Jesus, too, thy Lord,
With his smiles thy thanks reward,

And thy faith and hope increasing,
Crown thy soul with ev'ry blessing.

7 Leave it then to God's direction!
Wait His time to bring relief!
He will be thy sure protection,
Known to him is all thy grief:
Their devices well he knows,
And will disappoint thy foes;
He their conqueror will make thee,
Never—never will forsake thee."

8 Jesus, now accept my praises!
Trusting, I have found thee true;
Earth its storm before me raises,
But thy grace can bear me through:
Thou, my confidence, be near,
I will never yield to fear:
All my trials work thy pleasure,
Swelling my eternal treasure.

J. Weissenborn, 1680, on occasion of his wife's illness.

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11 THE WORD OF GOD.

I trust the Lord, Upon his word
I rest my soul's well-being:
My walk with thee, Lord, here must be
By faith, and not by seeing.

2 Thy word is sure, May it secure
My confidence forever!

Let Reason's pride Ne'er be my guide
From faith my soul to sever.

3 What but thy word Could light afford,
To save from doubt and error?
Where else is shown, Than here alone,
Escape from guilt and terror?

4 'Tis here made plain, —Sought else in vain—
The soul is ever-living:
For endless days, Of future praise,
That thou this life art giving.

5 The only scheme Man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
Would lie conceal'd, But as reveal'd
In these thy sacred pages.

6 And now shall grief Hope no relief,
My soul sink down despairing?
No!—here I see Thy grace for me
A father's love declaring.

7 By faith to live, Its fruits to give,—
This is the path to heaven:
All strength and skill To do thy will
But through thy word are given.

8 Teach me, O Lord, To prize thy word,
This gift of matchless favor:
Be it my wealth, Be it my health,
My strength and life forever!

C. F. Gellert, d. 1769.

12 THE TREE WITH GOLDEN FRUIT.

Upon a hill there stands a tree
  Where golden fruit is found,—
'Tis meant for ev'ry land to see,
  It shines for all around.
Here many come by day and night,
  Its gold their fond pursuit;
They shake its branches with delight,
  And bear away the fruit.

2 And yet its riches always stay,
  The tree is never bare;
Whatever fruit is borne away,
  As much still glitters there.
"What is its name?—and Where its place?
  "How can this wonder be?
"Who now will tell us?—Who can guess?"—
  The Bible *is that tree.*

C. G. Barth, b. 1799.

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13 KNOWLEDGE OF GOD FROM HIS WORD.

In glory bright, O God, thou dwellest,
  On which no mortal eye can look;
Yet all we need to know thou tellest
  In clear instructions of thy book,—
Both what thou art, and, in thy plan,
What hopes and fears should govern man.

2 Be then this volume, through life's stages,
  My light to shine in darkness here;

And, when I meditate its pages,
  To aid me, with thy grace be near!
To learn and practice all thy will,
Let eye and heart be open still!

3 Thy word—O may I so believe it,
  That it shall be my spirit's food!
But error—let me not receive it,
  And rob my soul of endless good!
Nor scoffers drive my heart astray,
Nor sceptic doubts impede my way!

4 To know thee—'tis a pledge of heaven!
  Now help me, Father, that both Thee
And Him whom thou for us hast given,
  I *here* may learn by faith to see,
As thy unerring truth has taught,
Till *to thy glory* I am brought.

5 And as my knowledge shall be growing,
  May I in heart and life improve;
The kindred graces brighter glowing,
  My faith, my rev'rence, and my love:
The more I comprehend thy will,
May it promote a purer zeal!

6 For, What though knowledge be expanding,
  Unless to higher love it train?
What aids me light of understanding,
  If yet an evil heart remain?
Guide then my will by what is true,
That I thy service may pursue.

7 To know thee, LORD, O may it ever
On earth my spring of comfort be,
That, when my soul and body sever,
I may rejoice through faith in thee,—
Then, see thee in full glory shown,
And know thee as myself am known.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE, d. 1737.

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14 THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

THE holy law and gospel, both
From GOD himself proceeded,
And in the scheme of christian truth,
They both alike are needed:
While yet there is diversity
That's clearly seen by ev'ry eye
Enlighten'd by the Spirit.

2 The *Law's* great rule of what is due,
Our conscience well might show it,
—That *love to* GOD *and neighbor too,*
Immutably we owe it:—
But that in love our GOD should give
His Son to die that we might live,—
He only could reveal it.

3 The *Law* makes all our duty plain,
Its kind and measure traces:
The *Gospel* tells how to obtain
From GOD his needed graces:

By *that*, what we should do is shown,
By *this*, what God for us has done;
This mercy speaks,—*that*, judgment.

4 The *Law*, 'tis true, speaks of reward,
But we can ne'er attain it,
Since none, without a full regard
To all the law, can gain it:
The *Gospel* gives its promis'd good
To those who trust the Savior's blood,
And humbly own the ransom.

5 Where'er the *Law* the sinner finds,
It pierces him with sorrows:
His wounds the gracious *Gospel* binds,—
Hence he his healing borrows:
That threatens death, the curse for sin;
This tells how endless life to win
Through sufferings of Jesus.

6 By *that*, our misery is known,
This comfort is declaring;
That casts the stoutest sinner down,
This raises the despairing:
That points and urges on to death,
While *this* restores the fainting breath,
And brings the soul to heaven.

7 The *Law* fit message will afford
To those who conscience stifle;
Who dream of merit and reward,
While yet with sin they trifle:

The soothing balm of *gospel* grace
Will find its meet and welcome place
With souls sin-sick and broken.

8 The destin'd aim of *Law* attain'd,
Its terrors all are ceasing:
Its thunders and its curses end,
When man seeks *gospel* blessing.
The cross of Jesus hope revives,—
Who looks to this for mercy, lives;—
His peace shall be abiding.

9 May *Law* and *Grace* on ev'ry heart,
Make each its due impression;—
When fear and grief have done their part,
Let faith then take possession:
Of vengeance may the dread alarms
Bring all to hide within the arms
Of our dear Lord and Savior.

10 O grant us, LORD, through gospel faith,
Thy strength for holy living:—
As children then, not fearing wrath,
Thy Law our rule receiving,
Will we, by grace, thy ways pursue,
Will honor law and gospel too,—
Believing, and *obeying*.

15 ON THE SOUL.

MAN were better nam'd *a spirit*,—
Would I call this body "*I*"?
'Tis, of that I shall inherit,
But the seed;—and soon will die.
For, as grain corrupting lies
Fruit to yield, the body dies,
That from it, as blade from kernel,
One may spring to life eternal.

2 GOD ne'er form'd our soul—no, never!
Here to last some fleeting hours,
It was form'd to live forever
And disclose its noble powers;—
Form'd for holy joys on high,
Man—the soul—will never die.
Save us, LORD, lest boundless mercies
Change by sin to endless curses!

---

16 CARE FOR THE SOUL.

LORD, on the soul's enduring worth,
As in thy sacred word set forth,
So fix my deep reflection:
That care for its eternal weal
Shall ev'ry other care excel,
And rule my constant action.

2 Thyself hast for its int'rests car'd,—
For it what joy hast thou prepar'd,

Riches of grace expending!
Thine image, which at first it bore,
In all its brightness to restore,
Thy Son in mercy sending.

3 Superior to such life as this,
Design'd for pure and endless bliss,
In flesh 'tis here in training,—
That exercise of faith and love
May nurture it for joys above,
Where Jesus now is reigning.

4 Thou 'rt ready, to thy promise true,
Life's fleeting cares to guide it through,
And for thy glory cherish;—
O let me not, by unbelief,
Condemn this soul, in hopeless grief,
Beneath thy wrath to perish.

5 Lord, to thyself in cov'nant join
My soul:—be thy sure mercies mine,
My trust in thee unshaken!
This is my pray'r, and this my aim,—
O may I never know the shame
Of cov'nant vows forsaken.

6 In thee the wicked have no part;—
Create in me an humble heart,
That feels for sin abhorrence;
That for its guilt before thee mourns,
But to thy grace in Jesus turns
With hope and full concurrence.

7 Throughout my course, in all its length,
May I, LORD, strengthen'd with thy strength,
Strive for that crown of glory
Which thou hast set before my eyes,—
While earth's fair promises I prize
But as an idle story.

8 How blest the faithful, none can show;
Sweet peace and joy their portion now,
Imparted by thy Spirit:
And, when th' appointed hour is come,
Thou wilt to glory take them home,
Thy kingdom to inherit.

J. S. DIETERICH, d. 1797.

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17 SUDDEN DEATH OF A SINNER.

Now one in health Death, instant, crushes,—
Ye sleepers, wake! your danger see!
A shudder through your spirits rushes,
The shudder of eternity.
Nor without cause your spirits quake,
GOD's midnight thunder cries—"Awake!"

2 This sudden death—to you it preaches,
And, with a deep and solemn tone,—
"Behold!"—it says—"GOD's vengeance reaches
"And casts the highest, strongest down."
Wake, sinners! and again, awake!
The thunder rolls, on you may break.

3 This brother came,—he saw,—departed,—
More of him scarcely can be said:
Now sighs and groans, by anguish started,
And clouds are hov'ring o'er the dead.
O what a fall!—from one and all
Wonder extorts—" *O what a fall!*"

4 In health and dead!—in sin, too, dying!
By call of GOD, in anger spoke,
Swift as the flash of heaven flying,
And awful as its thunder-stroke,
He's plung'd, from heights of earthly bliss,
Into eternity's abyss.

5 "In health and dead!"—the thought still urges
Upon the soul:—"in health and dead!"
Thought, troubled as the ocean's surges,
And, as the sweeping whirlwind, dread:
"In sin and dead!"—O 't is a dart,
That pierces through the tortur'd heart.

6 Yes!—fearful too as roar of ocean,
Its foaming waves by tempest driven,
Will be the sinner's wild commotion,
Cut off in sin, no warning giv'n,
By single step, without a thought,
From time to retribution brought.

7 Now, sinner, think, and timely tremble!
This fearful doom still threatens thee:
Few, in their time of need, resemble
The thief who sigh'd—"Remember me!"

Nor is it ev'ry one that dies,
Who e'en a wish for mercy sighs.

8 God many means of death is sending,
Not always sickness, plague, or war,
Nor earthquake,—rocks and mountains rending,
Nor storm,—its fury spreading far,
Nor lightning,—nor the raging flood:
'T is oft a mote,—or drop of blood.

9 Save, Lord!—O may the fear of dying
Make all these sinners fear to sin!
Let none of them in death be lying,
Before thy service they begin.
For death they're *ripe*, alas! 't is true,—
Fit them for death, and judgment too!

10 We prostrate fall, and would implore thee,
That we, O Lord, thy grace may meet;
Crush not in wrath poor worms before thee
That creep in dust beneath thy feet.
In pity spare us!—we, that call,
Are for thy vengeance far too small.

11 But no! though weak and ill deserving,
In thy regard our worth is high;
Since thy own Son, thy pleasure serving,
To save us, gave himself to die,
And shed that blood which cries to heav'n—
"*Let man in mercy be forgiv'n!*"

12 Now, Jesus,—while of this our brother
The open'd grave we're call'd to see,
May each reflect—"Soon, too, another
"Shall op'ning wait to cover me."
And be this solemn warning bless'd
To fit our souls with thee to rest.

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18 SINNERS WARNED IN VIEW OF JUDGMENT.

How sad will be the sinner's part!
How dreadful in the bearing!
The pangs of conscious guilt his heart
With nameless tortures tearing,—
When, to the truth at last awake,
The trump of GOD on him shall break
With voice of awful thunder.

2 His day of grace forever gone,
Spent all his hours of gladness,
Replete with sinful joys alone,
—These joys are turn'd to sadness,—
Eternity now makes it plain
The LORD has threaten'd naught in vain,
Nor vengeance always slumbers.

3 Where now is ev'ry earthly good
In which his soul delighted?
Where now that pride and hardihood
Which ev'ry warning slighted?
His guilty heart with terror quails,

His courage, all his boasting fails,—
    Transform'd to shame and anguish.

4 Now curses fall upon his head
    From those his guidance rueing;
They, whose wrong passions he has fed,
    Charge him with their undoing:
While ev'ry art he has employ'd,
And ev'ry good he has destroy'd,
    Pass fearfully before him.

5 He hears the righteous Judge proclaim—
    "Depart, thou evil-doer!"
No more can he excuses frame,—
    Conscience is his pursuer:
Cast out from God, where'er he goes,
He feels—this sharpens all his woes—
    "*The doom is just, though dreadful!*"

6 His tortur'd soul may wish—'t is vain!—
    Reversal of the sentence;
Remorse—add torment to his pain,—
    No room now for repentance;
'T were vain from falling hills to crave,
For his despair, a shelt'ring grave
    In dark annihilation.

7 Turn, careless sinners, flee in haste
    To Him who can relieve you!
Your term of grace no longer waste,
    Nor let your hearts deceive you
To think—"there yet is time to spare;"

The day of doom to you is near
With all its retributions.

8 Whether ye cavil, or believe,
'T will come—what God hath spoken;
To Death should He commission give,
At once your dreams are broken.
Now mercy waits,—but short its stay,—
Secure its blessings while you may,
And be prepar'd for judgment!

J. C. Grot, d. 1800.

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19 SCOFFERS CONFOUNDED AT THE JUDGMENT.

He that once came as suff'ring man,
To perfect Mercy's wondrous plan,
Will come, as Judge descending;
Nor long his coming be delay'd,
In glorious majesty display'd,
Angels their Lord attending.
Ye careless world, in time prepare,
Nor put the evil day afar.

2 "Why, Lord, so long thy judgment stay?
"Why slack thy promise?"—scoffers say,—
Braving the final sentence.
'T is—Hear it, sinners, who presume
Thus to deride the solemn doom,—
That you may find repentance.
But if in sin you persevere,
Too soon you'll find the Judge is here.

3 And when he comes in glory bright,
You'll see, with trembling and affright,
The horrors that abide you:
And Will you then God's terrors brave?
Nor sea nor mountain, death nor grave,
From his dread wrath can hide you.
Then, Mercy's day forever gone,
O'er you will Justice rule alone.

4 When fearfully his thunders sound,
His trumpet-blasts are pealing round,
Earth's deep foundations shaking:
The pillars of a sinking world,
With sudden crash, in ruins hurl'd,
His foes with terror quaking;—
Then, dragg'd to meet the Judge's view,
Scoffers believe, and tremble too.

5 Repentance?—Hope?—'t is then too late;—
And none succeed, by pride or hate,
Themselves 'gainst God to harden:
Ye, who your sins so fondly prize,
While mercy waits, in time be wise,
Seek now his gracious pardon,—
Lest ye shall curse yourselves at last,
When ev'ry hope of pardon's past.

6 Great day!—of days the most sublime,
Thou teachest us the worth of time,
In voice of many thunders.
Sinners, provoke not, to his face,

Your God, so wonderful in grace,
 Of wrath to haste his wonders,—
When you must sink in dark despair,
While saints shall endless glory share.

7 My soul is fill'd with trembling dread,
No claims to favor can I plead,
 Guilty I stand before thee:
Still, when thy sentence I shall hear,
May I among thy saints appear,
 Forever to adore thee!
For, Jesus, thou canst sinners save,
And now thy mercy, Lord, I crave.

G. B. Funk, d. 1814.

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20 SELF-EXAMINATION.

 Impart, O Lord, thy light!
I am to self a stranger:
 Show me myself aright!
 I know, whate'er the cause,
 I am not as I was;
 For now I deeply feel
 All with me is not well.

2 Content with form and show,
I had no fear of trouble
 In seasons past;—but now
 Thick sorrows on me crowd,
 Myself a weary load,

What lately cheer'd my heart
Can no relief impart.

3 No outward source of pain
Excites desponding sorrow,
Or leads me to complain;
Many and kind my friends,
No foe my peace offends,
My frame, as I desire,
In health and strength entire.

4 O no!—'t is grief of soul,
And from within arises,
Refusing all control.
'T is this, the anxious thought—
That yet I know it not—
If I am truly thine,
And, Jesus, thou art mine.

5 The things are far from one,—
To be—and call'd—a Christian.
I know that he alone
Is worthy of the name,
Who, by thy strength, shall tame
His darling lusts,—and lives
To Him who mercy gives.

6 It were but self-deceit,
If we the thought should cherish—
That gospel-claims are met,
And *faith* is prov'd sincere,
If we from crimes are clear

Which men of heathen name
Would shun through fear of shame.

7 He only Christ puts on,
Who is of self divested;
Who cannot trust his own
Virtue, or strength, or will,
Or wealth, or rank, or skill,
But, these renouncing, prays—
"Jesus, direct my ways!"

8 Thus speaks the voice of faith,
In earnest supplication,—
"Save, Jesus,—save from wrath!
"My Lord, Redeemer, Shield,
"I to thy guidance yield,—
"Thou art my only trust,—
"O save a sinner lost!"

9 Who fails this truth to know,
Is still to faith a stranger,—
Of God remains the foe:
His *hope*, built on the sand,
Cannot the trial stand;
Our safety's only ground
Is in free mercy found.

10 The fear, Lord, troubles me—
Lest I in *love* am wanting;
Lest what I feel for thee—
Deceptive, hollow, faint,—
Makes but *almost* a saint,

And leaves the world supreme
Above thy sacred name.

11 My heart, approach the test!
'T is time it were decided,
I else can find no rest:
Say to the world—"Away!
"Away, my sins!"—but say
To Christ—"Thou art alone
"My joy!"—or nothing's done.

12 Poor worm!—wouldst thou refuse
The King thy cheerful homage
By whom creation rose?
Wilt thou resist *His* call
Who is the All in all?
Who his own world sustains,
Supreme forever reigns?

13 What else may pass away
That's found in earth or heaven,
Himself unchang'd will stay,
With pow'r to curse or save.
Before us is the grave,
But thence He'll call his friends
To bliss that never ends:

14 While they, who here below
Neglect his great salvation,
Must sink in endless wo,
Far from the blest abode
Of them who love their God,

To wail in hopeless grief,
Where none can give relief.

15 He waits,—make no delay,
Take now his offer'd mercy,
My soul,—and to him say—
"Flesh, spirit, time, estate,
"My all I consecrate,
"No more to call them mine,
"But, LORD, forever thine.

16 "Do what thou wilt with me,
"Only make me a vessel
"Of praise to honor thee!
"That I, by faith and love,
"May seek thy joys above,
"And there to Jesus raise
"My song of endless praise!"

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21 LIVING WATERS.

THE FOUNTAIN FLOWS!—its waters—*all* are needing,
Come, thirsty soul, nor perish in thy pride!
Come, take the waters from the throne proceeding!
So cry the Lamb, the Spirit, and the bride.
Come!—nothing bars the way,
And drink as thou shalt choose,
There is no price to pay:
The Fountain flows!

2 The Fountain flows! With hearts and hands be ready,
Ye sons of want, the proffer'd boon to meet!
The sinner's friend, the helper of the needy,
Your thither course will with his favor greet:
The waters each may take
Who now his mis'ry knows;—
Who longs—'t is for his sake
The Fountain flows.

3 The Fountain flows! Thank GOD, the fullest measure
Of grace and pow'r here meets our utmost need,
Now, sinner, would thou ever share its pleasure,
Haste, like the panting roe, with earnest speed;
Draw to the waters near
Where thirst and languor close.
With waters sweet and clear
The Fountain flows.

4 The Fountain flows! Then take the healing offer'd,
Ye heirs of wretchedness, to all your grief;
From hopeless evils you so long have suffer'd,
Ye weary souls, accept a free relief!
No bolts, with vengeance rife,
Shall here your way oppose;—
'T is nam'd the "*Fount of life.*"
The Fountain flows!

5 The Fountain flows! Let devils rage with madness,
Let sink in ruin all the world beside,—
Still Zion, crown'd with never ending gladness,
Shall with her fount of saving-health abide.

God guards her walls from fear,
And his deliv'rance shows;—
Her God is ever near.
The Fountain flows!

6 The Fountain flows! for all a fount of healing:
He's blest, for whom it shall not flow in vain!
Who drinks—a well of water never failing
In him, to endless life, it shall remain.
For, whoso tries its pow'r
From thirst shall now repose,
And ne'er be thirsty more.
The Fountain flows!

J. C. L. Allendorf, d. 1773.

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22 CALL TO SINNERS.

Hasten, ye who wish his favor,
And now in Jesus put your trust,—
Lest, failing of his love forever,
Your souls be number'd with the lost.
Redeem the time,—there's none to spare,—
And for eternity prepare! Hasten!

2 Haste!—ye who have idly wander'd
Year after year in paths of sin;
Enough of life is madly squander'd,
Strive *now* eternal life to win.
To-day, for mercy there is room,—
Who knows what may to morrow come? Hasten!

3 Hasten, all your sins forsaking,
The least of them is far too great;
And, of his holy grace partaking,
Like Jesus every evil hate!
Who sins against the truth he knows,
Prepares his soul for endless woes. Hasten!

4 Hasten now, to Jesus going,
Rich stores of good in him abound:
Why should the fount in vain be flowing
For you, where endless life is found?
You live, and still the way is free,—
In this your pledge of welcome see! Hasten!

5 Haste!—the Spirit, proff'ring mercies,
Now calls you and will give his aid;
The season lost will leave its curses,—
Let not a moment's loss be made!
If now his call you disregard,
His voice may never more be heard. Hasten!

6 Haste, while entrance yet is offer'd!
Death soon will ever bar the way:
No license for delay is suffer'd,
Then hasten while 't is call'd to-day!
For, if to-morrow you should cry
For help,—no helper may be nigh. Hasten!

* * * * * * *

[7 Hasten, Jesus, we implore thee,
And show these sinners now thy grace!
Prepare them, Lord, to come before thee,

And there forever sing thy praise!
Blest time! when all the world shall sing
The praises of their Savior-King,—Hasten!]

J. A. Lehmus, d. 1788.

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23 * GOSPEL INVITATION URGED.

"Come hither," says the Son of God,
"Whoever loathe sin's weary load,
"And would no longer bear it;
"Come hither, young and old, in me,
"One knowing well your ruin,—see,
"Whose grace, too, can repair it.

2 "My yoke is mild, my burden light,
"And all, who choose its easy weight,
"Their souls from Hell deliver:
"I'll give them strength when theirs would fail,
"And by my strength they shall prevail,
"Exulting in the Giver.

3 "My patient wrongs, my life and word,
"Let these secure your fix'd regard,
"Then emulate their measure.
"What you may think, or say, or do,
"Is neither safe, nor good, nor true,
"But as it seeks my pleasure."

4 The world may wish the bliss to gain,
Without the cross, reproach, and pain
Of which they hear the warning:

It cannot be! *The cross is there,*
And they must choose its shame to bear,
Or endless shame and mourning.

5 Man boasts, to-day, what'er can please,
To-morrow, sickens with disease,
And next—behold he's dying!
Then, like the blossom's fading bloom,
To him Earth's glory sinks in gloom,
Its hopes in ruin lying.

6 The world are all afraid of death,
And each, when gasping now for breath,
First thinks a wish for heaven.
He toil'd for this, he toil'd for that,
But his poor soul he quite forgot,
While life on earth was given.

7 At last, when he must surely die,
He lifts his loud and anxious cry,
To God makes forc'd surrender:—
I sadly fear—God's slighted grace,
That sought so long in vain a place,
No mercy now will tender.

8 No *wealth* can buy an hour's delay,
Youth pleads in vain for longer stay,
His joys and he must sever.
Though eyes around with pity flow,
Death has no pity to bestow,—
Farewell to earth forever!

9 The wise deplore their useless skill,
For nobles—vain their prince's will,—
To dust they all are tending.
Alas for them who here have found
Their portion, seeking naught beyond:
Their death is woe unending.

10 But who your God in Jesus love,
Who piety in heart approve,
Let not your souls be troubled!
Confide in Jesus!—and his smile
Will ev'ry anxious fear beguile,—
Your hopes by joys be doubled.

11 Requite not evil deeds in wrath,
Pursue in love the narrow path,
Leave to the world their scorning!
In trusting God there is no loss,
Shrink not from bearing Jesus' cross,—
'T will prove your best adorning.

12 Yes—could the flesh indulge its mood
In pleasure, pomp, and worldly good,
Your love full soon would waver:
In mercy sending earthly cares,
By chast'ning, God the soul prepares
To greet his endless favor.

13 But seems your cross too much to bear?
Then think of Hell,—its dark despair,—
Of scoffers thither hasting:

Its flame eternal griefs supplies,
'Mid wails and curses, groans and sighs,—
Its fuel never wasting.

14 While you,—the day is near at hand,—
With Jesus shall in glory stand;
—A thought 'twere well to ponder;—
No voice or notes of joy can tell
What pleasures *there* your souls shall swell
With ever-growing wonder.

15 For, what the God of changeless truth
Confirms by promise and by oath,
Must come,—and you shall see it.
Whoso will trust his proffer'd grace
Shall in his kingdom find a place
Through Jesus Christ. *So be it!*

HANS WITZSTADT, 1583.

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24 *LOVE OF GOD TO SINNERS.

Sinners, pray!—for mercy pleading,—
Why, in reach of mercy, die?
Saints, extol the grace that's leading
You to seek the joys on high!
To die—'t is ourselves that perversely would choose it,
Salvation—our hearts with contempt would refuse it:
Our choice was to die,—but God chose we should live,—
O Love, that to sinners such mercy would give!

2 Them that oft provoke his curses,
  And his threaten'd vengeance brave,
God, a sov'reign in his mercies,
  Can by sov'reign mercy save.
To save—God has shown it to be his good pleasure,
By yielding his Son to the curse,—who the measure
  Of vengeance endur'd, though his life's blood it cost:—
  O Love, that could seek and so rescue the lost!

3 Pity 'bove conception rising,
  Can our God such pity show?
Show to them his love despising?
  Well may we in wonder bow.
And if we confide in our God who has will'd it,
In Jesus, our Saviour and Lord, who fulfill'd it,
  With saints shall we sing, who encircle the throne,
  "O Love, thy best doings for *sinners* are done!"

P. F. Hiller, d. 1769.

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25 REPENTANCE.

  Repent!—nor still delay
From one year to another:
  Death may, at any hour,
Blast all thy hopes together:
  And, after death, will God
  His wrath for sin display;
  O sinner, think of this!
  Repent, without delay!

2 Repent!—nor still delay
Till life's late sands are gliding:
Thou canst not know that age
Will find thee here abiding:
Life now its light affords,
But short its longest day—
Ere noon how often quench'd!
Repent, without delay!

3 Repent!—nor still delay
Till on a death-bed lying:
Is this a work to do
When panting, struggling, dying?
What pains and fears will then
Thy trembling soul dismay!
Break *now* the cords of sin!
Repent, without delay!

4 Repent!—nor still delay
Till youthful joys are ended:
Why should thy prime of life
In folly be expended?
The young die too, and then
Who shall God's judgment stay?
Be wise while yet there's time!
Repent, without delay!

5 Repent!—no more delay!
All hope will soon be over,—
Let sin's deceit no more
From thee thy ruin cover!

Whoso the flesh, and world,
And Satan will obey,
Must hopeless sink to hell:
Repent, without delay!

6 Repent!—no more delay!
While space to thee is suffer'd,
Let pray'r before thy God,
With grief for sin, be offer'd.
If thus, in Jesus' name,
For grace thou wilt not pray,—
Thy soul's forever lost.
Repent, without delay!

7 Repent!—no more delay!
Live now for God and heaven!
Avow, with heart sincere,—
"My all to God is given:—
"On Jesus rests my hope,
"He is my only stay!"
How blest would be thy soul!
Repent, without delay!

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26 THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

Bow thine ear, I now implore thee,
Sov'reign of the earth and skies,
Hear the pray'r I bring before thee,
While my soul in anguish lies.

'T is my guilt oppresses me,
Self-condemn'd, I come to thee,
And, with grief my sins confessing,
Seek thy pardon and thy blessing.

2 All the weary heavy-laden,—
Such to thee are ask'd to come;—
Surely then I'm one that's bidden,
And for me there must be room.
Mercy's door is open still;
God in mercy can, and will
Hide my sins that so distress me,
And with pard'ning grace will bless me.

3 All thy word abides unbroken,
Safe the hope encourag'd there:
Who, if not thyself, has spoken—
"Seek my face!"? With humble pray'r,
Now thy face, Lord, do I seek,
And implore of thee to break
Sin's control:—thy Spirit sending,
Keep me from my God offending!

4 See, too! Is it not recorded
By thy hand, beneath mine eye,—
"As I live,"—yes, so 'tis worded,—
"I've no wish that sinners die,
"But that they their sins should mourn,
"And from all their evil turn,—
"Thus should humbly seek my favor,
"And with me should live forever."?

5 Thou art not one to deceive me,—
I thine oath of mercy plead;
Here to die thou wilt not leave me,
Nor forsake me in my need,—
While with deepest grief I own,
I've disgrac'd the name of son,
Far from home and God have wander'd,
And thy gifts have basely squander'd.

6 What more would I now be saying,
If not, smiting on my breast,
With the publican be praying—
"Lord, 't is thou that knowest best
"All that I've offended thee,
"O have mercy upon me!"?
On thine arm of mercy falling,
"Mercy! Mercy!"—I am calling.

7 Guilt of mine I'll not endeavor,
Lord, before thee to excuse,
Yet would hope thy pard'ning favor,—
Nor wilt thou the grace refuse.
What thy holiness demands
All is paid by Jesus' hands,
Who the perfect ransom offer'd,
While for sinners here he suffer'd.

8 Now, my God, the ransom owning,
Be thy wondrous mercy shown!
Jesus, for my sins atoning,
Has above to glory gone;

He has wrought my full release,
Hence alone I look for peace,
Drawing, from his death of anguish,
Life whose joys shall never languish.

9 Me, dear Savior, onward nourish!
Be my soul's abiding food!
Faith and love within me cherish,—
Here be thou my chosen good!
Then, when life on earth is past,
I shall rise to thee at last,
And, with saints who bow before thee,
Ever—ever—will adore thee.

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27 CONSCIENCE APPEASED.

What meanest thou my soul,
In hopeless sorrow weeping:—
Through consciousness of guilt,
In fear and anguish keeping?
So grievous is the load
Thy sins upon thee bind,
That peace or comfort, none
Thy troubled thoughts can find.

2 Full just is all the charge
'Gainst thee by conscience spoken,
Thy God thou hast despis'd,
His holy law hast broken;—
Thy false and evil ways

Are open to his view;—
Thou hast deserv'd to die—
'T is all, alas! too true.

3 Thy sins have no excuse,—
And yet, Wilt thou receive it?
God, in his word of truth,
Commands thee to believe it,—
That just as true and sure
As thy repented guilt,
So sure it is, that Christ
For thee his blood has spilt.

4 Though sinners he would save,
God's claims he well asserted;
Did what we ne'er could do,
—Our wills are so perverted,—
The Law we had despis'd
He honor'd and obey'd,
Bore too its threaten'd curse,
And suffer'd in our stead.

5 And through his merits now,
Of God's mere sov'reign favor,
By faith we're justified,—
So that how deep soever
The wounds that sin inflicts,
They cannot deadly be,
Since Jesus, by his death,
From guilt has set us free.

6 Fears I may well dismiss,
The power of Hell contemning;
Wilt thou still doubt, my soul,
Thyself to wrath condemning?
Yet God, who by his word
Would all my fears relieve,
Is greater far than thou,—
His word cannot deceive.

7 Send now thy Spirit, Lord,
With mercy and with power,
That I, in hope and love,
May onward, upward tower:
Since thou my soul hast wash'd
From dead works by thy blood,—
Give me by faith to live,
And work the works of God!

8 Give strength, victorious King,
That, in thy steps pursuing,
Satan, the world, and flesh,
And all their rage, subduing,
I too may vict'ry gain:
Nor let my spirit dread
The wrath my sins deserve,—
For *I to sin am dead.*

FAITH.

Without true faith, O Lord,
None rightly comes before thee;
Our guilty doubts disperse—
We humbly would implore thee:
Establish in our hearts
The faith thou wilt approve,
'T is thine alone to give
The faith that works by love.

2 May we believe, O God,
That thou forever livest;
Nor suffer us to doubt,—
While help to all thou givest,—
But that thou wilt reward
With thy peculiar grace,
Those who are earnest now
To seek thy smiling face.

3 Thy word is ever sure;
Grant that, in this confiding,
Our hopes may ever be
Transforming, and abiding:
Grant, too, in joy or grief,
That, to thy guidance true,
Whate'er thy word directs
We steadily pursue.

4 Thy Son, in mercy sent
To die, for sin atoning,—

Him, as our Lord and God,
With full reliance owning,
May we with thanks receive
The grace his blood has bought;
And show our love to him,
By doing what he taught.

5 To serve him with the heart,—
Be this our great endeavor!
Thus may we comfort find,—
While, too, it shall deliver
From servitude to sin,
And give us strength to wage
The war 'gainst ev'ry foe,
Through all our pilgrimage.

6 What sacred peace and joy
By faith to us are given!
More glorious far the part
Awaiting us in heaven.
There we shall *see* and *know*
What here *believ'd* is bliss;
Nor sin, or fear, or doubt
Shall mar our happiness.

J. J. Rambach, d. 1735.

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29 SALVATION BY FAITH.

To us salvation now is come,
God's wondrous grace revealing;

Works never can avert our doom,
They have no pow'r of healing.
Faith looks to God's beloved Son,
Who has for us deliv'rance won—
He is our great Redeemer!

2 What God's most holy precept claims
No child of Adam renders,
And Sinai speaks, from cloud and flames,
The curse against offenders.
The flesh ne'er prompts those pure desires
That, 'bove all else, the law requires;—
Relief by law is hopeless!

3 'T is then a vain delusive dream
That God the law has given,
That we thereby reward might claim,
And earn our way to heaven:
But 't is a glass, where we descry
How many sins in ambush lie,
And in our flesh are hiding.

4 By our own strength to put aside
God's wrath, and win his blessing,
The task, though many oft have tried,
Is but our guilt increasing:
For God hypocrisy abhors,
And flesh with goodness ever wars,—
'T is, in its nature, evil.

5 But all the Law must be fulfill'd,
Or sin receive its wages;—

For this the Son—so God had will'd,—
In our behalf engages;
He in the flesh the law obeys,
Its curse endures, the vengeance stays
Which over us impended.

6 With all the Law 't is now complied
By one could well obey it:
Each humble soul, now justified
By faith in him, may say it—
"Yes, I receive thee, gracious Lord,
"Thy death to me shall life afford,
"For me is paid the ransom!

7 "Here all excuse for doubt were vain,
"Thy truth cannot deceive me,
"And thou hast said,—in words so plain,
"No room for doubt they leave me,—
"'Whoso shall humbly trust my name
"'To save his soul from guilt and shame,
"'Is heir of my salvation.'"

8 This faith—whose heart is right with God,
And he alone can know it;
A faith whose light will shine abroad,
And pious deeds shall show it:
'T is one God will himself approve,
A holy faith that works by love.
Art thou of God begotten?—

9 Then by the Law will sin be shown,
Thy soul its guilt deploring,—

Till Grace too make her message known,
To hope thy soul restoring;
She says—"In Christ are sinners blest,
"In *Him*, not in the Law,—is rest;"—
Thus faith is wrought with power.

10 From faith in Jesus that is right,
Good works are always flowing;
False is the faith that shuns the light,
On works no care bestowing:
E'en if true faith alone could live,
It needs good works the proof to give
Of what is true and saving.

11 Hope, though deferr'd, let none destroy,—
God's promise never changes:
What day our hope shall end in joy—
Most wisely he arranges.
The fittest time to give—he knows,
And how that knowledge to disclose,—
With Him we well may leave it.

12 Nor when thy wishes may be cross'd,
Thy confidence give over;
E'en while thy good He seeks the most,
His purpose he may cover:
Though flesh and sense may oft repine,
His word of grace is ever thine,—
On this repose securely!

13 Now to the God of matchless grace,
To Father, Son, and Spirit,

We lift our highest songs of praise,
Our praise his favors merit.
All he has said, He will perform,
And save us by his mighty arm,—
Thy name, O LORD, be hallow'd!

14 Thy kingdom come! thy will be done
On earth as done in heaven!
Give us our bread, each day its own!
And be our sins forgiven
As we forgive the wrongs we bear!
Our weakness from temptation spare!
From evil save!—So be it!

POLIANDER, i. e. Jno. Graumann, [D'Aubigne,] d. 1541.
PAUL SPERATUS, [A. Knapp,] d. 1554.

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30 REDEMPTION.

I AM redeem'd!—the purchase of that blood
Which on the cross was shed:
To GOD I'm reconcil'd,—my life renew'd,—
My terrors all are fled.
The scheme of mercy—Wisdom made it,—
The costly ransom—Love has paid it.
I am redeem'd!

2 I am redeem'd!—Nor can the thunder-roar
Of Sinai yield alarm;
For me, the fearful curse my Savior bore,
My soul it cannot harm.

Repented sins, would ye appal me?
To joy and thanks God's mercies call me!
I am redeem'd!

3 I am redeem'd!—My Savior broke the band
That chain'd me to the foe.
The keys of Hell were in his friendly hand,
He shut its portals to.
Now walk I free, secure of pardon;
From sin and Satan's weary burden
I am redeem'd!

4 I am redeem'd! What is there I should fear?
Death's gloom will beam with light;—
The Lord of life for me will then appear,
And lead to mansions bright.
And though in dust my dust shall slumber,
My sleeping dust will he remember.
I am redeem'd!

5 I am redeem'd—from guilt, and fear, and pain,
To joys that will abide;
And Death to me will prove eternal gain,—
With Jesus at my side.
Then shall I rise to share his favor
With saints who sing his praise forever.
I am redeem'd!

E. Wagner, d. 1812.

31 *MAN'S RECOVERY.

Come, christians all, let us rejoice,
  Our hearts with rapture swelling,
With grateful and united voice,
  Let all, in one, be telling
The mercy God to us has shown,
The work of wonder He has done:
  Full dear our joy was purchas'd!

2 To death devoted, long I lay
  A captive of the Devil,
With fears tormented night and day,
  By birth a child of evil:
O'er me yet sinking lower still,
While thoughts and deeds increas'd the ill,
  Sin held its full dominion.

3 Good works!—of mine dar'd I to speak,—
  'T were vain—the proud assertion:
My will was free the *law to break*,
  To keep it,—my aversion.
My anguish drove me to despair,
Where vengeance burns—my lot was there,
  And all escape was hopeless.

4 God pitied, from eternity,
  This mis'ry out of measure:
He thoughts of mercy had for me,
  To save was his good pleasure.
He show'd for me a father's heart,—

It was no cheap or easy part,—
His best it needs would cost him.

5 He spake to his beloved Son—
"'T is come—the time appointed:
"Go thou, the brightness of my crown,
"Appear, the LORD's anointed!
"To save the lost from endless wrath,
"First, die for them a shameful death!
"Then, share with them thy glory!"

6 The Son, obeying, sought the earth,
Was born of virgin mother,
Such was his love, he would by birth
Of man become the brother.
Full lowly here was his abode,
A faithful servant of his GOD—
The Devil he encounter'd.

7 Then charg'd my soul—"Trust now in me!
"And vict'ry—thou shalt gain it.
"Myself entire I give to thee,
"The struggle—I'll sustain it:
"For I am thine, and thou art mine,
"To share my glory shall be thine,
"The foe shall not divide us.

8 "Fear not!—though, laying wait for blood,
"He should of life bereave me:
"All this shall work thy lasting good,—
"Though strange it seem, believe me!

"O'er Death I yet shall vict'ry win,
"My righteousness shall hide thy sin,—
"In me is thy salvation!

9 "From suff'ring here I soon shall go
"To reign with God in heaven;
"But still a Savior's care I'll show,—
"The Spirit shall be given!
"He will thy soul from sorrow free,
"Will cheer with hope thy faith in me,
"And all my truth will teach thee.

10 "Let what I've done, and what I've said,
"Direct thy word and living,
"That far my kingdom may be spread,
"To God new glory giving.
"Of what vain man would add, beware!
"Lest thou the sacred treasure mar:—
"Receive my last commission!"

M. Luther, d. 1546.

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32 *THE MERCY OF GOD.

I now have found, for hope of heaven,
An anchor-ground that firm will hold;
'Twas through the cross of Jesus given,
By God appointed from of old;
A ground that shall enduring stay,
When earth and skies have pass'd away.

2 'Tis God's own *mercy*, never ending,
Its measure all our thoughts exceeds;

While Jesus too, his arms extending,—
Whose heart for guilty sinners bleeds,—
Now with compassion calls his foes
To flee from sin and endless woes.

3 And why should we be lost forever,
Since God to us commends his love?
His Son, with message of his favor,
Invites to holy joys above:
To win our hearts, as oft before,
He now is knocking at the door.

4 This love's a deep, our follies hiding;
The death of Christ—a matchless grace,
To life and peace our spirits guiding,
Where wrath no more shall find a place.
His blood for us is pleading still—
"*Let mercy all its work fulfill!*"

5 From this will I my comfort borrow,
With joy will trust my Savior's *plea*,
And, while for sin I deeply sorrow,
Now to the Father's pity flee,—
In Him will ever seek a friend
Whose grace in Christ will never end.

6 Of all beside were I forsaken
That could my soul or body cheer;
From me if joys of earth were taken,
If not a friend were left me here,—
One joy remains—the richest, best,—
For I with pard'ning love am bless'd.

7 Should earthly cares still gather round me,
And join'd with griefs should malice rise,
Together striving to confound me,
Or into sin my soul surprise,
Should sorrows high o'er sorrows swell,
Let Mercy smile, and all is well.

8 Whene'er I look my *doings* over,—
The best of all that I have done,—
Much wrong and weakness I discover,
And boasting is forever gone:
But in one thing I can confide,—
'Tis mercy,—and in naught beside.

9 He leads, and always will be nigh me,
Who has on me his mercy set;
With all I need he will supply me,
Nor let my soul his grace forget:
What joys or sorrows may befall,
I'll trust his grace alike in all.

10 Upon this ground I will sustain me,
Long as the earth my dwelling prove;
To serve my God and Savior train me,
Till, dying, I shall rise above,
And there, rejoicing, will adore
Unbounded mercy evermore.

A. Rothe, d. 1758.

33 HOPE IN GOD'S MERCY.

Psalm 130.

FROM deep distress to Thee I pray,
O GOD, hear my intreaty!
Turn not thy face from me away,
But show thy tender pity:
As Judge, should thou my deeds regard,
In justice weighing due award,
How could I stand the trial!

2 With thee should mercy not prevail
To show to man thy favor,
His ev'ry act his guilt would swell,
Vain were his best endeavor.
His goodness in its utmost length,
Reveals his utter want of strength,—
He must rely on *mercy*.

3 On GOD alone, and on his grace,
Can I securely rest me;
He sees my heart, He heals distress,—
To Him, then, why not trust me?
He owns a Father's name, and knows
The full amount of human woes—
On Him be my reliance!

4 Should comfort seem afar to keep,
I'll not sink down despairing;
They who in godly sorrow weep
Shall find a gracious hearing:
Thus Christians do, and they are blest

In GOD, their confidence and rest,
Their comfort, and Redeemer.

5 Many and great my sins, I own,
But greater GOD's free mercies:
From wrath I flee to his dear Son,
Who bore for me its curses:
And He will be my Shepherd, too,
Will all my troubles guide me through,
To rest with him in glory.

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

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34 THE LOVE OF GOD THE CHIEF GOOD.

How could I wish a greater treasure,
Than that the GOD of love were mine?
If all the world should wait my pleasure,
For this would I the world resign:
Yet, from his love, how many fleeing
Despise the fountain of well being!

2 Men hope elsewhere a good unchanging,
But wake and find their hopes a dream:—
Some, in the search, through earth are ranging,
But all their search deceives their aim:—
Some jeopard life in country's quarrels,
Yet gain at best but fading laurels.

3 Gives GOD no means his love of knowing?—
Forget ye who your souls would save?
Who, on the cross his life's blood flowing,

Such proofs of love for sinners gave?
Are ye indeed still left in blindness
How he has shown his loving-kindness?—

4 That He to earth came down from heaven,
The God in human form reveal'd?
What words of life by Him were given?
How many by his grace were heal'd?
And how, your endless good devising,
He bore the curse, its shame despising?

5 Can ye, unmov'd, now hear this message,
And proofs of love still ask for more?
Nor to your hearts yield Him a passage,
Who bars to you Hell's fearful door?
Why not to him your souls surrender—
To him your highest service tender?

6 Thou God of love, do thou receive me!
Thou art my life, my hope, my all:
Though worldly pleasures all should leave me,
No loss would I their absence call;—
Thou'lt make it gain,—and I before thee,
Rejoicing, ever will adore thee.

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35 SINNERS RECEIVED BY JESUS.

"This *man sinners doth receive!*"
Well may we the saying ponder,
Who in sin's delusions live,

And from God and heaven wander:—
This alone can hope revive—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

2 We deserve but grief and shame,—
Yet his words, rich grace revealing,
Pardon, peace, and life proclaim:
Here *their* ills have perfect healing
Who with humble hearts believe.
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

3 As a faithful shepherd seeks
Sheep that stray from their inclosure;
He, with eye that ever wakes,
Watches us in our exposure,
And, who will their wand'rings leave,
He has promis'd to receive.

4 Come, ye wand'rers, one and all,
Come, we all have invitation,—
Come, obey his gracious call,
Come and take his free salvation!
He has died that we might live.—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

5 Savior, now I come to thee:
Great my sins, a weary burden!
Wilt thou kindness show to me?
Can I hope to find a pardon?
I will trust: my soul relieve!
Me, a sinner, Lord receive!

6 Rich thy mercy!—strangely good!
O how oft have I offended!
But, through thy redeeming blood,
All my fear of wrath is ended:
Yes, I now can witness give,
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

7 Now, though conscience be at rest,
Will the Law still urge its charges?
Who the Law has honor'd best,
He from guilt my soul enlarges;
Hence my comfort I derive,—
"Jesus sinners doth receive?"

8 "Jesus sinners doth receive!"
Happy in his ceaseless favor,
Here for heaven I will live,
Then shall live with him forever.
Joy in death these tidings give—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

E. NEUMEISTER, d. 1756.

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76 *HELP ONLY IN JESUS.

In the midst of life—is Death
Watching to ensnare us:
Who can guard us in our path?
From his terrors spare us?
'T is thou, Lord, none beside thee.
Our many sins we deeply mourn,
From us the lurking mischief turn!

Most Holy Lord, our God!
Most Holy mighty God!
Most Holy merciful Redeemer!
Thou eternal God!
Leave us not to perish
In the cruel fangs of Death!
Shew us thy pity!

2 In the midst of Death—is Hell
Wide his jaws distending:
Who for us his rage can quell,
From our guilt defending?
Thyself, O Lord,—none other.
Thy wondrous grace provides relief
From all our load of sin and grief.
Most Holy Lord, our God!
Most Holy mighty God!
Most Holy merciful Redeemer!
Thou eternal God!
Leave us not to tremble
At the dreadful rage of Hell!
Show us thy pity!

3 In the midst of Hell—Despair
Looks for endless sorrow:
Whither now for light repair?
Hope whence can we borrow?
From thee, Lord Jesus, only!
For thou hast shed thy precious blood,
And faith secures the purchas'd good.

Most Holy Lord, our God!
Most Holy, mighty God!
Most Holy merciful Redeemer!
Thou eternal God!
Leave us not despairing!
Grant the comforts of thy faith!
Show us thy pity!

M. Luther, d. 1546.

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37 THE FATHER-LAND.

Know ye *the land*—on earth 'twere vainly sought,—
To which the heart in sorrows turns its thought?
Where no complaint is heard,—tears never flow,—
The good are blest,—the weak with vigor glow?
Know ye it well?
For this, for this,
All earthly wish or care, my friends, dismiss!

2 Know ye *the way*—the rugged path of thorns?
His lagging progress there the trav'ler mourns;
He faints, he sinks,—from dust he cries to God—
"Relieve me, Father, from the weary road!"
Know ye it well?
It guides, it guides,
To that dear land, where all we hope abides.

3 Know ye *that friend?*—In him a man you see;—
Yet more than man, more than all men is He:

Himself, before us, trod *the path of thorns*,
To pilgrims now his heart with pity turns.
Know ye him well?
His hand, his hand
Will safely bring us to that Father-land.

CLAUS HARMS, b. 1778.

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38 THE SAVIOR FOUND.

WHAT, without *thee*, would I have been?
Without thee, LORD, what should I be?
Before I had thy mercy seen,
No friend or hope appear'd for me.
What I desir'd I scarcely knew,
Upon the future darkness fell,
And, though my grief incessant grew,
To whom could I my sorrows tell?

2 With spirits sunk, and all alone,
The day to me was gloomy night:
Joyless I still was pressing on
Where others seem'd to have delight:
I vainly sought for peace abroad,
At home the prey of constant grief,—
How did I live without my GOD!
Endure so long without relief?

3 But thou hast brought thy mercy nigh,—
The purpose first was clearly thine;—
How soon the clouds of darkness fly,
When God commands his light to shine?

Till then my reason was debas'd,
But thou hast taught my soul to rise,
And what had been a dreary waste,
Blooms round me now a paradise.

4 Life, now, with halcyon days is crown'd,
The world breathes love and joy to me,
I find a balm for ev'ry wound,
My cheerful breast throbs full and free.
For this thy rich, unbounded grace,
My heart and pow'rs to thee are giv'n;
Here, 'mong thy friends grant me a place,
Till thou receive my soul to heav'n.

5 *There*, He in upper glory stands,
Whom, though unseen, we love below;
His varied grief for us demands
That grateful tears for him should flow;
That we our hearts should open wide
To all who love Immanuel's name,
Should pity those for whom he died,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

6 Now go ye forth in all the ways,
And hither bring poor wand'rers home,
Urgent resist their vain delays;
All now is ready,—bid them "*come!*"
'T is heav'n to be with us below,
By faith its glories *here* we see,—
But more than brightest faith can show
Shall *there* our endless portion be.

F. Von Hardenberg, d. 1801.

39 GRACE ACCEPTED.

To THEE, Lord Jesus, now I come,
From mercy's door no longer roam,
But seek thy gracious pardon:
With load of sins my soul oppress'd
From sorrows cannot look for rest,
Till thou remove the burden.
I else must sink in dark despair,
And never hope *His* love to share
To whom the heavens are unclean—
An heir of death I must remain.
Lord Jesus Christ! Thy mercy show! :‖:
And save me from eternal woe!

2 Sin's yoke, for me too heavy grown,
Now weighs my sinking spirit down—
Let, Lord, the yoke be broken!
O think—beneath sin's grievous load
Thy soul for mine to death was bow'd,
Think what thy mouth has spoken.
The guilt my sins upon me lay,—
Thy blood can wash it all away;
For thy salvation now I plead,
Thy grace can meet my ev'ry need:—
Lord Jesus Christ, That grace fulfil, :‖:
Nor yield me up to Satan's will!

3 Thou art my confidence alone,
Beside, no helper will I own,
Physician of my spirit!

None else can cheer the soul with faith:
None else, by vict'ry over death,
  Can teach me not to fear it.
My shield of strength, my port of rest,
Thou rock and fortress of the blest,
My Savior, my almighty friend,
My hope of joys that never end—
  Lord Jesus Christ! Accept my faith, :‖:
Increase it till I sleep in death!

4 Henceforth my willing neck shall bear
Whatever yoke thou placest there,
  Nor will its weight oppress me.
Beneath it, I shall find my peace,
And by it, while I grow in grace,
  My sorrows too shall bless me.
When, passing through this vale of tears,
I meet with trials and with fears,
Fresh hopes from thee, their living source,
Shall help me end with joy my course.
  Lord Jesus Christ, Alone thy love :‖:
Gives hope below, or joy above!

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, d. 1739.

REST IN JESUS.

I NOW have found abiding rest
  For which I long was sighing,
Now, on my Savior's faithful breast
  My weary head is lying:

This is the place where sin, no more,
And Death and Hell alarm me:
I now am safe, by Jesus' pow'r,
From all that else would harm me.

2 He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine,
"And thou art mine forever;
"Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,—
"Confiding in my favor!
"Thy ev'ry want shall find supply
"From my exhaustless treasures;
"I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
"The pledge of endless pleasures."

3 From Jesus and his love, Who now,
By terrors to divide me,
My great and many sins would show?—
His wounds from vengeance hide me:
My sins are great,—I'll not despair,
Though conscience too arraigns me,
Nor doubt my Savior's watchful care—
His arm of love sustains me.

4 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought thee from thy glorious throne,
Our peace with God restoring.
O make my heart a shrine, where peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling:
Where grateful praise shall never cease,
Abroad thy glories telling.

SAFETY IN JESUS.

SINAI flames its awful wonders,—
How can I its terrors meet?
Where's a *Rock* that, from its thunders,
Yields a cleft of safe retreat?
Rock—thou none wilt find but Jesus,—
Such a cleft, his wounded side;—
There, no dread of wrath can seize us,—
Jesus bore our curse, and died.

2 Place of *Refuge*—where?—O tell me!
That my soul may thither fly,
Now that guilt and fear o'erwhelm me,
With the blood-avenger nigh.
Refuge?—there is none but Jesus,—
To his wounds for rescue turn!
He, from vengeance to release us,
Has the stroke of vengeance borne.

3 Wretched, naked, child of loathing,
Must I shame forever bear?
Where can I obtain me *clothing*,
And before my GOD appear?
Jesus' dying love can give it,—
Hence our robe of righteousness;
All by faith may now receive it,—
None could wish a richer dress,

4 But my crimes, of countless number,
—More than sands upon the shore,—

With their load my soul encumber;—
What can meet the dreadful score?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
This a perfect *ransom* paid,
He from all our load will ease us,
While our faith on him is stay'd.

5 Where's a *fountain* ever-flowing,
That can slake my thirsty heart?
And from filth of evil-doing,
Cleansing to my soul impart?
Jesus' wounds—from these are bursting
Living streams of sacred blood,
Here may drink the heart that's thirsting,
Here the soul be cleans'd for God.

6 Are there *mansions*—Who will show them?—
That with constant peace are blest?
Where afflictions—none shall know them,—
And from care my soul may rest?
Such a place is Christ preparing,—
Faith, e'en here, secures our peace;—
Who *His* suff'rings now is sharing,
Soon shall share his home of bliss.

E. G. Woltersdorf, d. 1761.

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42 CHRIST OUR ROCK.

I now have found the Rock of ages,
And, with it, all that soul would crave;
This Rock—unmov'd when tempest rages,

This Rock—from which the swollen wave
With broken billows back is rolling—
When storms from Hell's abyss were howling,
Receiv'd me to its shelt'ring cleft.
My soul, dismiss all doubt and terror,
Thy faith is no delusive error,
Here safe retreat for thee is left.

2 Oppress'd with guilt of sins so many,
My soul was like the troubled sea;
Nor help for me appear'd there any,
But dark despair awaited me.
While conscience, for my sins accusing,
All hope of light or life refusing,
Disclos'd the world of woe beneath,—
As one that's toss'd on ocean's surges,
Where each to ruin onward urges,
I struggled on the brink of death.

3 On me, when now all hope was dying,
The Savior look'd;—nor stood apart:—
He heard my voice for mercy crying,
And pity mov'd his tender heart:
To me his wounded body showing,
And from the wounds his life's blood flowing,
He cried—"Come, weary sinner, come!
"I am the rock for sinners riven,
"No refuge else for thee is given,
"Haste! for thy shelter here is room!"

4 What life and peace my spirit borrows,
Rock of my strength,—what joys from thee!

Where now is gone that flood of sorrows?
Lo!—backward roll its waves from me.
Now finds my soul, to its full measure,
In thee its paradise of pleasure;—
What pure delights my bosom fill!
Of all the bliss I share before thee,
I deeply feel I'm all unworthy,—
Yet thankful take it:—such thy will.

5 Let then the angry winds be roaring!
Let sea and sky their fury wage!
The floods of Death their storm be pouring,
And Satan double all his rage!
All this but little can alarm me,—
My Rock secures that nothing harm me,
Though darkness all my prospect hide.
Let sink with fear both hill and mountain,
My Rock will stand;—a ceaseless fountain
Of life still flowing from its side.

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43 TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Aspire, my heart, *on high* to live!
For *there* is found thy treasure:
What's *here*, would all thy hopes deceive,—
That only suits their measure.
Poor is the wealth that soon must fail,
None other can for thee avail
Than riches stor'd in heaven.

2 'Tis all a gift,—not wages paid,—
  This treasure none can merit;
And Jesus, who atonement made,
  He, only, can confer it.
The soul could have no higher good,
Than GOD's beloved Son, with blood,
  For us has dearly purchas'd.

3 It is a wealth that will remain,—
  By faith in him, we seal it:
No foe can make its title vain,
  No thief can ever steal it.
Nor Death, nor Time, its worth destroys,
'T will be a source of holy joys,
  Long as the soul is living.

4 This treasure, Lord, to me commend,
  And teach my heart to prize it;—
Compar'd with this, what earth can lend—
  Sincerely to despise it.
For me to die will then be gain,
And when thy courts I shall attain,
  I will forever thank thee.

P. F. HILLER, d. 17[illegible].

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44 *THE CHRISTIAN'S PEACE.

I'LL serve the LORD with true devotion—
  My Savior, help to keep my vow!
Too long I shar'd the world's commotion,
  Thou art my rest from trouble now.

Thy peace,—O 't is a matchless blessing,
The brightest crown of kings surpassing,
To us of future bliss it tells:
The gift excites my ceaseless wonder,
No words can speak the debt I'm under,
Thy grace my highest thoughts excels.

2 How kind and patient was thy pity,
That thou shouldst such a heart subdue!
I fled from thee, scorn'd thy entreaty—
Would still the way of death pursue.
And yet thy love would not forsake me,—
A trophy of thy grace to make me,
Thou hast reveal'd thyself in me.
Accept, for love so true and tender,
My heart entire;—I all surrender,
And would rejoice alone in thee.

3 So teach me, that, myself forgetting,
I in thy love may all be lost:
Before me thine example setting,
May study how to please thee most.
The earth can yield but poor enjoyment,—
To do thy will be my employment,
Thou highest good, my only one!
The more this world shall lose its power,
The more my happy thoughts can tower,
Admiring what thy love has done.

4 'T is not thy gifts, however many,
But 't is thyself I chiefly prize,

If thou should fail to furnish any,
  My heart shall not in murmurs rise.
Thy kingdom boasts no joyous revel,—
Instruct me, Lord, to suffer evil,
  And in my sorrows keep me true!
Rule thou in all my pow'rs and feelings,
In all my thoughts, in all my dealings,—
  Be all to me in all I do!

5 For me 't is ever best directed,
  When least my selfish wish succeeds;
High things with turmoil are connected,
  God's work a quiet temper needs.
The meek—their lot with patience bearing,
As leads thy Spirit, onward faring,—
  Teach how the will of God is done:
O may *my* love to thee be single,
And with no selfish feelings mingle!
  Then I aright will have begun.

6 But, holy Jesus, dare I cherish
  The hope, that thou wilt own my love?
Yes, Lord! Thy grace leaves none to perish,
  Whose heart is drawn to things above.
I'll trust the treasures of thy kindness,—
Enlighten thou my spirit's blindness,
  That I earth's nothingness may see;
And, from its dark delusions turning,
May guess, from radiant gleams of morning,
  How bright the *Sun itself* must be.

J. A. Flessa, d. 1776.

45 CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S PORTION.

Jesus, my chief pleasnre,
Comfort's richest treasure,
Portion of my soul!
Pow'r and Grace revealing,
Sin's distemper healing,
Thou wilt make me whole.
Have I thee?—'T is wealth to me!
Earth, without thee, all conceded,
Lacks the thing I needed.

2 Thou for me engaging,
Storms are vainly raging,
They can work no harm.
Let the rocks be shaken,
Earth with trembling taken,
Nature show alarm,—
Shall I fear? Though, far and near,
All conspiring would confound me,
Still thy arms are round me.

3 'Mid terrific wonders,
Sinai speaks in thunders;—
Jesus quells my dread.
Death may o'er me hover,
Grave in darkness cover,—
Jesus meets my need.
Judgment, too, I fearless view,
He my judge to sight is offer'd
Who for me has suffer'd.

4 Vain each new endeavor
By some smooth deceiver,
Now, to shame my faith:
Scoffs—let foes repeat them,—
I with songs will meet them,
Praising God till death.
I'm secure By Jesus' pow'r;
He of foes can rule the madness,
Crowning faith with gladness,

5 "Gold—'bove all things prize it!
"Honor—idolize it!"
Say the worldly wise.
These shall never blind me,
Nor apostate find me
Who the faith denies.
Grief nor loss,— Shame, death, the cross,
No disasters that betide me,
Shall from Christ divide me.

6 Earth's delusive bubbles,
Source of human troubles,
Countless victims make.
World!—your bondage breaking,
All your joys forsaking,
Now my leave I take.
Envy, Pride, All sin beside—
From your chains will Christ deliver,
Freeing me forever.

7 Cares and fears have vanish'd,—
All complaint is banish'd,—
Jesus—He is mine!
Whoso here shall love him,
Though dark trials prove him,
Light on him shall shine.
Should distress My soul oppress,
From my Savior still I borrow
Joy in all my sorrow.

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46 * ONE THING NEEDFUL.

One thing's needful:—this rich treasure
Show to me my gracious God!
Things beside that promise pleasure
Prove at best a weary load,
Beneath which the soul—always restless, complaining—
Still longs for the good it is never attaining:
O give me this one thing!—'t is all I require,
This One will be All, and fulfill my desire.

2 Soul, this portion,—would thou gain it,
Seek it not in worldly store!
Raise thy flight, nor here restrain it,
High above all nature soar,—
To where God and manhood in Jesus ascended,
Whose fullness of grace with full glory is blended,
'T is there is thy best, indispensable part,
The One, and the All,—the true bliss of the heart.

3 Think, my spirit, what employment
Was to Mary's soul so sweet,
Then while she, with such enjoyment,
Kept her place at Jesus' feet.
Her heart with desire of the knowledge was burning,
Which there from the lips of her Lord she was learning;
With Jesus, and with his instructions engross'd,
Her all she receiv'd in the word she lov'd most.

4 So my soul, with strong desires to
Learn her duty, LORD, from thee,
Loves thy truth; by this aspires to
Pleasures that shall endless be.
Though others for earth and its joys may forsake thee,
Still, Jesus, my all now and ever I take thee;
For spirit and life are contain'd in thy word,
There's nothing of good but is found in my Lord.

5 *Wisdom* is in full perfection
Hid in thee. Its search to make,
I would, choosing thy direction,
Never from the limits break
Where Piety, simple and meek, shall conduct me,
And onward in things of thy kingdom instruct me,
Until I shall know Jesus Christ as he is;—
I then shall have won of true wisdom the prize.

6 Who can give me hope of pardon?
Who for all my sins atone?
Who of guilt remove the burden?
Jesus, *thou,—thy grace* alone.

For me, on the cross were thy injuries suffer'd,
A *righteousness* perfect by thee now is proffer'd,
And robes of salvation, by faith to be mine,
With which I in glory forever may shine.

7 By thy own, O mould my spirit!
There thy sacred form impress!
Thy refusal—can I fear it?
Thou art made my *holiness.*
Whatever promotes love to God, or right living,
That, giving thyself to me, Lord, thou art giving,
From evil affections deliver my heart,
Within me abide, and thy virtues impart!

8 Nothing more by me is needed,—
Grace has reach'd me with its flood;
In *the holiest* thou hast pleaded,
Thither ent'ring by thy blood;—
And there hast procur'd me a perfect *redemption*,
From Satan's foul tyranny endless exemption,
With freedom, a spirit too giving, that I
In praying to God—"Abba Father!" may cry.

9 Fields—where verdure, ever growing,
Yields the pasture of my choice;
Where is peace, with joys o'erflowing,—
Thither calls my Shepherd's voice.
No blessing on earth can be found that is dearer,
No pleasure to glory can bring the soul nearer,
Than when rule thy graces, blest Jesus, in me,
And I in thyself my Redeemer can see.

10 Jesus, only stand thou by me!
In thy strength my safety lies:
Search my spirit, Lord, and try me!
Free my heart from all disguise!
Withhold me from paths that to ruin are hasting,
And lead me, Most High, in the way everlasting,
Till, dying, from earth and its cares I retire,
With Jesus to live,—the One thing I desire.

J. H. SCHROEDER, d. 1728.

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47 * THE CHIEF GOOD.

WITHIN me, LORD, thou hast implanted
The strong desire of lasting good,
A blessing never to be granted
While flesh continues my abode;
My search and wishes may remain,
But earthly hopes are all in vain.

2 An evil heart my spirit blinding,
I onward grope in darkness here;—
Forever seeking, never finding
Relief from doubt and gloomy fear.
In thee alone is rest from care,
O teach my soul to seek it there!

3 From vanities of time deliver,
And set my prison'd spirit free!
Let hopes, that soon must fail forever,
Make room for what shall endless be,—

That I, with present quiet bless'd,
May reach at last eternal rest.

4 Give thy dear Son to stand beside me!
None else can needed grace supply;—
That by his counsel he may guide me,
And I for peace on him rely.
Then his redemption will be mine,
While I to him my all resign.

5 'T is only thus, I hope for pleasure!
Should earth her choicest stores reveal,
Fame, riches—these, whate'er their measure,
My soul's desire could never fill.
What most the sons of earth applaud
Can never please a child of God:

6 Could I secure man's approbation,
And win his envied praises now,
At death, 't would yield no consolation,
In life, 't were but an empty show.
Far better here my *time* to spend
For gaining an *eternal* friend.

7 It is the height of my aspiring—
To be well-pleasing, Lord, to thee,
From search of human praise retiring,
Which, found, would hide thy face from me;
But, if thy favor I secure,
'T is glory now and evermore.

8 For comfort—what can wealth avail me,
When I am call'd the world to leave?
Had I all earthly good—'twould fail me,—
It flatters only to deceive:
Then, only *this* a good will prove—
To have a portion in thy love.

9 Of joy—should all on earth forsake me,—
My God is left,—the best, the whole:
When death, Lord Jesus, shall o'ertake me,
Sustain in peace my parting soul,
While I shall hear, by thee address'd,—
"*Come, now, and be forever blest!*"

I. U. Frommann, 1742.

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48 VANITY OF EARTH.

Earth's boasted joys and splendor
No real good can render,
However fair they seem:
What now may most delight us,
With eager hopes excite us,—
We soon shall find an idle dream.

2 Men toil with ceaseless trouble—
For what?—Some airy bubble
That can no profit give.
What's life?—A flick'ring taper,
Emitting deadly vapor:—
Where flatt'ring most 't will most deceive.

3 The fame which here we covet,
As if 't were endless, love it,—
Is all an empty breath;
Soon as we yield our spirit,
We never more shall hear it,
'T will sink, with us, forgot in death.

4 'T were vain, on skill or science
To set our fond reliance—
They cannot death abide.
Whose pride more room would borrow,
And finds this world too narrow—
They'll find a narrow grave too wide.

5 Our gains must be forsaken—
For which such pains are taken,
And toil—that rest denies:
Success in our endeavors
Can win from death no favors,
And when we die, to us it dies.

6 E'en as a rose at morning,
Its parent-stock adorning,
Expands beneath the light;
But, ere the day is ended,
Or light with darkness blended,
Its bloom is struck by with'ring blight:

7 So we on earth are blooming,
In hope, to greatness coming,
From care and sorrow free;
But ere we have attain'd it,—

Or all our bloom—have gain'd it,—
The blast of Death sweeps us away.

8 Awake, my soul!—remind thee!
Of life that's here assign'd thee,
What's now, alone is thine.
The past—'t is as the river
Whose waves roll onward ever,—
The future—Who can say "*'T is mine!*"?

9 Of man reject the story
That vaunts his power and glory,
And trust in God alone!
His pow'r—o'er all 't is reigning,
His time—'t is never waning,—
Of glory He awards the crown.

10 And those in God confiding
For joys with Him abiding—
Though *here* they soon may die,
Shall *there* live on forever—
In His unbounded favor,—
They're blest whose portion is on high!

A. Gryphius, d. 1664.

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49 VANITY OF THE WORLD.

Why vex thyself with anxious fears,
My soul, or weary thee with cares
About mere earthly good?
Confide thyself to God alone,
The earth and skies are all his own.

2 His pow'r and will can never fail
To meet thy wants. He knows them well,
He all thy burden knows:
He is thy Father, and thy God,
Will comfort thee on all thy road.—

3 My God and Father!—Yes, thou art,
And well I know thy tender heart
Will ne'er thy child forget.
Besides thyself, I here below
Nor hope, nor consolation know.

4 Let others on their riches rest:
I build on God; in him am blest,
In poverty am rich.
He is my wealth, I need no more;
Who trusts in Him is never poor.

5 Thy riches, Lord, forever last,
To-day as in all ages past:
In thee I may confide.
Thy stores of grace in me display!
For other wealth I cannot pray.

6 All worldly pomp I well can spare,
If I may endless honors share
By thee for sinners bought,
Dear Savior, with thy precious blood:
For these I'll pray, my Lord and God.

7 Whate'er it be earth values most,
Gold, silver, jewels—or may boast

Of pleasure,—or of pow'r,—
All these will quickly pass away,
Nor help to meet the judgment-day.

8 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Who, from thy great and glorious throne,
To me thy truth hast giv'n:
And by the truth do thou prepare
My soul thy glory, too, to share!

9 Love, honor, praise to thee be brought,
For that salvation thou hast taught!
My faith, dear Lord, confirm!
That I, in realms of endless light,
May ever live before thy sight.

Hans Sachs, d. 1576.

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50 CHRISTIAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE WORLD.

Can I this world esteem,
Or here repose my treasure,
When I alone in thee,
Dear Jesus, find my pleasure?
Thou art my chosen good,
Without thee, joy's a dream;
With thee, I need no more—
Can I this world esteem?

2 This world is like the smoke
In air full quickly failing;
'T is like the shadow vain

Of clouds fast onward sailing:
All, all soon flits away,—
But Christ abides the same;
He's my enduring Rock,—
Can I this world esteem?

3 The world their honors seek,
To earthly great-ones bending;
Nor will at all reflect
That these to dust are tending:
To Him who ever lives,
Whom I my glory deem,
To Christ—they scorn to bow;—
Can I the world esteem?

4 The world for riches strive,
Their toil no respite suffers:
The best reward they hope
Is treasure in their coffers:
I know a higher good,
A treasure that's supreme;
'T is Jesus,—He is mine;—
Can I the world esteem?

5 The world much trouble feel,
Whoever may deride them;
Or when the praise they wish
By others is denied them:
But if it please my Lord,
For him I'll suffer shame,

In this my glory find;
Can I the world esteem?

6 The world to darling lusts
Admit no curb or measure,
For seeking joys on high
They have no heart or leisure;
The wretch who scorns restraint
Will meet his friends with them;
While then I love my God,
Can I the world esteem?

7 Can I this world esteem?
How soon its honors vanish!
These cannot from the brow
Death's pallid tokens banish:
Its riches—they are dust!
Its joys—a lying name!
But Christ—eternal bliss!
Can I this world esteem?

8 Can I this world esteem?
Christ is my life forever,
My wealth, all my estate:
I rest upon His favor
My portion here,—above,
My ev'ry hope and aim;—
Once more, then, I would say—
Can I this world esteem?

G. M. PFEFFERKORN.

51 VANITY OF EARTHLY PURSUITS.

BEWARE, O man, lest endless life
From all thy thoughts be driven,
And, when Death calls thee to the strife,
Then first thou think of heaven!

2 Are riches, honors, worldly show,
For heav'n the soul's adorning;
That thou, pursuing these, should know
Small quiet—eve or morning?

3 To us the scriptures plainly say—
This globe itself shall perish:
As if they would forever stay,
Shall we its *baubles* cherish?

4 Art thou not daily made aware
Of some by Death o'ertaken?
Full poor they pass thee on their bier,
By all their wealth forsaken.

5 What has the earth with *thee* to send?
Or, How can it enrich thee?
Its pomp, its wealth, its pleasures end—
So Death, ere long, will teach thee.

6 All real good is found above,—
'T is worth thy full endeavor;
It well deserves thy constant love,
Its bliss endures forever.

7 Who can describe the boundless store
That there awaits the pious?
What could we want, that Jesus' pow'r
And love cannot supply us?

8 Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Man's heart it never enter'd,
What things God has for them prepar'd
Whose love on him is centred.

9 How long must I here grope in night?
Could I his pinions borrow,
Swift as the eagle in his flight,
I'd leave this world of sorrow.

10 Come, take me, Jesus,—thither bring
Where angels bow before thee!
Take me where saints with angels sing,
That I may there adore thee!

Simon Dach, d. 1659.

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52 JESUS AND THE WORLD.

O tell me not of glitt'ring treasure,
Of pomp and splendor here below;
The earth to me can yield no pleasure,
With all its pomp and glitt'ring show.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

2 In him alone is joy abiding,—
He is my hope, my chief desire:
Upon his word my soul confiding,
To *endless* pleasures would aspire.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

3 The world—its joys are scarcely tasted,
The flesh—its beauty cannot last,
For time will these have quickly wasted;
The pride of man will soon be past.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

4 His pow'r, against all foes prevailing,
Shall in its strength forever stay;
His throne, in glory never failing,
Shall stand when time has pass'd away
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

5 His wealth is always outward going,—
Its source no stinted measure knows,
While other springs withhold their flowing,
This fountain with full waters flows.
Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

6 In him I trust, nor will he leave me
When Earth's delusive favors end;
But then,—nor like the earth deceive me,—
Abide my portion—and my friend.

Let others love whate'er they will,
My heart prefers my Savior still.

7 Though many cares may here oppress me,
While I a pilgrim seek my home;
Yet He has said all good shall bless me,
When to his glory I shall come.
Content, I'll suffer now his will,
Relying on his promise still.

J. ANGELUS, d. 1677.

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* THE WORLD RENOUNCED.

Vain world, forbear thy pleading!
I bid thee now—adieu!
Thy course, to ruin leading,
No longer I pursue,
In heav'n is bliss forever,—
My wishes thither go;
There GOD will crown with favor
Who love him here below.

2 With counsel now supply me,
Dear Savior, lest I stray;
If sorrows here must try me,
On thee my courage stay!
From pangs protracted, spare me,
And soothe my throbbing heart!
By sight of bliss prepare me,
Then bid in peace depart!

3 If danger cloud my spirit,
   Let thy dear cross but shine,
I will no longer fear it,
   But ev'ry care resign:
Nor will I shrink to suffer,
   If then my faith may see
The victim thou didst offer,
   In dying, Lord, for me.

4 My soul is feeble,—hide it
   From all that would annoy!
Through vales of darkness, guide it
   To realms of light and joy!
His way is safe from error,
   Who learns from Thee the road;
His soul need feel no terror,
   Whose refuge is in God.

5 Show me my name recorded
   Within thy book of life,
My lot by grace awarded
   With victors in the strife!
Their joys in song are flowing—
   And, when I rise above,
My heart with transport glowing,
   I, too, will sing thy love.

V. Herberger, in the plague 1615.

4 THE WISDOM OF THE JUST.

HERE many wise and prudent grow,
A name for knowledge gaining,
And much of understanding show
In things to earth pertaining:
But he, whom Christ has taught, will choose
A wisdom that the world refuse—
The wisdom of the righteous.

2 In GOD alone, for needed grace,
He places his reliance;
To faith his heart accords its place,
And yields a glad compliance;
His Savior's word and life he knows,
And then, by words and living shows—
The wisdom of the righteous.

3 Let all the wisdom earth has taught
Together be united,—
Can it avail to cleanse the spot
By which the soul is blighted?
This work of pow'r is only done
Through faith in GOD's beloved Son—
The wisdom of the righteous.

4 Man's wisdom—Will it fear allay
When Death shall o'er him hover?
Or, Can it tell how near the day
When dust his dust shall cover?
Here darkness fills the wise with grief,

One thing alone can work relief—
The wisdom of the righteous.

5 The worldly wise would gladly waive
All thoughts of Death, and dying;—
Their wisdom, bounded by the grave,
No hope beyond supplying.
The gospel, gleaming through the night,
Brings immortality to light—
The wisdom of the righteous.

6 Dear Savior, make me good and wise!
Thy mercy spread around me!
The world and flesh against me rise,
With errors would confound me:
O keep me safely in the road
That leads to glory and to God,—
Then, crown me with the righteous!

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55 PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Love, honor, thanks, to thee we raise,
For, Jesus, thou art worthy;
But worthy tribute to thy praise,
Who, Lord, can bring before thee!
Ere light arose, thy glory shone,
Thyself God's equal, only Son,
The glory of the Highest.
Thine is the kingdom,—thine the pow'r,

O'er all thou rulest evermore,—
To all, thou all suppliest.

2 They're thine—for By whose sov'reign might
Creation—has it standing?
When man and angels burst to light,
Who spoke—"live ye!"—commanding?
Thou art the Word—unchang'd the same—
By which the world to being came,—
All that has life and motion;
What'er we see, what lives unseen,
Whate'er the earth and sky contain,
What shelters in the ocean.

3 And yet to us how strangely good!
For our sakes hither coming,
And to thyself our flesh and blood,
With ready will, assuming;
What shame and grief to thee it cost
To seek and rescue what was lost,
The curse for us enduring!
A love like thine, none shows beside,
For sins our own, thyself hast died,
Thus life for us procuring.

4 Thou gavest life,—thou givest still,
On high in glory seated;
Thou savest us from Satan's will,
With all our sins remitted,—
While thy delight from bonds to free
And cheer the heart that trusts in thee,

Excites our joy and wonder.
Of weary souls thou art the rest,
And them, who with thy love are blest,
Naught from thy love can sunder.

5 Thou hearest when thy people pray,
And stillest their complaining;
Till earth and sky shall pass away,
Thy care for them retaining.
We are thy chosen heritage,
Let endless thanks our hearts engage,
For thy distinguish'd favor:—
To thee, O Lord, my all I give,
Grant that I here for thee may live,
Then live with thee forever!

P. F. HILLER, d. 1769.

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56 LOVE TO CHRIST.

I LOVE thee, Lord, with love sincere,
And pray thee ever to be near,
Thy needed grace bestowing;
The universe, I prize it not,—
Things here—above—alike forgot,—
While thou thy love art showing.
And when with griefs I am oppress'd,
To thee alone I look for rest:—
Nor let it, Savior, e'er be said
Thy blood for me was vainly shed.
Lord Jesus Christ,

I love thy name, My love inflame!
And never turn my hope to shame!

2 Who was it, but thyself, who gave
My body, soul—all that I have,
And life—my term of trial?
For doing good I grace implore,
That all I have may praise thee more,—
Nor wilt thou give denial.
O save me, Lord, from error's path,
From Satan's wiles, from Satan's wrath:
My heart with courage too prepare,
That ev'ry cross I well may bear.
Lord Jesus Christ,
My King on high, At death be nigh,
And teach thy servant how to die.

3 May waiting angels, when in death,
Sustain'd by thee, I yield my breath,
Convey my soul to heaven!
My body sleep—no more to break
Its rest, till—all the dead to wake,—
Th' archangel's shout is given.
Then, from the dust with joy I'll rise,
To hail thee coming from the skies,
On clouds of majesty enthron'd,
And with eternal glory crown'd.
Lord Jesus Christ,
My song of praise To thee I'll raise,
Nor cease to sing through endless days.

MARTIN SCHALLING, d. 1608.

57 LOVE TO CHRIST TESTED.

All with Jesus are delighted,
While he speaks of joys to come,
Thinking that to them is plighted
After death a happy home:
But "The cross"—when he declares it—
"None, but he who takes and bears it,
"Can my true disciple be:"—
Few—how few!—to this agree.

2 All are pleas'd when—"Come ye weary!"
They can hear the Savior say:
But 't is language harsh and dreary—
"Enter ye the narrow way!"
While "Hosanna!" men are singing,
All can love;—but when is ringing—
"Crucify him!"—at the sound,
Nothing more of love is found.

3 While his hands are food supplying,
All with joy his bounty take;
When in anguish he is lying,
None for his protection wake.
Thus may Jesus have *our* praises,
While our hopes and joys he raises;
But should he his favor hide,
Love to him would not abide.

4 Is thy joy in Christ arising
From thy love to him alone?

In his sorrows sympathizing,
  Canst thou make his griefs thy own?
Should he cease with hope to bless thee,—
Should dark fears and doubts distress thee,—
  Still confiding, couldst thou say—
  "Jesus, thou art all my stay!"?

5 In thyself, Lord, thou art worthy,
  All our love is but thy due:
Saints and angels cry before thee—
  "Thou art holy, just, and true!"
Whoso, in thy bright perfections,
Finds for him thy best attractions,
  Has, in loving thee, a part
  That shall satisfy the heart.

6 What thy love and mercy offer,
  Loving thee would I obtain;
And, if call'd for thee to suffer,
  It will be my endless gain.
Here my soul, in all its sorrows,
Peace from thee, and comfort borrows;
  And if joys from earth remove,
  'T is to flourish more above.

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3 CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST.

Lord Jesus Christ, my spirit's health,
My highest good, my only wealth,
  Whatever shall betide me,—

My heart's delight thou'lt ever be,
No joy or sorrow shall from thee
And from thy love divide me.
Thou makest me to know thy way,
Thy hand of mercy is my stay,
It guides my course in all its length,
In all my weakness gives me strength.
Lord Jesus Christ,
Be thou my light Through nature's night,
And never hide thee from my sight!

2 My portion, govern'd by *thy will*,
Reveals thy sovereign mercy still,
And to my good is tending;
It oft my wish may strangely cross,
But soon I see what seem'd a loss,
In gain as strangely ending.
With weary steps, by dreary road,
I yet may reach thy bright abode;
There, with the saints in endless bliss,
To wear the crown of righteousness.
Thou, Jesus Christ,
Art my desire, All I require,—
My warmest hopes to thee aspire.

3 On thee alone I rest my all,—
With thee, for nothing else I call
When evils here oppress me:
Nay!—what were heav'n aside from thee?
'T would be a thankless gift to me,
Unless my Savior bless me.

What then has earth, without thy love,
That could my soul's affections move?
Throughout the universe, beside,
There's none in whom I can confide.
Lord Jesus Christ,
My life and peace! My faith increase—
That love and joy may never cease.

4 And were it so, that I beneath
Shame, torture, agony and death,
Must, soul and body, perish:—
Should pains and fears still onward swell,
Till all around me were a Hell,—
My faith I yet would cherish.
But thou wilt be my spirit's health,
My chosen good, my only wealth:—
And I too shall—must ever be,
Both soul and body, blest in thee.
Lord Jesus Christ,
Thy word I take, And those who make
Their trust in thee, thou'lt ne'er forsake.

5 Who will thy gospel not receive,
Nor, with the heart, in thee believe,—
He must to woe be driven:
Who for the world's vain pleasures lives,
To these his heart and service gives,
Is all unfit for heaven:
And he, on lusts of flesh intent,
Who will not for his sins repent,

Nor here on thee for mercy wait,
Must cry for mercy when too late.
Lord Jesus Christ,
For me appear! Why should I fear?
To faith thou art forever near.

6 I now would bind myself to thee:
Thou, too, hast bound thyself to me,
And hence my joy I borrow:
My confidence on thee is fast,
My Rock, that firm will ever last
In joy and, too, in sorrow;
What thou hast done, thy deeds of grace,
Shall fill my heart and mouth with praise,
Till I shall rise to thee above,
And see thee whom unseen I love.
Lord Jesus Christ,
Haste on the day, Nor longer stay!
Come quickly! Why so long delay!

E. NEUMEISTER, d. 1756.

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59 CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

GOOD Shepherd and tender,
Thy flock's great defender,
Thy wide-scatter'd flock are now longing for thee.
'Mid dangers they're straying,
False guides are betraying,—
Restore then thy presence, and troubles shall flee.

O come, spread thy cover,
While storms o'er them hover,
ınd days are all gloomy with terror and pain:
In green pastures feed them,
By still waters lead them,
.nd make them rejoice in thy favor again.

Thy grace once were sharing
The simple, way-faring;
he languishing soul with thy mercy was blest:
Where hope was now failing,
Thy glad voice was hailing—
Come near, heavy-laden, and I'll give you rest!"

Thy church, in their dangers,
Wilt thou leave to strangers?
heir hopes and their safety on thee must depend:
The word thou hast spoken
Can never be broken—
Behold I am with you until the world's end!"

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*THE CHURCH IN AFFLICTION.

Psalm 12.

1 On us, O Lord, in mercy look!
To pity now awaken!
How few and faint thy scatter'd flock,
The pious are forsaken.
Thy word among the sons of men
Can little faith or notice gain,—
They choose the paths of error.

2 By ev'ry false, deceptive art
They strive to overreach us,—
They loathe that single, honest heart
The word of God would teach us:
While one in this way, one in that,
But all alike our ruin plot,
And all with fair disguises.

3 To them the plagues of God are nigh—
We warn them of perdition;—
All danger proudly they defy—
"We scorn your admonition.
"The might and right are all our own;
"What pleases us, *that* shall be done,—
"Who shall control our pleasure?"

4 Thus saith the Lord—"I will arise,
"My people much have suffer'd;
"Before me come their frequent sighs,
"And pray'rs in anguish offer'd:
"My word shall still its service do,
"Their faith revive, their hope renew,
"Their joy and peace restoring."

5 As silver, oft in furnace tried,
Its value but enhances,
So they, who in God's word abide,
In grace shall make advances.
Affliction will their dross remove,
Will search and purify their love,—
Their light shall glow the brighter.

6 From evil may our trials cleanse!
Still keep thy truth before us!
Nor suffer them who boast their sins
To get dominion o'er us!
When foes of God the rule obtain,
What shall the godless crowd restrain?
Protect, O Lord, thy people!

M. Luther, d. 1546.

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* THE CHURCH SAFE.

Be not dishearten'd, little flock,
Although thy foes may proudly talk,
And threaten to destroy thee;
May seek and hope thine utter fall,
With terror would thy heart appal,—
They shall not long annoy thee.

2 Fear not! Thine is the cause of God,—
'Tis He of vengeance wields the rod,—
Leave all to his direction!
Confide in Jesus, his dear Son,
Deliverance shall by God be shown,
His word, too, find protection.

3 As God, or truth itself is true,
All, who the works of Satan do,—
Who sin and falsehood favor,
Must sink in everlasting shame:
But God is ours! and in his name
We'll vict'ry shout forever.

4 In courage strong, thou little band,
Of God and truth the foes withstand!
Thy triumph—He has told it.
Believe his word!—*their* purpose cross'd,
Himself will rout their frighted host;—
Thine eyes, too, shall behold it.

5 Amen! Lord Jesus, we believe:
Help us the proofs of faith to give,
Thy vict'ry—to foresee it!
That we, thy little flock, may raise
To God triumphant shouts of praise,
And joyful cry—"*So be it!*"

The first three stanzas are ascribed to Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden: the rest is from an unknown hand.

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62 CHRIST'S PRESENCE HIS PEOPLE'S JOY.

Jesus, our Lord, when thou art near,
The soul enjoys a sacred peace;
Thy gracious look calms every fear,
And thrills our mortal frame with bliss
And gratitude.

2 Not that we see thy smiling face
And outward mien, with nat'ral eye,
But still our souls thy beauty trace;—
For thou canst bring thy glories nigh,
Thy form unseen.

3 In showing mercy, truth, and love,
Thy readiness to pardon sin;—
To cleanse, to bless, to lift above
And, as a friend, our hearts to win,
Thou art reveal'd.

[4 When round us earthly prospects smile,
And pleasures their temptation spread,—
Be near!—lest these to sin beguile,
Show us the path where thou hast led
To better joys.]

5 When sorrows rise, our souls relieve
With mem'ry of thy vict'ry won;
This shall our drooping hopes revive,
And thus thy presence, with us shown,
Be seen by all.

6 Be ever near us, gracious Lord,
To all our trials suit thy care:
And happy in thy kind regard,
By faith and love would we prepare
Near thee to shine.

C. Gregor, d. 1801.

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63 THE JOY OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

Why is my heart so far from thee,
Thou only source of pleasure;
While fear, and toil, and grief to me
From care permit no leisure?

O leave me not in hopeless night,
Nor hide me, Father, from thy sight
Where spirits are rejoicing.

2 Thick darkness here is spread around,—
And must I struggle ever
For light and peace,—yet all be found
A fruitless, sad endeavor?
With sin the never-ceasing strife,
The burdens of this mortal life,
To dust my soul are sinking.

3 Too weak am I, by strength of mine,
Where dwell thy joys, to tower;
Too weak, where hosts of darkness join,
To quell their prince's power.
Within, around, I trouble see,—
Where look for help?—O God, on thee
Alone is my reliance.

4 With humble faith upon thy word,
My all in all I take thee;
Be thou my Rock, my shield and sword!
I never will forsake thee:
Though sin my soul has oft defil'd,
Through Jesus, I am yet thy child,
And Thou, my gracious father.

5 The vict'ry thou wilt guide:—'t is well!
The strife I'll dread no longer:
Of fears—no more would dare to tell,
The weak shall prove the stronger.

Thou wilt to me thy presence grant,
And, with thy smile, I nothing want
For earth, or yet for heaven.

G. B. FUNK, d. 1814.

JESUS REMEMBERED.

REMEMBER Jesus, GOD'S dear Son,
My soul,—'t was thy salvation,
That brought him from his glory down
To live in humble station.
Forget him not!—'t was for thy good
He took upon him flesh and blood,—
O thank him for this mercy!

2 Remember Jesus, GOD'S dear Son;
For thee his griefs were suffer'd;
His death has thy deliv'rance won,
And life to thee is offer'd;
The agonies by him endur'd
Eternal joys for thee procur'd,—
O thank him for this mercy!

3 Remember Jesus, GOD'S dear Son;
He, from the dead awaking,
In pow'r at GOD'S right hand is shown,
Death's gloomy bondage breaking;
From sin and death he sets thee free,—
In serving him is liberty;—
O thank him for this mercy!

4 Remember Jesus, God's dear Son;
  The crown of vict'ry wearing,
Back to his glory he has gone,
  A place for thee preparing:
That thou, in glory too, may see
His honors and his majesty—
  O thank him for this mercy!

5 Remember Jesus, God's dear Son;
  'T is he our doom will render;
When saints with favor he will crown,
  With wrath, the bold offender:
Be earnest now to gain the prize,
That thou with him above may rise,
  To thank his grace forever.

6 O grant me, Jesus, God's dear Son,
  That, in thy love abiding,
I ne'er forget what thou hast done,
  But, in thy strength confiding,
May, through thy death, be dead to sin:
And, through thy life, the vict'ry win,
  To reign in life eternal!

C. Gunther, d. 1704.

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65 VICTORY THROUGH JESUS.

Jesus, help conquer! Thou Prince everliving,
  See me oppress'd under sorrows and fears!
Weak is my arm, and my heart is misgiving,

Frightful the force that against me appears:
Savior, stand by me!—without thine assistance,
How can I hope for success in resistance!

Jesus, help conquer! My lusts—O subdue them!
Nor in my flesh leave them longer to reign!
Works of the Spirit—I now would pursue them,—
Upward my course to thy glory maintain.
Strengthen the will, and succeed my endeavor,
Body and soul shall rejoice in thy favor.

3 Jesus, help conquer!—I still must bewail me,
While my offenses keep ever in view.
Help, when the past and its follies assail me,
Conscience the mem'ry of these would renew:
Give me to taste of the joys of thy pardon,
Then shall my soul of its guilt lose the burden.

4 Jesus, help conquer! Vain else all emprises
'Gainst the arch-foe with his cunning and might,
None but thyself can detect his disguises,—
Satan seems often an angel of light.
Seeking my life—such his art to deceive me—
All would be lost, if alone thou should leave me.

5 Jesus, help conquer! When sin that's indwelling,
Selfishness, envy, or pride I discern;
When I my slavery to passions am feeling,
When, with my ruin, my weakness I learn,
Longer compliance—O help me deny it!
Sin, with its strength, by thy cross crucify it!

6 Jesus, help conquer!—nor yield me to terror,—
Infidel science exults in its lore,—
Truth, by wrong colors, confounding with error;
Show to me now thy own wisdom the more!
Cherish my faith in thy word, and its merits!
Teach me to judge, by first trying the spirits!

7 Jesus, help conquer! While watchful I'm praying,
Shepherd from sleep and from slumbering free,
Thy intercession my courage be staying!
Hast thou not promis'd to make it for me?
When too, at night, by fatigue I'm o'ertaken,
Lord with thy presence my spirits awaken!

8 Jesus, help conquer!—When, other hopes waning,
Press'd with my wants, I my nothingness find,
Strength scarcely left me for pray'r, or complaining,
Lonely I stray like the poor timid hind,—
Then let on thee my reliance be single!
Sighs can prevail, if thyself with them mingle.

9 Jesus, help conquer! Be thou my defender!
Give me the victory over my foes!
Honors forever to thee will I render,
Thou art the champion none can oppose.
High shall thy name with glad praises be sounded,
Where thou art showing thy grace so unbounded.

10 Jesus, help conquer!—that we, too, victorious,
Worthily guests to thy supper may come,
Then to behold thee in victory glorious,
There 'mong thy jubilant host finding room;

While all thy foes are cast out and despairing,
We shall be there, crowns of righteousness wearing.

J. H. SCHROEDER, d. 1728.

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* GRATITUDE TO CHRIST.

THE Lord, to whom I pleaded,
Has sent me what I needed,
His constant grace I own.
My strength all help denied me,
But Jesus all supplied me;
His arm I'll trust, and his alone.

2 Of my escapes from dangers,
Mid friends, or foes, or strangers,
Would I the number tell,—
My heart, with love o'erflowing,
Its faith to rapture growing,
Proclaims "The Lord doth all things well!"

3 My glad and thankful spirit
Can never reach thy merit,
Thou holy One and true!
But praises and thanksgiving,
As long as I am living,
Shall crown thy name with honors new.

4 Be thine my ev'ry treasure,
Without all stint or measure,—
I naught withhold from thee:
Or aught, if I would spare it,

From me in mercy tear it,—
Thyself be all in all to me!

5 On thee my wishes centre,—
Forbid that self should enter!
I would in thee be lost:
For thou of all art worthy,—
O may I live before thee,
And in thy love forever trust!

6 In kindness, do thou teach me
How best thy smiles may reach me,
Thou Prince of matchless grace!
Then, with thy smiles to nerve me,
While soul and body serve me,
I'll task them both to show thy praise.

7 My pledges—I repeat them,—
O make me true to meet them,
While time for me shall last!
From ev'ry ill withhold me,
And by thy spirit mould me
For life with thee, when Time is past!

J. L. Jorgens, (Missionary to W. Indies,) d. 1827.

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67 PRAYER.

Who, Lord, has any good whatever,
That does not from thyself proceed?
Of all good gifts thou art the giver,
Supreme in counsel and in deed.

In all our wants, with humble pray'r,
Thou biddest us to thee repair.

2 Obeying, I would now implore thee,
And, while my many sins I own,
I courage take to come before thee,
Since for me intercedes thy Son.
On Him alone my hopes I place,
While I invoke thy needed grace.

3 Grant then to me, as thou approvest,
All that befits a child of thine:
None loves me, Father, as thou lovest,
None else can meet such wants as mine:
From sin, from slavish fear release,
And bless my soul with holy peace.

4 Grant me a faith shall never fail me,
One that shall always work by love;
To rob of this should foes assail me,
May it in me new courage move,
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith on thee to live.

5 Give me a conscience unoffending,
And prompting only what is right,
A heart, to duty's call attending,
As ever open to thy sight:
And when I err, so chasten me,
That I a father's love may see.

6 A heart that, in my days of gladness,
May never from thy fear decline;
A heart that, under clouds of sadness,
May still submit its will to thine;
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
And patient too, create in me.

7 All else thou seeest good—bestow it!
What 't is I need thou knowest best:
All hope of good—to Thee I owe it,
My weakness on thy strength I rest:
Thy constant guidance I require,
For this O strengthen my desire!

8 While days and months away are stealing.
Give grace my life for thee to spend;
Death often to my thoughts revealing,
Then bring the day my life shall end:
That day will but my soul remove
From earth, to live with thee above.

J. S. Dieterich, d. 1797.

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68 MISSIONARIES' PRAYER.

All our hope on Him's suspended,
Who from the skies to earth descended,
And bought us with his precious blood.
We are his, both flesh and spirit,
Our highest love his favors merit,
In Him is treasur'd ev'ry good.

Lord, take us for thy own,
Our faith with glory crown!
Ever near thee
Give us a place, Where endless grace
Is beaming from thy smiling face.

2 Not our choice, nor our endeavor
Has earn'd for us thy pard'ning favor,—
'T is due to sov'reign grace alone:
Strength of ours cannot avail us,
And all success must ever fail us
But that in which thy strength is shown.
Our earthly hopes restrain!
For poverty is gain,
Winning heaven.
Who trusts thy care In self-despair,
And bears thy cross,—has riches there.

3 *Lord of harvest!*—Hear, we pray thee!
—And, praying thus, we but obey thee,—
"Now to thy field more reapers send!"
King!—thy heralds send, inviting
As guests, all who, in grace delighting,
May wish thy supper to attend.
They, only they, find rest,
Who there with thee shall feast
In thy glory:
Where care shall cease, And perfect peace
Forevermore the soul shall bless.

4 Look upon the millions lying
In shades of death, and hopeless dying.

Divided from thy kingdom far:
Age on age the gloom unbroken,
To them no gospel has been spoken,
Their night has known no morning star.
Thou Light of truth divine,
Upon their darkness shine:
Pray thee, Jesus,
Go on before, Our way explore,
And set for us an open door!

5 We, what thou hast done and suffer'd,
What sacrifice for them was offer'd,
The wonders of thy dying love—
Will to them be ever telling,
Still on thy cross of mercy dwelling,
Till kindred grief their bosoms move.
For mighty is thy word,
And pierces, as a sword,
Soul and spirit:
Thy yoke of ease, Thy Spirit's bliss—
And, too, we'll tell of paradise.

6 Works, for thee most glory winning,
Are oft despis'd at their beginning;—
What though we are frail worms of dust?
Thou wilt ever be beside us,
Thy strength sustain, thy wisdom guide us,—
In thee alone we put our trust.
The mustard-grain will grow,
Till it a tree shall show
Widely spreading;

For thou, O Lord, Wilt be its guard,—
For this we plead thy gracious word.

A. Knapp, b. 1798.

A GENERAL PRAYER.

Our blessings come, O God,
From thine exhaustless treasure;
Of earthly good our shares
Are portion'd at thy pleasure.
Grant to my body, Lord,
A health that may endure,
And to my spirit give
A conscience that is pure.

2 May I too strive to learn,
By ceaseless observation,
How best I may perform
The service of my station:
Wherever duty leads
May I delight to go,
On all I undertake
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow.

3 Keep me from saying what
May after need recalling;
Guard me, lest idle words
May from my lips be falling;
But when my duty leaves
For silence no pretense,

O make me wise to speak
The truth without offense.

4 When danger shall arise,
I would not too much fear it;
My cross, whate'er it be,
O give me strength to bear it.
May I the rage of foes
By gentleness subdue;
And, when I counsel need,
May I the best pursue.

5 With all around, may I
To peace and love incline me,—
As by the Savior taught.
And if thy hand assign me
Increase of earthly store,—
To all I thus obtain,
May there be nothing join'd
Of an unrighteous gain.

6 And if old age I reach,
Ere life on earth is ended,
And must its trials meet
With all its weakness blended,—
Against the sins of age
Awake my jealous care,
That I gray hairs may thus
A crown of glory wear.

7 And let me die at last
My Christian faith professing;

Take then my soul to thee,
To share eternal blessing:
And to my body give
Among thy dead a place,
That, as their ashes sleep,
Mine too may sleep in peace.

8 And when thy saints shall rise,
Then, Jesus, I implore thee,
Complete in righteousness,
May I appear before thee;
And hear my Savior say,
In voice of tender love,
"Come, ye redeem'd, and share
"My perfect joys above!"

J. HERRMANN, d. 1647.

PRAYER FOR MERCIES IN GENERAL.

Now in thy presence I appear,
O LORD, my supplications hear!
The record of my crimes efface,
Thou GOD of mercy and of grace!

2 A heart that's pure, create in me,
A heart to love and honor thee,
An humble heart of thanks and praise,
A heart to trust thee all my days.

3 Be thou my help when dangers rise,
On thee I rest my waiting eyes:

No ills can do my spirit harm,
While guarded by thy friendly arm.

4 Myself and hopes are in thy hand,
From thee, all that I understand;
But still increase my knowlege, Lord,
By sure instructions of thy word.

5 Thy name—that it may yield delight,
O keep it ever in my sight!
My faith—that it may work my joy,
Let works of faith be my employ.

6 So, Lord, my path of duty teach,—
That, learning, I may strive to reach,
In what I do, the perfect rule
Of virtue taught us in thy school.

7 In my own strength, I'm all unfit
The trials of the world to meet:
But, with thy strength to bear me through,
Can meet them, and can conquer too.

8 Of earthly good, to make me blest,
Grant, Lord, just what thou seeest best:
Of envied wealth I ask no store,—
What thou wilt bless—I ask no more.

9 The bounties thou to me shalt lend,
May I to others' wants extend;
More pleas'd the needy to relieve,
Then when thy bounties I receive.

10 I health implore, for doing good,
For serving thee with gratitude:
But for my health would never take
Such care, as duty to forsake.

11 Ever a faithful friend supply,
To cheer my way to joys on high;
One who, that both for God may live,
Shall counsel and example give.

12 Should thou old age to me assign,
And should its evil days be mine:
May still my trust in thee abide,
Nor clouds of age thy mercy hide.

13 And when my life on earth shall end,
Do thou my dying couch attend!
Be then, through thy dear Son, O Lord,
My endless life, my great reward!

C. F. Gellert, d. 1769.

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*PRAYER AGAINST TEMPTATION.

God, my Creator, and my Lord,
Thou Father of my spirit,
To me thy constant grace afford,
Or life—I well may fear it:—
Nay, e'en while living were I dead,
And in my sins must perish;
Whoso with Christ, the living bread,

Shall fail his soul to nourish,
Must sink to death eternal.

2 On me, thy feeble child, bestow
Thy help!—through life direct me!
Make me in holiness to grow,
From sin and shame protect me!
With ceaseless guard my *lips* inclose,
That not a word may leave them,
Which might thy people's good oppose,
Or by its folly grieve them,—
Or word *thy* love offending.

3 Control me, LORD, in what I hear!
For, in this world degraded,
Above all else, 't is by the *ear*
Thy kingdom is invaded.
When scoffers speak their venom'd tale,
Forbid my heart to listen!
Their pow'r of mischief thus will fail,
Nor I with them shall hasten
To ruin that is endless.

4 My *sight* from guilty pleasures hide,
Lest it to sin beguile me!
The wanton gaze, the glance of pride,
These—never let defile me!
What worth and modesty approve,
What angel eyes might covet,—
What Thou canst look upon with love—

That—teach mine eye to love it,—
The scenes of crime abhorring.

5 With slaves of wine or pamp'ring food
Permit me not to revel!
Thy service be my chosen good,
While they pronounce it evil.
Their joys the *appetite* inflame,
To ruin onward leading.
Till pleasure's false delusive name
Allures their souls, unheeding,
To death that wails forever.

P. GERHARD, d. 1676.

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2 WORTH OF PRAYER.

MY comfort here, in all that tries me,
Is found in praying to my GOD:
This, in my weakness, strength supplies me,
And cheers the roughest, darkest road.
In ev'ry toil, in ev'ry grief,
'Tis pray'r affords my best relief.

2 Where can I peace or hope discover,
When conscience to its duty wakes,
And all my sins recounting over,
The scourge of retribution shakes?
No other hope or refuge near,
To GOD for mercy I repair.

3 And must I meet the scorn of scoffers,
If I with sin will not comply?—



My soul its pray'r in secret offers
To God for grace. He hears my cry;—
A father's love from fear relieves,
And courage for his service gives.

4 I would not for revenge be seeking,
Should any for my inj'ry seek;
Nor ever meet with evil speaking
Those who of me may evil speak;
All my revenge shall be the pray'r
That they with me His grace may share.

5 And when a trouble may distress me
For which the world I cannot blame,
I, to a God who hears, address me
For his support to bear the same.
From griefs, which we to Him confide,
His mercy he will never hide.

6 And, for the duties of the calling
To me by providence assign'd,
I strength implore, before him falling;—
Nor plead in vain. The strength I find:
'T is He that gives;—and Him I bless
For strength, and skill, and all success.

7 Or, if an evil lust alarm me,
Too weak myself its rage to quell,
I ask the Holy One to arm me:—
He nerves my heart to do his will;
And, strong in his resistless might,
To vict'ry I maintain the fight.

8 And when the shades of Death o'ertake me,
Where none but God can render aid;
He in my need will not forsake me,
Nor Death shall make my soul afraid.
Though voice should fail, my dying sighs
Accepted pray'r to him shall rise.

J. B. Miller, d. 1824.

3

* TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Ghost, rule thou within!
'Tis thine by grace our souls to win:
Inspire with sacred joy the spirit
Of all who trust thy word and fear it:
Thy light and truth hast thou sent forth,
From East to West, from South to North,
To bring, from ev'ry tongue and nation,
A host to sing the great salvation.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 Thou Holy Light of truth divine,
From God's own word yet brighter shine,
That we thereby may better know him,
And pay the love his children owe him.
Thy teaching would we gladly learn,
And never to another turn,
Our souls to Christ alone confiding,
In Him, who is our life, abiding.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 Thou Holy Portion, and our Rest,—
Help us, that, with thy comfort bless'd,

By troubles taught to prize thy favor,
We may rejoice in thee forever!
By strength of thine our weakness raise,
That, living, we may live thy praise,
And, all the host of evil routing,
In death may triumph, fearless shouting—
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

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74 PRAYER TO THE TRINITY.

THOU GOD the Father, now in love
And mercy, stand beside me!
Far from my soul my sins remove,
From dread of vengeance hide me!
And by thy word show me the way
That leads to everlasting day,
Nor leave me here to wander.

2 Guard me, Lord Jesus; render me
Of self-deception wary!
O keep me from hypocrisy,
Long as on earth I tarry.
I now to thee my soul confide,
Thou Son of GOD with me abide—
In living or in dying.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, true wisdom's source,
Of faith my measure heighten!
Sustain me in true wisdom's course,
What's dark in me enlighten!

Grant too that I my life may spend
In holiness, till life shall end,
And then depart to glory.

4 Thou Three in One, the only God,
What hopes or fears betide me,—
O let them never from the road
Of love and truth divide me!
My joys and griefs—a tangled maze,—
Direct them all to show thy praise,—
Then take my soul to heaven!

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* PRAYER TO THE TRINITY.

Thou Father-God, our souls sustain;
Of all thy foes the rage restrain,
Who scorning Jesus, thy dear Son,
Would hurl him from his holy throne.

2 Thou Jesus, thy dominion show!
Thyself the Lord of lords below;
Defend thy people weak and poor,
That they may honor thee the more.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, thy grace reveal!
Unite our hearts to do thy will!
Support us in the mortal strife,
And raise from death to endless life!

[4 Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Here teach us how to praise thee most;

And when our praise on earth is done,
To praise above the Three in One.]

M. Luther, al.

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76 THE BELIEVER'S CONFLICT.

For help, O whither shall I flee?
Who now to peace will guide me?
To none, dear Savior, but to thee,
Can I with hope confide me.
'Tis thine to give the weary rest.
The mourning soul in thee is blest,—
Help, Jesus, the afflicted!

2 My sin, O Lord, is now my grief,
Against my will it rages:—
Thy grace alone can bring relief,
While sin its warfare wages.
All that I need is known to thee,
And now a part myself can see,—
Help, Jesus, the sin-burden'd!

3 Good Shepherd, bearest thou the weak?
Sustain me in my weakness!
Thou Great Physician of the sick,
Heal thou my moral sickness!
A prey to Death I helpless fall,—
For health and strength to thee I call,
Save, Jesus, or I perish!

4 To those who trust thee—"Nothing fear!"
"I am the Life!"—thou criest,

Seeks not my soul, with strong desire,
  The life which thou suppliest?
Through all my sorrows thou canst lead,
In death provide for ev'ry need—
  Help, Jesus, the confiding.

5 I would do good, but still I fail,—
  Must I thus always waver?
What grief it gives thou knowest well.
  Who shall my soul deliver,
And set the slave forever free
From sin and death to live with thee?—
  I thank thee, God, *through Jesus!*

J. Neander, d. 1680.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Ah! when shall I be, from sinning
  And from wrong affections, free?
When, the vict'ry fully winning,
  Be well-pleasing, Lord, to thee?
I have still to own, with weeping,
Sin his watch within is keeping,
  Still, full oft, with efforts strong,
  Urges me to do the wrong.

2 Yet, in time of my devotions,
  Musing on thy sacred word,
I have felt those sweet emotions
  Which to saints their bliss afford.

Then I priz'd this holy pleasure
Far above all worldly treasure,
Wish'd a heart entirely thine,
Warm with virtue all divine.

3 Then too vow'd, full purpose making,
That I only thine would be,
And, my inmost pow'rs awaking,
From all evil would be free;
Thee my service wholly giving,
Ever for thy glory living,
Sin in all its forms would shun,
And the ways of God would run.

4 But, alas!—too soon, exerting
Hidden pow'r, some passion rose,
Marring, hind'ring, disconcerting
Ev'ry good I might propose.
Lures to pleasure, fears and troubles,
Ill examples, cheating bubbles,—
These on ev'ry side assail,—
And my schemes of goodness fail.

5 Wretched man!—from evil turning,
Vain my utmost strength appears;
Then, with deepest sorrow mourning,
Fruitless, too, are all my tears;
Sin afresh stands forth to brave me,—
Is there none from sin to save me?
Thanks!—my God, through Christ, will free
From this load of misery!

6 Thou forgivest, God of mercies,
Those who 'gainst their errors strive:
They alone shall bear thy curses,
Who in sin consent to live.
May I not then hope for pardon,
While I feel my sins a burden?
Trusting to thy gracious care,
Can I yield me to despair?

7 Never cease thy kind protection!
Sin will new advantage seek,
While, with unattain'd perfection,
I must here continue weak.
Keep me, Lord, from self-reliance.
When I'm tempted, from compliance,
That, in all sincerity,
I may humbly walk with thee.

8 When I fall, make me observant,
Careful lest I fall again,
Haste to strengthen then thy servant,
That my course I may maintain:
Warn me!—ever go beside me!
Daily on—still onward guide me!
Till I reach eternal rest,
With thy perfect image blest!

Balth. Muenter, d. 1793.



78 PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

My Life is but a pilgrim-stand:—
A trav'ler to my father-land,
I seek the city with foundation,
Whose builder, maker, is my God;—
And gaining there my blest abode,
Would ever sing his great salvation.
My Life is here a pilgrim-stand,
I'm trav'ling to my father-land.

2 The hours of Life's uncertain day
Haste on without a moment's stay,
And, when once gone, are gone forever;
They bear me to eternity;
Lord Jesus, give me eyes to see!
Whate'er I need to know discover!
Nor let earth's vain delusions hide
Thee from my sight, my only guide!

3 No journey is without its cares;—
Life's journey too the spirits wears;—
It is not all a path of roses.
The road is narrow,—foes are strong—
And oft entice me to the wrong;
The tangled thorn my way opposes;—
O'er trackless wilds I'm forced to go,
And, groping, toil my passage through.

4 At times to me the Sun is bright,—
That Sun that sheds its gracious light,

Alone to bless the pure in spirit:
Then comes the roaring, raging storm,—
So loud, terrific its alarm,—
So dark,—I cannot help but fear it:
But when I think of joys above,
My terror yields its place to love.

5 Thou, Jesus, once a pilgrim too,
Wilt prove thyself a helper true,
Of all my anxious cries, a hearer.
Thy warning word in mind I'll keep,
And, by thy guidance, ev'ry step
Shall bring me to salvation nearer.
My life and strength are waning fast,
Lord, with thy consolations haste!

6 That I may grow in holiness,
With stronger faith my spirit bless,
And thus of stumbling make me heedful!
I daily fall—help me to rise,
And, by each fall, yet more to prize
Thy helping hand, so often needful:
While, in this darken'd soul of mine,
Thy beams of mercy brighter shine.

7 And while my heart, O God of grace,
Shall faint with longings for thy face,—
Prepare my soul for thy fruition!
Whene'er to earth my eyelids close,
May I with thee enjoy repose
Where sin and grief find no admission.

Thy weary child bid thither come,
To live with Thee—a blissful Home.

8 My lot is here with strangers thrown,
And by the world I'm little known;—
But *there* friends wait with joy to meet me:
And there, with those I love the most,
I'll join in song the angel-host,
Whose glories with their welcome greet me.
My Savior come! no more delay!
And thither bear my soul away!

F. A. LAMPE, d. 1729.

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79 REST IN HEAVEN.

WE are but pilgrims here below,
With loads of care oppress'd,
While through earth's dreary vale we go,
And vainly look for rest;
His way beset with griefs and fear,
The weary wand'rer sighs,—
He seeks, and ever hopes 't is near,
The good that from him flies.

2 Here is no father-land—no home,
No resting-place is here;—
For trial we are hither come.
The soul pants with desire,
But her desires can never fill;
And cures, that here are found

The wounded heart of man to heal,
Add torment to the wound.

3 The pleasures which on earth we find,
Are smoke, soon seen no more;
They're billows which the angry wind
Is dashing on the shore.
With toil we build, and then destroy;—
We oft new burdens choose:—
And, what to-day we count our joy,
To-morrow we refuse.

4 The pride of knowledge, falsely call'd,
Oft leads our souls astray:
The blind by blinder guides are told—
"We've found a better way!"
Dear Savior, from thy throne above,
Set us from error free!
Grant us to serve thee here in love,—
Then call us home to thee!

5 When faith thy promise humbly takes,
And seeks thy will to do,—
Clear light upon our pathway breaks,
The world to guide us through.
Thy Spirit send, our souls to save!—
Thy wisdom make our own!—
That we may rest beyond the grave,
And wear the pilgrim's crown.

80 PATH OF LIFE.

1 The way of Christians leads through deserts dreary,
And thorny is their road;
The mountain heights are fearful, steep, and weary,
By which they rise to God.

2 But, trav'ler, falter not!—God's hand extended
Shall guide and strengthen thee:
Look onward!—Where their earthly course is ended
The crown of glory see!

3 This prize full well deserves thy utmost striving;
Not worthy to compare
Are trials which, ere to the goal arriving,
The faithful pilgrims bear.

4 Through all its straits would I still, uncomplaining,
The narrow way pursue:—
What joy and thanks,—when, to its end attaining,
I reach the garland too!

5 Oft now, while faith before my thoughts is bringing
The victor's happy crown;
My raptur'd soul her flight from earth is winging
Up to the Savior's throne.

C. C. Sturm, d. 1786.

31

* THE NARROW WAY.

To life there leads a narrow way,
The only path to endless day;
Some few admittance seek to gain,
But, urg'd in vain,
Far more reject it with disdain.

2 *These* take the wide and beaten road,
By this to meet a jealous God:
To honor Christ, his word and name,
They never aim;
But, scorning,—brave eternal shame.

3 How precious, Lord, thy grace I find,
To mould aright the wayward mind!
My guilty pride it made to bow,
Else I had now
With them been rushing on to woe.

4 Still more and more teach me to love
The way that leads to life above,
And, by thy constant service here,
My soul prepare
To reign with thee in glory there.

5 While others waste their strength and health,
To swell their store of worldly wealth,
I, to the Spirit having sown,
With joy would own—
"God is my portion,—God alone."

6 And while o'er land and sea they go,
Through storms of wind, of rain, or snow,—
O'er mountains, valleys, rocks and hills,
For countless miles,
Led on by Folly's varied wiles:

7 Would I, for Canaan's happy land,
My wishes and my labor spend;
And here a pilgrim, day by day,
In wisdom's way,
As much untiring zeal display.

8 And if the world my flesh shall feed,
Lest fond indulgence should succeed,
Give me the grace to show *his* pow'r
Whom I adore,
And crucify my flesh the more.

9 Make me in truth, what thou wilt prize;
'Twere vain for me to seek disguise;
But if thy light from me shall shine,
The gift divine
Will seal all other blessings mine.

10 Assist my efforts so to live,
As by my life the proof to give
That in my soul thy Spirit reigns,
And room retains,
Where Jesus, too, a dwelling gains.

11 But this, dear Lord, shall more be seen,
When thou art fully form'd within,

And angels at thy bidding come
  To bear me home,
A pilgrim never more to roam.

12 Guide now my portion at thy will!
Thy work of grace in me fulfill!
Then, in thy image I shall rise
  To take the prize,
And shout—"'Tis finish'd!" through the skies.

W. F. TAFINGER, b. 1691.

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82 WAY TO HEAVEN.

STEEP and thorny is the way
On to life,—and most refuse it:
  Wiser far,—more blest are they
Who with all its trials choose it:
  Happy, who its end attain,
  And the prize of glory gain!

2 'Bove all measure their reward,
Who, till death, are persevering;
  Who from earth withhold regard,
But, to Jesus still adhering,
  Firm in faith direct their eye
  Ever to the crown on high.

3 He whom, though unseen, we love,
He has won our prize so glorious;
  From the cross, to GOD above
He ascended all victorious,—

When "'Tis finish'd!" he had cried,
And for vict'ry first had died.

4 Conq'ring Chief!—we, void of fear,
Follow thee, no toil declining;
Storms and night surround us *here*,
There the light is ever shining;
Dawn is beaming, seen by faith
Through the gloomy shades of death.

5 Onward, comrades, urge your way!
Let no fears or foes alarm us!
Look to Jesus!—Watch,—and pray
That our God with strength may arm us!
In our weakness mighty shown,
He gives vict'ry through his Son.

S. G. Burde, b. 1753.

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83 DESPONDING CHRISTIAN AND CHRIST.

Jesus, my Lord and God,
Whose glories none can tell;
My spirit's life and strength,
The great Immanuel!
Thy people thou dost form,
And from their evil cleanse,—
Grant then, O Lord, to me
Deliv'rance from my sins!

Confide in my promise!—confiding, be still!
Distrust not my power!—distrust not my will!
Behold, from afar I salvation reveal!

2 Ah, Yes! my spirit's friend,
I feel I'm far from thee:
O draw me to thyself!
Reveal thy pow'r in me!
A heart, O Lord, that's pure,
Of all things wish I most,—
But mine is all defil'd:—
Alas! must I be lost?
Thou art not forsaken,—thy heart I renew;
I am thy Redeemer; remain to me true!
My perfect redemption in thee will I show.

3 *Redemption!*—I am yet
By sin with fetters bound:
And am I *true?* Alas,
I'm fickle, faithless found:
And where is that *new heart*
Should glow with love to GOD?
Guilt feel I more and more,—
My sins a heavier load!
Thy pray'r I will answer:—in spite of all foes,
From sin I will save thee,—from Hell's fearful woes:
I'll do it—Who can the Almighty oppose?

4 'T is well! I own thy grace,
And in thy word confide:
Hope shall my anchor be,
Till safe in port I ride.
Dear Savior, through my course,
To me thy guidance lend,

Till I at length shall come
Where sins and sorrows end.
Believer, be fearless!—this anchor hold fast!
Doubt not!—I will guard thee, till dangers be past,
And to a sure haven will bring thee at last.

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84 GODLY FEAR.

Most High! with reverence to fear thee
Is both our duty and delight;
None can with holy joy come near thee,
But those who fear before thy sight:
Work then, dear Father, work in me,
By thy good Spirit, fear of thee!

2 May it preside o'er all my goings,
Control my heart, direct my will;
Thus guarding me, in all my doings,
From ev'ry known approach to ill:
For, if the love of sin remain,
All show of love to thee is vain.

3 Grant that I ever may adore thee
As One who all my actions sees;
And be afraid to do before thee
Aught that would thee my God displease.
What if the praise of earth were gain'd,
If thee, great God, I should offend!

4 May I, too, fear the Judgment coming,
Nor dare with scoffers to agree:

Despairing not, yet not presuming,—
Nor arrogant in serving thee:
Nor let thy grace be my pretense
For blind or careless confidence.

5 May I so dread all that would nourish
The lawless appetites of sin;
So all the right affections cherish,
That I through thee may vict'ry win;
And, when the conflict shall be past,
May triumph with thy saints at last.

6 Maintain my conscience pure, unswerving,
Fearless of shame or trouble here;
And this, my heart with courage nerving,
For ev'ry trial will prepare:
While nothing shall allure, or fright
My soul from choosing what is right.

7 May rev'rence prompt all my reflections,—
And still, wherever I may be,
Direct in honesty my actions,
From all disguise and feigning free.
They who thus honor thee in heart—
None else—with thee shall have their part.

8 Thus may I fear thee while I'm living;
Dying, I'll fear not death or grave:
And then, eternal life receiving,
For which thy Son the purchase gave,

Will rise to share thy joys above,
Where all is light, and peace, and love.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE, d. 1737.

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85 JOY IN GOD.

In thee, O God, I find my joy,
Thou art my trust,—What can annoy,
 Long as thy love shall bless me?
Lord, I am thine, And thou art mine;—
 Can any want distress me?

2 For thou hast chosen me by grace,
And with thy saints assign'd my place,—
 The world in vain would hurt me:
Thy mercy will Its measure fill,—
Thou never wilt desert me.

3 Thy patience too is strangely kind,
Of daily sins I pardon find:
 To me, my guilt deploring,
Thou bring'st anew Thy Son to view,
 My comfort thus restoring.

4 Thou art to me the best of friends,
That to my ev'ry want attends:
 None can thyself resemble!
Firm at my side Wilt thou abide,
 Though hills and mountains tremble.

5 Thou art my light, my life, desire,
My Rock:—nor can I more require

That's found in earth or heaven.
Lord, without thee, All else to me
For joy were vainly given.

6 'Bove ev'ry good, thou art the best,
On whom my highest pleasures rest;
In thee I live confiding:
Here, and above, LORD, may our love
Be evermore abiding!

7 Thou blessest me:—let foes revile!
Since, for my harm, their rage and toil
Must prove all unavailing.
While thou art near I will not fear,
But sing with song unfailing.

8 From thee is flowing endless peace,
Its streams with pleasure now I trace,
Thou source of true enjoyment,
To where thy praise, Through endless days,
Shall be my glad employment.

9 To human eye has not appear'd
What joys above thou hast prepar'd,—
But faith cannot deceive me:
There perfect bliss I shall possess,
And of it none bereave me.

S. LISCOV, d. 1698.

86 CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

WHATE'ER GOD *does, is fitly done;*
To change my evil nature,
He gave his Spirit through his Son,
And form'd me a new creature.
His mercy's sure, It will endure;
And, on this firm foundation,
I rest me for salvation.

2 *What'er* GOD *does, is fitly done;*
And right his sov'reign pleasure:
Since he has made my care his own,
I'll trust his ev'ry measure:
He is my GOD,— Through all my road,
He knows how to sustain me,
And in his service train me.

3 *Whate'er* GOD *does, is fitly done;*
He is my guide—defender;—
In varied forms his love is shown:
To Him my will I render
In joy, or woe,— And time will show
How well he has directed,
And all my way protected.

4 *Whate'er* GOD *does, is fitly done;*
And all, for wisest reasons:
By best of paths he leads me on,—
E'en at the darkest seasons
I find his grace In ev'ry place;

And, conscious of his keeping,
I change to joy my weeping.

5 *Whate'er* God *does, is fitly done;*
Of this I have assurance.
True!—here my life its course may run
Through dangers and endurance:
Still, I shall share His loving care;—
His circling arms infold me,
And, when I die, will hold me.

6 *Whate'er* God *does, is fitly done;*
His cup—shall I refuse it,
Because it is a bitter one?
He sees it best,—I choose it:
And He at last Will give me rest
Where duty has no trials,
And needs no self-denials.

Sam. Rodegast, d. 1708.

TRUST IN GOD.

Rule thou my portion, Lord; my skill
I could not trust to guide it:
To my Creator's gracious will
I cheerfully confide it;
Thou by whose hands All nature stands,
Through all the days decreed me,
My God and Father, lead me!

2 Thou sawest from Eternity
How much would best befit me;
Didst fix what here my days should be,
What joys and griefs should meet me.
Why shrink my heart? Wouldst thou have part
In faith's rich blessings tender'd,
Without faith's service render'd?

3 Thou knowest, LORD, my ev'ry want,
And, ere my pray'r is pleaded,
Art ready my request to grant,
As wisdom sees 't is needed.
Thy love to me Is fatherly:—
Be not my wish the measure,
But, Father, thy good pleasure.

4 Full oft a course of wish'd success
Prepares for sorrows—firmer
Than any wrought by such distress
At which we're prone to murmur.
From earthly grief Death brings relief,—
While cherish'd idols—failing,
Then bring remorse and wailing.

5 What 't is that forms our highest good,
All know who wish to hear it:
Nor honors, wealth, nor pamp'ring food
Can cheer the deathless spirit:
But if thy word We will regard,
We hence may pleasures borrow,
To sweeten ev'ry sorrow.

6 What is life's glory here below?
Soon it will all have vanish'd:
What is the grief we suffer now?
'T will soon be ever banish'd.
Trust in the Lord! For His reward
To endless glory raises,—
Ye righteous, sing his praises!

C. F. Gellert, d. 1769.

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*DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

In all my plans, thou Highest,
If counsel thou suppliest,
My efforts may succeed:
But ev'ry best endeavor,
Without thy smile of favor,
Can but to disappointment lead,

2 No toil by day, nor sorrow
From evening till the morrow,
Nor murm'ring aught avails:
My goings I confide them
To thee, my God, to guide them,—
To faith thy mercy never fails.

3 The path—would I oppose it?
My heav'nly Father chose it
And will its wisdom prove:
Thou takest, or thou givest,—

The same thou ever livest,—
And evermore thy name is *love*.

4 Pursuing thy direction,
I'll trust in thy protection,
Amid surrounding foes;
Thy promise, always near me,
With constant hope will cheer me,
Till thou the promis'd good disclose.

5 From sin's oppressive burden
Relieving me, thy pardon
From wrath has set me free:
Leave not my soul forsaken,
If now by sin o'ertaken,
But in thy patience chasten me!

6 When night repose is lending,
Or sun, the skies ascending,
Brings back the toils of day:
When ways of peril offer,
Or I the cross must suffer,
Thy word abides my spirit's stay.

7 Go with me!—and wherever
It be,—I'll nothing waver,—
Content, will forward go.
No threaten'd ill alarms me,
With strength thy presence arms me,—
And will conduct me safely through.

—

8 With all thy will complying,
For living,—or for dying,
The whole to thee I leave:
If thou to-day should call me
To die—'t will not appal me,
I'll, undismay'd, the call receive.

9 Be his, my spirit, wholly,
And trust *his* wisdom solely,
Who has thy being bless'd:
Whate'er on earth be given,
Thy Father rules in heaven,
Appointing what for thee is best.

FLEMMING, before setting out with an embassy to Persia, 1635.

GOD OUR DEFENSE.

A TOW'R of safety is our GOD,
His sword and shield defend us;
His mercy too relieves the load
Of evils that attend us.
But the ancient foe
Strives to work our woe;
Fearful power and art
In him their force exert,—
On earth he has no rival.

2 By strength of ours naught could be done,—
The strife full soon were ended;

But fights for us that righteous One
By God himself commended.
Needs his name be told?
Jesus—from of old
Lord of Sabbaoth,—
Our God and Savior both,—
He shall our souls deliver.

3 Though devils all the earth should fill,
Each gaping to devour us,
This Savior would our terrors quell,
And vict'ry guide before us.
Prince of this vain world,
Be thy fury hurl'd
On our heads!—'t were vain!
He will thy rage restrain,
His smallest word subdue thee.

4 His truth our *foes* shall help to show,—
For this no thanks they merit;—
Believing him we onward go,
He cheers us by his Spirit:—
Should they, in the strife,
Quench our joys—and life;—
When their worst is done,
For us the vict'ry's won—
He'll crown us then with glory.

M. Luther, d. 1546.

90 *THE LORD IS MY HELPER.

LORD, I have trusted in thy name,—
And Shall my hope be turn'd to shame?
Or foes for this deride me?
Be thou my stay By night or day,
To thee I still confide me.

2 Incline to me thy gracious ear,
Now for my rescue, LORD, appear,
And hasten to deliver!
With danger nigh To thee I fly,
My confidence forever.

3 Beneath the shelter of thine arm,
I'm safe from ev'ry threaten'd harm;
Nor would I fear to meet them—
Should countless foes My way oppose;
But with thine aid defeat them.

4 Be thou my strength, my rock and tow'r,
My shield, my sword of matchless pow'r,
My health, my soul's reliance!
If God be mine, I'll vict'ry win,
In spite of all defiance.

5 The world oft seeks, by artful lies,
To lead astray;—with fair disguise
To ruin would allure me:
In mercy, LORD, My footsteps guard,
And from its snares secure me.

6 My dearest hopes I leave with thee,
My God, my God, turn not from me,
To thee is all commended!
Hear, Lord, my cry, And grace supply,
Till dangers all are ended!

7 Now honor, glory, thanks and praise,
To Father, Son, and Spirit raise—
The God of boundless favor!
By him alone Our vict'ry's won,—
Be His our songs forever!

Adam Reissner, d. 1563.

A favorite hymn with Spener, who used to sing it almost daily, and wit head uncovered.

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91 * GOD'S WAY THE BEST.

Commit thy way, confiding,
When trials here arise,
To Him whose hand is guiding
The tumults of the skies:
There, clouds and tempests raging,
Have each its path assign'd,—
Will God, for thee engaging,
No way of safety find?

2 Trust in the Lord!—His favor
Will for thy wants provide:
Regard his work,—and ever
Thy work shall safe abide:

When injuries o'ertake thee,
Or self-inflicted care,
Let not thy God forsake thee,
He listens for thy pray'r.

3 With eye that's never weary,
The God of truth and grace
Sees all that 's bright, or dreary,
Befalling all our race:
Of faith, whate'er opposes,
He makes the cause his own;
And, when the conflict closes,
Thy vict'ry shall be won.

4 His way through nature reaches,
Nor fails its steady course;
His goodness ever teaches
Of good the only source:
His skill, by naught impeded,
Will what is best pursue;
All by his people needed
His arm of strength will do.

5 Should Satan league his forces,
God's purpose to withstand;
Think not their rage and curses
Could stay his lifted hand.
When He makes known his pleasure,
The counsel of his will,—
That, in its utmost measure,
Will be at last fulfill.

6 Hope on then, weak believer,
Hope on, and falter not!
He will thy soul deliver
From deeps of troubled thought;
Thy graces He will nourish,
With hope thy heart employ,
Till faith and love shall flourish,
And yield their fruits of joy.

7 Up! up! bid now to sorrow
And all thy cares—"Good night!"
Why trouble seek,—and borrow
A charge that's not thy right?
Thou art not made inspector,
How things should be to tell;
God is the sole Director,
And orders all things well.

8 The plan, to his discretion,
With all its parts resign!
Thou 'lt find, on its completion,
The wonder will be thine—
How, what by thee was noted
As dark, now understood,
Most wisely has promoted
His glory, and thy good.

9 'T is true, that, for a season,
He may his gifts restrain,
And leave thee room to reason
If all thy trust be vain;

Or, while thy hopes shall waver,
And fears and griefs prevail,
To ask—"Must then God's favor
"And all his mercies fail?"

10 But, if the trial ended
Shall show thy love is true;
The love to thee extended
Will show his wisdom too:
From sorrows, that oppress thee,
He will thy peace restore;
And, by these sorrows, bless thee
With heart to love him more.

11 Well bless'd, such grace receiving,
God's children thus are known!
Now faith, with glad thanksgiving,
Beholds the victor's crown;
Thy hand the palm branch raises,
God gives it thee to bear,
And shout aloud *his* praises
Who has remov'd thy care.

12 The troubles, Lord, that try us—
O bring them to an end!
With needed strength supply us!
Thy love to us commend!
That we, till death pursuing
The best, thy chosen way,

May then, our life renewing,
Praise thee in endless day!

P. GERHARD, d. 1676.

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92 GOD'S GUIDANCE.

As GOD shall lead I'll take my way,
Nor wish my own selection:
The path He chooses cannot stray,
Nor needs it my correction.
His guidance I will ever keep,
And cheerful follow step by step,—
As child would trust a father.

2 As GOD shall lead I'll follow still,
Imploring his assistance,—
Though far too often my self-will
Might wish to make resistance:
Let GOD the way for me explore,
And I will now, and evermore,
His counsel seek to honor.

3 If GOD will lead me—'tis enough,—
On Him is my reliance:
And let the road be smooth, or rough,
I yield a glad compliance.
Into his hands I all commit,
To guide for me as seemeth fit,—
For living, or for dying.

4 GOD leads me—and my ev'ry change
I leave to his good pleasure:

Though Reason may pronounce it strange—
His course reveals the measure
Of good, that He for me had thought
Before I was to being brought:
Can I refuse his guidance!

5 God leads me—I will true remain,
Nor faith, nor hope shall waver:
My spirit, if his strength sustain,
Who from his love can sever?
With confidence I'll hold it fast,
And ills, endur'd from first to last,
Shall work my greater blessing.

6 As God shall lead I'll onward go,
E'en where Death's shadows lower:
But Death shall prove a conquer'd foe,
His terrors, lose their power;
For He,—my Savior,—will be there,
Who died that faith might nothing fear;—
This is my soul's sheet-anchor.

L. Gedike, d. 1785.

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93 GOD OUR LIGHT, ETC.

God is my light!—Never, my soul, despair
In hours of thy distress!
The sun withdraws, and earth is dark and drear:—
My Light will never cease;
On days of joy with splendor beaming;—
Through nights of grief, its rays are gleaming,—
God is my light!

2 God is my trust!—My soul, be not afraid!
Thy Helper will abide:
"I'll not forsake thee!"—He has kindly said,—
He's ever at thy side;
In feeble age will yet stand by thee,
No real good will he deny thee:—
God is my Trust!

3 His is the pow'r!—He speaks, and it is done;
Commands, it standeth fast;
Ere hope of rescue is in me begun,
Behold, the work is past!
When we our weakness most are feeling,
God loves to prove, his strength revealing,
His is the Pow'r.

4 The kingdom his!—Throughout the earth he reigns
With wisdom, grace, and might;
The stars go on, and time its course maintains,
Beneath his watchful sight;
In silence onward still proceeding,
The universe obeys his leading,—
The Kingdom his!

5 God is my shield!—Of me he takes the care
As none beside could do;
He guards my head,—he watches ev'ry hair,
All dangers brings me through:
While thousands, to vain helpers calling,
On right and left are near me falling,—
He is my Shield!

3 GOD's my reward!—Well pleas'd I onward go
The path that he has shown:
It has no trials but my GOD will know,
When he awards my crown.
I'll gladly strive, the fight sustaining,
Until in death the vict'ry gaining,—
GOD's my Reward!

HENGSTENBERG, 1826.

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94 FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

GOD, to my soul benighted,
Gave light and life to see:
When earthly hopes are blighted,
He'll not abandon me!
He ever is the same!
As day successive changes,
He for my wants arranges,
Always the great *I am.*

2 While human love or favor
Soon cold or dead appears,
His mercy glows forever,—
He numbers all my tears,
He softens all my grief;
From sin and dang'rous errors,
From guilt and gloomy terrors,
From death, he gives relief.

3 GOD, with his love, has bless'd me!
Bereft of all besides,

Upon his arm I'll rest me:
He my affliction guides,—
I'll leave it to his will:
My int'rests here, in heaven,
To God the Lord be given,
His pleasure to fulfill.

4 It ever is his pleasure
To work his people's good;
'Twas goodness, beyond measure,
Gave them a Savior's blood.
He, who so much has done,
Has said they shall inherit,
In body and in spirit,
All good through Christ his Son.

5 Away the world is gliding,
Its joys and empty show:
A bliss, pure and abiding,
On me will God bestow.
True!—life on earth shall close,—
But when, by grave invested,
This weary frame has rested,—
He'll wake it from repose.

6 My soul, already living
In God's paternal hand,
Fit body then receiving
For my new father-land,—
It shall my glory be,
Where saints enjoy his blessing,

To praise, with song unceasing,
 The Lamb eternally.

7 Though now I sorrows suffer,
 Such as my sin requires;
My future prospects offer
 All that my heart desires
 Of joys that shall endure:
Christ eye to eye appearing,
My soul his image wearing,
 My lot will be secure.

8 It is the Father's pleasure,
 Who here assign'd our place,
That now his Son's full treasure
 Should yield us grace for grace:
 His Spirit He supplies,
To us the pathway showing,—
Of bliss that's ever growing,—
 To him let anthems rise!

9 Praise Him, with hearts and voices,
 Who gave us all our pow'rs!
'Tis thus that faith rejoices
 To consecrate the hours!
 The praise of God will prove
On earth our best enjoyment,—
Nay more!—our blest employment
 In realms of peace above.

L. Helmbold, d. 1598.

95 GOD IS TRUE.

OUR GOD is true!—Them he will ne'er forsake
For whom his love he shows;
Our GOD is true!—We shall his care partake,
In all our joys and woes:
His wings will spread their shelter o'er us,
Though mountains quake,—earth yawn before us;—
Our GOD is true.

2 Our GOD is true!—He is a faithful friend
We from experience know;—
And rest assur'd he will our souls defend
From ev'ry watchful foe.
His cov'nant love gives no denial
To humble faith in hours of trial,—
Our GOD is true!

3 Our GOD is true!—His promise he maintains:
Lest we from life should stray,
Our feet to guide where bliss immortal reigns,
He onward lights our way.
GOD is not man that he should falter,
What he has spoke he will not alter.—
Our GOD is true!

4 Our GOD is true!—He has a father's love,
In all he does is good:
Our troubles here his faithful care will prove,
When all is understood.
In trials, grace and strength are growing,

And then, from these, good works are flowing.—
Our God is true!

5 Our God is true!—'T is He who vengeance stay'd,
And now removes our guilt
Through his dear Son, who well the Law obey'd,
For us his life's-blood spilt:
His only Son for us was given,
To save from hell, and fit for heaven.—
Our God is true!

6 Our God is true!—And we, forever his,
Shall ever meet his care,
Until we come to mansions in the skies,
To life eternal there:
And *now* with blessings he receives us,
Through faith all needed grace he gives us:—
Our God is true!

7 Our God is true!—The watch, our father's eye
Of all his children takes;
With pleasure sees when here his kind supply
Their gratitude awakes.
Would they despair?—their hearts sustaining,
He stills the voice of their complaining:
Our God is true!

8 Our God is true!—My soul, what wouldst thou more?
He is thy portion still.
Let God be true—there's naught to fear—though store
Of falsehood earth should fill.

With hate let former friends assail thee,—
E'en this shall for thy good avail thee.
Our God is true!

9 Our God is true!—Never forget, my soul,
How kind and true he is!
Be true to God!—Let this thy life control,
And be devoutly his!
From loving him let nothing drive thee,
And of this stay can none deprive thee,—
"*Our* God *is true!*"

E. Liebich, d. 1780.

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96 THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

Dear Savior, when I here am blest
With prospect of that future rest
Thy people shall inherit,
And there, by faith, see my abode;—
How light my cares!—and all their load—
How easy 't is to bear it!
Then, too, the fond pursuits of earth
Are in my view as nothing worth;—
Chas'd by the dawn of endless day,
Its glories pass like dreams away.
Lord Jesus Christ, Sure ground of faith, :‖:
All this is owing to thy death.

2 When, call'd the change of worlds to make,
My soul shall from its fetters break—

Thou, from on high, be near me!
Thy rod and staff be then my stay,—
Through Death's dark valley guide my way,—
With hopes of glory cheer me!
The splendors of the world of light,
Amid the all-surrounding night,
Shall through the clouds of darkness shine,
Revealing what shall soon be mine.
Lord Jesus Christ, With cheerful faith, :‖:
I then shall sweetly sleep in death.

3 But should my heart, reluctant, shrink;
The cup of Death still fear to drink;—
My sins begin to number;
Then come the thought—"My Lord has died,
"My sins—atoning blood shall hide,
"Nor GOD will more remember!"
The hope for sinners thou hast wrought
Of life,—with nameless sorrows bought
Which, God-forsaken, thou didst meet,—
'Tis this alone makes dying sweet.
Lord Jesus Christ, My only faith, :‖:
Do not forsake me at my death!

4 In hope my weeping eyes I'll close,
My flesh *in earth* shall find repose,
Where my Redeemer rested:
And He that died, from death to save,—
His voice will call me from the grave,—
I know whom I have trusted.

He lives!—and foes I fear'd below,—
The Grave and Death,—his pow'r shall know;
He lives!—and I, with saints above,
Shall know the wonders of his love.
Lord Jesus Christ, My spirit's faith, :|:
For life prepare me by my death!

5 My confidence shalt thou remain
Till thou on earth appear again—
The tombs be rent asunder:
Before thy throne I there shall be,
The Judge of all the nations see,—
Shall see with joy and wonder.
Then will thy grace to me divide
A portion always to abide,—
And I shall share—by promise shown—
A glory lasting as thy own.
Thanks, Lord, to thee! With shouts I'll sing—:|:
"Where, Grave, thy vict'ry!—Death, thy sting!"

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97 CHRISTIAN LOVE.

When *they* may chance to meet together,
In whom thou, Lord, hast thine abode;
Each will in each soon find a brother,
Alike the purchase of thy blood.
Thy Spirit is their spirits' stay,
Their griefs and fears have pass'd away;

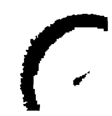
Of all their trust they count thee worthy,
And love, and bless, and pray before thee.

2 Though strangers to each other's faces,
In person each to each unknown,
They soon discern the christian graces,
And heart to heart is closely drawn
By love to thee,—which rules with pow'r
In all thy saints, from that blest hour
When, wak'd from sin, in which they slumber'd,
They were among thy people number'd.

3 How warm and cordial is their greeting!
For with thy love each bosom burns:
How happy, too, the fruits of meeting,
While each from each thy praises learns!
Their inmost souls they now reveal,
The glories of thy kingdom tell,
Their guilt, ingratitude deploring,
The wonders of thy grace adoring.

4 The mouth of each is overflowing
With that of which the heart is full,
While all, in hope, are onward going
To see thy throne of endless rule:
Here is thy presence felt,—and more
Is learn'd of thee; thy grace and pow'r
Permitting them to taste a measure
Of what shall form their endless pleasure.

5 O may I always be united
To such as would thy glory see!



By those who are with thee delighted
Confirm yet more my faith in thee!
And from my heart, O Lord, remove
Whatever would offend thy love!
True vine,—do thou my spirit cherish,
A branch that shall forever flourish!

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98 ASSURANCE OF HOPE.

FIRM is my hope of future good,—
By grace, and through my Savior's blood,
I hope for life in heaven:
To me my Father from above,
A pledge of his unfailing love,
Faith in his Son has given.

2 What, LORD, can speak my joy of heart,
To have in thy rich grace a part,
From which no force can sever!
My soul from sin has found a cure,
And, resting on thy word, is sure
To share thy love forever.

3 Thy word,—that word of life and peace,—
Makes every doubt and murmur cease,
If we aright will hear it:
It yields us comfort in our grief,
In ev'ry trial brings relief,
Or strengthens us to bear it.

4 Increase my faith and knowledge, Lord,
By study of thy sacred word!
For this I'll here adore thee:
Be it my light on all my way,
And thus prepare me, day by day,
To sing thy praise before thee.

C. F. Gellert, d. 1769.

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99 CHRISTIAN THANKSGIVING.

Oh that I had a thousand voices!
A mouth to speak with thousand tongues!
Then, with a heart his praise rejoices,
Would I proclaim in grateful songs,
To all wherever I should be,
What 't is the Lord has done for me.

2 O that my voice might high be sounding,
Far as the widely distant poles;
My blood be quick with rapture bounding,
Long as its vital current rolls:
And ev'ry pulse thanksgiving raise,
And ev'ry breath, a hymn of praise.

3 Be not, my pow'rs, in silence sleeping;
Awake!—inflame your utmost zeal!
Your strength in constant effort keeping,
The praises of my God to swell:

Soul, body, all your might employ!
Extol the LORD with sacred joy!

4 Ye trees!—your growth his seasons nourish,
Now wave and rustle to his praise!
Ye flowrets fair!—so soon to perish,—
Your forms with beauty he arrays,—
Let all your bloom now vocal be,
And join the song of praise with me!

5 And yet, should universal Nature
Hear and obey my earnest call,
Should I have aid from ev'ry creature,
The strength would still be far too small,
His greater wonders to unfold,
Which all around me I behold.

6 Dear Father, endless praise I render,
For soul and body strangely join'd;
I praise thee, Guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find
So richly spread on ev'ry side,
And freely for my use supplied.

7 What equal praises can I offer,
Dear Jesus, for thy mercy shown?
What pangs, my Savior, didst thou suffer,
And thus for all my sins atone!
Thy death alone my soul could free
From Satan, to be blest with thee.

8 Honor and praise, still onward reaching,
Be thine too, Spirit of all grace,
Whose holy pow'r and faithful teaching
Give me among thy saints a place:
Whate'er of good in me may shine
Comes only from thy light divine.

9 Who grants immortal hopes to bless me?
Who, but thyself, O GOD of love?
Who guards my way lest fears oppress me?
'T is thou, LORD GOD of hosts above.
And when my sins thy wrath provoke,
Thy patience, LORD, forbears the stroke.

10 I kiss the rod too, unrepining,
When GOD his chast'ning makes me feel:
My graces call for his refining,
The trial works no lasting ill:
It purifies,—and makes it known
That He regards me as a son.

11 In life I often have discover'd,
With gratitude and glad surprise,
When clouds of sorrow o'er me hover'd,
GOD sent from them my best supplies.
In troubles He is ever near,
And shows me all a father's care.

12 Why not then, with a faith unbounded,
Forever in his love confide?
Why not, with earthly griefs surrounded,

Rejoicing, still in hope abide;—
Until I reach that blissful home
Where doubts and sorrows never come?

13 No more low vanities regarding,
To thee, in whom I find my rest,
I cry—my inmost soul according,—
"My God, thou art the Highest, Best;
"Strength, honor, praise, and thanks, and pow'r
"Be thine, both now and evermore!"

14 For all thy goodness I'll extol thee,
While yet my tongue has strength to move;
First object of my love enrol thee,
Until my heart forget to love.
When feeble lips no voice can raise,
My dying sighs shall murmur praise.

15 Accept, O Lord, I now implore thee,
The meagre praise I give below:
In heav'n I better will adore thee,
When I an angel's strength shall know:
There would I lead the sacred choir,
And raise their Hallelujahs high'r!

John Mentzer, d. 1734.

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100 THANKSGIVING.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
My soul, and bless his holy name!
From Death and Hell he raises,—

What He has done for thee proclaim!
Thy sins are all forgiven,—
With fear no more oppress'd,
Thyself, with hopes of heaven,
Reposest on his breast.
When threat'ning dangers try thee,
On him thy load is cast;
All evil that comes nigh thee
But works thy good at last.

2 He has to us expounded
His Law, most holy, good and just;—
His Grace, to those unbounded,
Who on his faithful cov'nant trust.
His wrath is soon abating,
And lighter than our guilt;
His mercy, for us waiting,
By kindness seeks to melt.
When we with grief are turning
From sin,—his rod he'll stay,—
Far as the eve from morning
Will put our sins away.

3 As throbs of pity move him
Who hears his helpless children cry,
So God, to them who love him,
Is in affliction ever nigh.
He knows we're dust;—that sorrow
Makes our enjoyments brief,
Like grass that fades to-morrow;—

That, as the falling leaf
Before the wind now flying,
And now forever gone,—
So, feeble man is dying,
His hasty course is run.

4 Unchanging is God's favor,
No portion else remains secure;
But this abides forever
To all who in his love endure.
His truth has never falter'd
To faith in ages past;
And never will be alter'd,
While time and faith shall last.
Then let us now be singing
His praise, as angels do—
To Him their honors bringing
In praises ever new!

5 Be honor, praise and blessing
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
And pray'r—that He increasing
Our love for what shall please him most,
We may, in faith abiding,
From Him our comfort find,
And, in his strength confiding
With heart, and soul, and mind,
On earth may live before him,
While life endures,—and then,
With angels may adore him
Through endless life—Amen!

Poliander, d. 1541.

101 GOD OUR FATHER.

SHALL I not *His* praise be singing
Who in glory reigns above :—
Him my thanks and honors bringing,
For the blessings of his love?
Those, who with sincere endeavor
Keep the way that He has shown,
He will as his children own,
Yielding them a father's favor.
All things else their time will last,
But His love, when Time is past.

2 As the eagle fondly hovers
O'er its young defenseless brood,
So my GOD from danger covers,
Granting me all needed good.
With a father's love he ey'd me,
When began my infant days;
Ere my heart could mean his praise,
He with watchful care supplied me.
All things else their time will last,
But His love, when Time is past.

3 Gifts from every side, to nourish
Me,—lo! at his bidding come:
Hills for me with verdure flourish,
Valleys, too, for me must bloom:
Beast, and grain, and herbage tender,
Fish, and fowl, and loaded tree,
From the earth, and air, and sea,—

All, their welcome tribute render.
Gifts, like these, a father prove,
God displays a father's love.

4 For me, wretched—hopeless lying,—
Worthy of his wrath alone,
He to shame, and griefs, and dying,
Gave his well beloved Son.
Who the love of God can measure?
None of all our feeble race,—
While, on ev'ry side, we trace
Proofs that mercy is his pleasure.
Great my sins, but high above
Reaches his unbounded love.

5 As my teacher, to direct me,
He has sent his Spirit, too:
Who, to comfort and protect me,
Should his scheme of love pursue;
And, while I am sin bewailing,
Give me hope;—in weakness, strength;
Light in darkness;—till, at length,
I might sing his grace unfailing,
And, though earthly griefs annoy,
Triumph still with holy joy.

6 Shall I, weary of confiding,
Fear what shall the future be?
Since on earth I've been residing,
God has daily car'd for me.
When I think what he has sent me,—

Comforts for my earthly home,
Pledges for the life to come,—
What more need I to content me?
Shall I my own weakness fear?
He, my confidence, is near.

7 O how many springs of sadness
Has my God in mercy dried!
And how many streams of gladness
To my soul has He supplied!
When his purpose He's concealing,
On his wisdom I will rest,—
Still he's doing what is best,
All my ills and anguish healing:
His, a father's love to me,
Has been, and will ever be.

8 As a parent with affection
Still regards an erring son,
Whom aside from his direction
Some temptation may have drawn:
So, for faults, the God of mercies
Chastens them who share his love,
Not in wrath, such as they prove
Who despise his threaten'd curses;
But that chast'ning, understood,
May promote their greater good.

9 Now he tries them with distresses,—
But in these his love is found;
Then at last in glory blesses,

And with joy the victor's crown'd.
They, who now in tears are sowing,
Shall a joyful harvest reap:—
Though, if need be, here they weep,—
Soon, with rapture ever growing,
They before the throne shall praise
Him who guided all their ways.

10 Since, LORD, by thy boundless favors
Thou has shown a father's heart,
Strengthen thou my weak endeavors
Of a child to do the part!
What are sorrows here arising,
If thou love me? And, for *this*,
I renounce all other bliss,
Hopes and joys of earth despising:
These but their brief time will last,
But thy love, when Time is past.

P. GERHARD, d. 1676.

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102 * SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

To crown his griefs with due reward,
GOD made his Son creation's Lord;
Bids all the earth his sceptre own,
And bow the knee before his throne;
That all who live, should live to do his will;
And all that die, should seek his glory still.

2 The sceptre of the Son is right,
Grace, Mercy, Peace in him unite;

His lips the words of kindness tell,
His yoke is mild; nor will he fail,
Where faith is shown, to make his promise good,
His cov'nant seal'd with his own precious blood.

3 The way of life he renders plain;
And all may there an entrance gain
Except the worldly wise, whose pride
Cannot the humbling cross abide;
While none who enter but the way approve,
And speak abroad their Savior's truth and love.

4 The cloud of witnesses is there,
The skies their Hallelujahs hear;
Now Christ, their captain, goes before,
As yesterday, for evermore:
Long as the land and ocean shall endure,
The train of faithful witnesses is sure.

5 A part have enter'd into rest,
And with their Father's love are blest,
Where Christ, the Lamb that once was slain,
And all his saints forever reign
In Zion's city—peaceful, pure abode,—
Whose light and temple is the living GOD.

6 They far around proclaim'd the word
And wonder-working of their Lord:
They urg'd to higher proofs of grace
The brother loit'ring in his race;
Then leaving kindred and their homes, they sped
O'er land and sea, where'er the Spirit led.

7 God's service still they gladly chose
When scoffs, reproach and danger rose;
Though scourg'd, and bound in dungeon-night,
They nobly struggled in the fight;
Their faith and love the Holy Ghost sustain'd,
Till arms of righteousness their vict'ry gain'd.

8 They pilgrims were:—much shame they bore,
As all unknown,—as weak, and poor,
As sorrowful,—and doom'd to die,
Deceivers,—chasten'd from on high:—
But strong and true,—with life, joy, riches blest;
God knew them well:—they were of men the best.

9 For such this world was far too low:
The Son, before the Father, now
Exalts these trophies of his love,
To lead the choir of saints above:
Where they, reflecting back his light divine,
In cloudless glory shall forever shine.

10 Now too, in that serene abode,
They reap what here in grief they sow'd:
But what is grief, so quickly past,
Compar'd with joys that always last!
Their souls the Lamb with living waters cheers,
From ev'ry cheek he wipes away their tears.

11 He still before his people goes;—
When fears their progress would oppose,
He points to crowns of righteousness
Which all his servants shall possess,

Whose love to souls can toil and danger brave,
When toil and danger may the dying save.

12 From rising to the setting sun,
The work of mercy is begun;
The heralds invitation give
For all to share the feast, and live;
Of many call'd a chosen few comply,
But most, by far, without the message die.

13 May, Lord, the love which thou hast shown,
That we to all should make it known,
First work in us to do thy will,
Then, what thou wilt, bid us fulfill.
If mov'd by love like thine,—our mouth, and hands,
And hearts, with joy, shall honor thy commands.

14 Heathens, wherever they may be,
And Christians, all are known to thee;
They all, good Shepherd, need thy care,—
Let all thy great salvation share!
Where sin prevails, let grace still more abound,
Till, through the earth, thy praises shall resound!

A. KNAPP, b. 1798.

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103 * THE GOSPEL FOR ALL.

To us, O GOD, impart thy grace,
Thy Holy Spirit sending;
So cheer us with thy smiling face,
A pledge of life unending,

That we may learn what thou hast wrought,
What best will meet thy pleasure;
Then, of the bliss by Jesus bought,
To heathens teach the measure,
That they, too, may enjoy it.

2 The heathen, from their idols free,
Their thanks and honors bringing,
And all the world, shall yet in thee
Rejoice: with rapture singing—
"Thou art our Ruler here below,
"And sin no more shall lead us,
"Thy word the path of peace will show,
"With bread of life will feed us,—
"And bring our souls to heaven."

3 O when will all the nations learn
To praise thee by well-doing!
The Earth to thee from error turn,
Her tribes thy grace pursuing!
Now bless us, Father, and the Son,
And bless us, Holy Spirit!
By all to Thee be honors done,
As well thy favors merit!
Amen, Lord! Hallelujah!

M. Luther, d. 1546.

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104 * PRAYER FOR THE HEATHEN.

Ye people of the Lord, arise!
Whose wants are met with full supplies

Where springs and brooks are flowing;
Look forth upon the heathen waste,
Where millions on to ruin haste,
Of peace or hope unknowing:
Around them, all is parch'd and drear,
While hills and vales your prospect cheer.

2 Think what is told of Arab land
Where pilgrims sink in sultry sand,
While thirst to madness urges;
The mimic sea rolls wildly round
The rocks, that scatter'd there are found;
Now, onward move its surges:
It comes—the deadly, fierce Simoom;
And desert-ships* await their doom.

3 So stands the heathen world reveal'd,
A wide, but unproductive field,
The drought its plains consuming:
Yet even there, with cheerful green,
Like islands in the ocean seen,
Are oäses, fair blooming,
Where palms with clust'ring fruit abound,
And Elim-springs † refresh the ground.

4 For there, beneath the spreading shade,
You hear the cry for mercy made,—
The songs deliv'rance teaches:

* Arabs call the *camel* "the ship of the desert."
† See Exodus, xv, 27.

See converts flock in decent dress,
Where God his people meets to bless
By what his herald preaches.
The desert rises out of night,
As Carmel fair, as Sharon bright.

5 What makes that dreary land so fair?
What sheds the dews of Hermon there?
Of fruits, so rich a treasure?
'Tis pray'r!—Be ready then to pray,
And thus to heathen lands convey
A good no one can measure!
The seed, that praying Christians sow,
In blissful harvest there shall grow.

6 O hearest this, my sluggish soul?
Why yield to Earth undue control?
Thyself,—why waste and fallow?
Thou fain wouldst have the desert bloom—
From flinty rocks can water come?
Or honey from the aloe?
Let fervent pray'r confess thy shame!
Thy wish approve! thy zeal inflame!

7 Lord Jesus, from thy throne above,
On nations shed abroad thy love,
That in the desert languish!
They all, of right, belong to thee,
Thou didst upon th' accursed tree,
To save them, sink in anguish.

Our ev'ry grief to thee is known,
Think too, dear Savior, of thy own!

8 Let oäses thy praises sound,
And daily multiply around,
The wilderness possessing!
Till earth a paradise shall seem,
The dark Dead-sea with verdure gleam,
The poles too, greet the blessing,—
And all our race thy name adore
In ev'ry land, from shore to shore.

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105 * DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

Our leave of country now is taken,
Our ship is coursing o'er the waves;
The joys of kindred are forsaken,
Our fathers' homes, our fathers' graves:
In calm, or in the storm's commotion,
On God alone can we rely,—
He is enough:—nor sky, nor ocean
Escapes the notice of his eye.

2 To life, or death,—may be our passage,—
He orders this as seems him best:
Who rightly bear the gospel message,
Will never seek on earth their rest.
To Him our faith is daily given,—
His promise is forever fast,

And Hope, our anchor fix'd in heaven,
Will thither bring our souls at last.

3 Eternal love, where'er it call us,
Deserves that we the call attend,
Pursuing on, whate'er befall us,
Until our life itself shall end.
The heart shall here meet no delusion,
Though ev'ry other hope betray;
The cost we 've counted,—our conclusion
Is firmly made,—and we obey.

4 The christian family, divided,
Are over land and ocean spread;
Yet by one spirit they are guided—
By faith in Christ, their living Head:
And as one sin, one condemnation
Involv'd in ruin all our race,—
So too, one hope of free salvation
Inspires alike the heirs of grace.

5 'T is sweet when, each for all intreating
And all united in the Son,
They daily find a happy meeting
Of spirits, at their Father's throne.
Their bodies only, space can sever,
While in the vale of time they weep:
They sow in tears, but soon forever
Shall they a blissful harvest reap.

6 Yes, soon will our last toil be over,
And Christ will bring us to our rest:

Our lost ones we shall there recover,
And we together shall be blest.
For *trials*,—then our triumphs telling;—
For *faith*,—we then shall live by sight;—
For *tears*,—with joy shall be our dwelling,—
For *shades of death*,—fair Eden's light.

A. KNAPP, b. 1798.

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106 *FUTURE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

Now the pilgrim, sad and weary,
Finds here a desert wild and dreary,
With shades of death and darkness fill'd,—
Soon, with groves of palm surrounded,
The peaceful city shall be founded,
Which, for his glory, Christ shall build.
In splendid colors dress'd,
On sapphires it shall rest.
Doors and windows
Of crystal rare, And turrets fair
Of richest gems, shall glitter there.

2 There, amid this palace royal,
A countless host, well tried and loyal,
Shall see the glory of their Lord;
All their fears and sorrows ended,
Shall they, with peace and joy attended,
Receive from Him their rich reward.

The crown of righteousness
Shall there his people bless:
No destroyer
Shall thither steal To work their ill,—
But Christ will there his grace fulfill.

3 *When* 't will be,—seek not to know it!
Who guides, in his own time will show it,
And his own time is always best.
Heralds he abroad is sending,
That they, to all his grace commending,
May briug them all to seek his rest.
Enough for us to know
What he would have us do
Till the harvest.
The world's wide field Its fruit must yield,—
The ransom was for all reveal'd.

4 Tell it now with joyful praises—
"The Prince of Life his palace raises!"
O'er land and sea the tidings sound!
Not in vain his invitation,—
The messengers of his salvation
Proclaim it to the poor around.
Beneath the burning sky
They to their work apply—
Daily sowing:
His word He'll keep— Though now they weep,
With joy shall they the harvest reap.

5 Seeing growth, they are requited:
With tears of joy, with souls delighted,
First fruits they now are bringing on:
Where the ground to drought was given,
Head, hands, and hearts they lift to heaven,
Admiring what the LORD has done.
All fresh with morning dew,
Green fields spring up to view,
Breathing fragrance.
For bitter sighs Glad songs arise,
While hope anticipates the prize.

6 But the LORD, by varied trial,
Oft proves his heralds' self-denial,
And makes them wait, and toil, and mourn;
Oft will let fierce storms o'ertake them,
To hunger, thirst, and want forsake them,
To gloom their fairest prospects turn.
In his own chosen way
His wisdom He'll display,
Clearly teaching—
While deepest night Brings on the light—
That what He does is always right.

7 Knowing this, shall fears beguile us?
Though traitors, leagued with foes, revile us,
Our onward course let us pursue!
They that, shame for Jesus bearing,
Will persevere, his way preparing,
Shall safely reach his glory too;—

There, with the Son of God,
To join, in blest abode,
All the pious:
And freely own— Through grace alone
Their works of love and faith were done.

8 Ever shall thy praise be glorious,
When, over all their ills victorious,
Thy saints unite in tuneful strife.
They, from death by thee deliver'd,
Shall from thy love no more be sever'd,—
Such is thy will, thou Prince of Life.
The world, Lord, rests on thee,—
Thy world with pity see!
Showing mercy
To him whose days Are pray'r and praise,—
To him who yet in error strays!

A. Knapp, b. 1798.

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107 *BAPTISM.

Jesus, our Lord, to Jordan came,—
Such was the Father's pleasure,—
From John baptismal rite to claim,
Fulfilling duty's measure:
Then would himself prepare a bath
To cleanse from guilt our spirits,
And, dying, would abolish death
By his own blood, whose merits
Should give life new and endless.

2 And now through earth to ev'ry coast,
Ye heralds, bear the sentence—
The world, in sin and mis'ry lost,
" Must die without repentance!
" Believers, by the water seal'd,
" Shall share in his salvation,
" New life, within their souls reveal'd,
" Shall fear no condemnation,
" But lead them on to glory."

3 Here, only water meets the eye,—
But faith, the promise reading,
Beholds the price of joys on high,
Paid while the Lamb was bleeding:
Here clearly sees the crimson flood
Which Christ has shed to save us,—
To purify the tainted blood
Which our first parents gave us,
And we have more corrupted.

M. Luther, d. 1546.

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108 * CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

In Death's dark prison Jesus lay,
When he for us had suffer'd;
And rising thence to endless day,
Immortal life has offer'd.
With songs of praise would we rejoice,—
God ever loves a thankful voice,—
Let all sing "Hallelujah!" Hallelujah!

2 O'er Death none else could vict'ry win.—
Death—'tis the sinner's wages;
And all our race were slaves of sin,—
While sin, in all its stages,
Conferr'd on Death a fearful right,
And arm'd him with resistless might—
Man was his helpless victim. Hallelujah.

3 But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
For sin the vengeance bearing,
Has far from us remov'd its load,
From Death, the monster, tearing
His dread dominion and his pow'r,
Nor Death can work our mischief more,
His sting no more can harm us. Hallelujah.

4 The war, which Death and Life maintain'd,
Was one of fear and wonder;
But Life a glorious vict'ry gain'd,
And broke our bands asunder.
The sacred scriptures clearly show
How death of Christ gave Death a blow
From which he'll ne'er recover. Hallelujah!

5 In Christ we see that Paschal lamb
By which our hopes are guided
To where his cross from guilt and shame
A ransom has provided.
His blood, to us by faith applied,
Secures our life, for which he died,
And saves from the Destroyer. Hallelujah!

6 With sacred joy we keep the feast
   That tells Redemption's story;
For all our light His name be bless'd,
   Our morning star of glory!
Alone the beams that He imparts
Dispel the gloom of contrite hearts,
   Of sin dispel the darkness. Hallelujah!

7 This holy meal we highly prize,
   To which our God invites us:
Old leaven now our taste denies,
   The truth alone delights us:
And Christ himself is here our food
To feed our souls with endless good,—
   Our faith desires none other. Hallelujah!

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

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109 RELIEF TO THE POOR.

THE poor are waiting at your door,
   In their relief be ready!
With lib'ral hand impart your store,
   Be mindful of the needy!
There, hungry, naked, see them stand,—
With what the LORD has fill'd your hand,
   Be mindful of the needy.

2 The poor—their sighing is not good—
   O strive then to remove it!
The favor on the poor bestow'd—
   GOD will himself approve it.

Clothe ye the naked when they plead,
And with your bread the hungry feed,—
Remember thus the needy !

3 They thirst—then freely give them drink,
As if to Christ 't were offer'd :
Of *his return* let christians think
Who for his people suffer'd,
And at his coming will reward
Them who shall now his poor regard.
Forget not ye the needy !

4 The poor for us their pray'rs will send
For blessings rich and endless.
And was not Jesus poor ?—a friend
To us—else poor and friendless ?
That, through his poverty and pain,
We might the bliss of angels gain ?
O Christians, help the needy !

5 But in God's name let all be done
That to the poor is given ;
Then Jesus will the doing own
On earth, and too in heaven.
And when he comes—on that blest day—
With joy you'll hear your Savior say—
Ye to myself have done it !

110 MARRIAGE.

FULL of wonder, full of skill,
Full of wisdom, full of might,
Full of mercy and good-will,
Full of comfort and delight,—
Full of wonder—once again—
Is of love the marriage chain.

2 Who have strangers always been,—
Never were together brought,—
Neither by the other seen,—
Never of each other thought—
These has GOD, their hearts and hands
Bound in love's endearing bands.

3 Here an infant is at nurse,
There another's born afar;
Both pursue their random course,
Each of each is unaware:
But the wand'rers yet shall come
And together find a home.

4 This one proves a worthy son,
That a lovely daughter grows,
Each to form the other's crown,
Each to soothe the other's woes,
Each to be the other's light—
But to both 't is hid in night;—

5 Till when best it pleases Him
Who directs the lots of all,—

Where and how it best may seem
Makes to each his portion fall;—
Then will shine in open day
What before in darkness lay.

6 Men on earth at length shall see
What their God saw long before;
What on high was his decree,
Done on earth, reveals his pow'r:
Counsels there his wisdom show
Guiding well events below.

7 We may often think, in pride,
Things much better might have been;
But shall night the sunbeams chide,
Teaching brightness how to shine?—
Better so—than feeble man
Should eternal wisdom scan.

8 Sunder not what God has joined!
None but He knows what is best:
Often errs the human mind,
In *his* thoughts no errors rest.
What he *wills* he will sustain,
Other plans are made in vain.

9 See the pious loving pair
Whom the ties of marriage hold!
Who so much enjoy his care?
Who, with blessings manifold,

Find the duties they attend
Leading to such happy end?

10 Virtue *here*, extorting praise,
Blooms while life itself shall last;
Other love in bloom decays,
Like vain shadows soon is past.
Perish, all around that 's true!
Truth in them is ever new.

11 Love with them, as fresh as morn,
Vigor to itself affords:
Love and truth their board adorn,
Sweetly temper all their words;
Love secures the heart repose
From its troubles and its woes.

12 When their comforts suffer loss,
Love abides their comfort still;
Bowing, well they bear the cross,
Saying—" 't is our Father's will!"
Cheer'd amid the present gloom,
Hoping better days to come.

13 Streams from God with blessings flow,
All their varied wants to meet:
Olive-plants around them grow,
Till their house is now complete;
What at first was weak and few,
Now is strong and many too.

14 And on earth when God has done
All for them he meant to do,—
Led by him, when they have gone
Through, all he would lead them through,—
With himself, to share his love,
They shall rise to joys above.

15 Full of mercy,—say I still,—
Full of comfort and delight,
Full of wonder, full of skill,
Full of wisdom, full of might,
Full of wonder—say again—
Is of love the marriage chain.

P. Gerhard, d. 1676.

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111 MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, from sleep arise!
The night away is driven,
The beams of morning cheer the skies,
The sun is bright in heaven.
Now raise thy thoughts in pray'r to God
That he may shed his grace abroad,
His mercy shine around thee.

2 The light brings work, to each his own—
All should be up and doing:
The birds with carols hail the dawn,
Their Maker's praise pursuing;
So, with the sun's reviving rays,

Men to their GOD should offer praise,
  Whose light for them is shining:—

3 Then let them to their labors go,
  Relying on his favor;
And teach their gratitude to flow
  In cheerful, prompt endeavor,
That, while his goodness shines around,
No idle hour with them be found,—
  But each with virtue shining.

4 Day after day its light affords,
  Yet oft GOD's work is slighted;
While, without deeds, with empty words
  His favors are requited.
LORD, may these idlers work at length,—
O give them grace, and will, and strength,
  While light to them is shining.

5 Thy word our duty renders plain
  To us thy faith professing;
Stand by us too—it else were vain—
  And aid us with thy blessing!
Thy saving truth, thy pow'r and grace,
Send through the world from place to place,
  Far as the sun is shining!

6 In mercy, LORD, our hearts prepare
  To answer thy good pleasure!
Be piety our constant care!
  Of love increase our measure!

May godly fear our pathway lead
Afar from evil thought or deed—
Thy Spirit in us shining.

7 The light of faith be ever mine,
A light serene and steady!
May meekness my adorning shine,
By favors done the needy!
True wisdom let my lips impart,
A wisdom flowing from the heart—
And thus my light be shining!

8 Keep me, dear Savior, in thy sight,
And guard my soul from danger;
O guide me by thy holy light,
A pilgrim and a stranger,
Till I shall reach the city, where
The saints thy love forever share,
With endless glory shining.

P. Lackmann, d. 1715.

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112 * MORNING HYMN.

My heart its incense burning,
I'll offer thanks and praise,
Now, with return of morning,
And through all future days;
I'll praise thee on thy throne,
Great source of ev'ry blessing,
My song to thee addressing
Through Christ, thy only Son.

2 Thy mercy asks my praises!
This kept me through the night;
And now from sleep it raises,
To greet the dawning light.
This too it is that hath
My many sins forgiven,
Which, in the face of heaven,
So oft provok'd thy wrath.

3 In mercy still direct me
Throughout the coming day:
From Satan's wiles protect me,
From sin, and from dismay:
Defend from fire and storm,
From want and ev'ry weakness,
From sorrow and from sickness,
From sudden death's alarm.

4 For me and my well-being,
For all on earth that's mine,
I trust thy overseeing:—
My household—it is thine;
By loan to me they came
Who hold with me connection,
By kindred or affection:—
All that I have or am.

5 Let angels keep their station,
Nor cease their guard of me,
Averting all temptation
Would draw my soul from thee!

Thy shield hold thou above!
Then nothing shall distress me,
To duty I'll address me,
Rejoicing in thy love.

6 Thy plan of grace pursuing,
To me thy grace impart!
Direct, in all I'm doing,
The wishes of my heart!
To Thee I all confide;—
The store my wants supplying,
Myself too, living—dying,—
Thy pleasure now abide.

7 In this I nothing waver,
But gladly say—Amen!
Through Christ, thy constant favor
Makes all my pathway plain:
I'll do, with cheerful hand—
The work thy word enjoins me,
Or providence assigns me,
For this my pilgrim-stand.

J. MATTHESIUS, d. 1565.
The daily morning hymn of Gustavus Adolphus.

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113 EVENING HYMN.

THE day is gone,—the weary sun declining
Behind the hills,—and now the stars are shining,—
But Jesus, Sun of righteousness, abide,
Nor from my soul thy gracious presence hide!

2 'T were utter darkness here, if thou should fail me,
Where all the pow'rs of evil would assail me,
And plunge me into deeps of endless night,
Without one star to shed its glimm'ring light.

3 Accept, O God of grace, for daily favors,
Which now and ever prompt to good endeavors,
My offer'd thanks!—and may their incense rise,
By love's pure flame enkindled from the skies.

4 Of ev'ry wrong this day I've done before thee,
Through thy dear Son, for pardon I implore thee:
And when in sleep I rest my weary head,
Be still thy wings of love around me spread!

5 And from the foe—from injuries whatever
Beset my couch, I pray thee, Lord, deliver;
May angels through the night their watch prolong,
Then wake my soul to join their morning song.

6 And when life's day by night shall be o'ertaken,
May then my soul, its faith in thee unshaken,
From Death's dark vale, with angels soar away
To where thy presence makes eternal day.

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114 * EVENING HYMN.

1 Thou only God, the Three in One,
Eternal is thy shining throne;
The Sun on us forbears to shine,
O cheer our souls with light divine!

2 At morn to thee we offer'd praise,
With thanks our evening song we raise,—
For all thy love would honor thee
Now, onward,—through eternity.

3 Our Father, praise to thee we give,
Thou Son of God, our praise receive!
Thou Holy Ghost, we grace implore
To praise our God forevermore.

M. Luther, d. 1546.

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115 * SABBATH MORNING.

Awake! awake!—to holy thoughts aspire!
And bid the world with all its cares, retire!
This day creation's work had its beginning,
This day God spake—and light around was shining.

2 Let earth in vain to-day thy service crave!
This is the day that Jesus left the grave,
And thus proclaim'd redemption's work was ended,
This day his Spirit on his church descended.

3 This holy day calls thee to holiness,
And now the Lord his people waits to bless:
Rest from thy labor! worldly thoughts repelling,
That He may find in thee a grateful dwelling.

4 Six days the body for itself obtains,
One day, one only for the soul remains;

'T is surely well to give one day in seven,
To fit the soul for happiness and heaven.

5 Each week must leave thee many sins to mourn,
This day, to God for his forgiveness turn;
Implore of Jesus that his word may teach thee,
And, through the week, with timely warnings reach thee.

6 Six days God blesses thee, protects and feeds;
To-day he looks how all his care succeeds:
This day too, for the rest its pray'rs addressing,
Should seek from God, on all the week, a blessing.

7 God ev'ry week gives thee its seven days,—
Give back the first devoted to his praise,
That he may crown with favors the remainder,
And own the thanks thy grateful heart shall render.

8 On this blest day God's holy kingdom seek,
Unmov'd by all the taunts that scoffers speak;
The shame is theirs—but thine the gain and pleasure,
For grace in thee shall thus enlarge its measure.

9 If this, the day of God, be thy delight,
To thee thy dearest hopes will he requite:
In God, this day, with all thy cares confide thee,
He will, doubt not, all needed good provide thee.

10 But if thou disregard this sacred due,
Fear lest his plagues shall all the week pursue:
Who honor God,—them God will crown with favor;
Who treat with scorn, must bear his scorn forever.

J. H. Calisius, d. 1708.

116 *SABBATH EVENING.

THE Sabbath now is over,
What most I would discover
  Its Lord has shown to me:
He by his truth has led me,
With bread of life has fed me,
  And from its thirst my soul is free.

2 My heart on GOD is resting,
And now, no care molesting,
  I welcome balmy sleep:
No dread of ill alarms me,
With hope his Spirit arms me,
  My eyes no anxious vigils keep.

3 Eternal source of being,
Now, thy salvation seeing,
  My soul on thee is cast:
Beneath thine eye of favor,
To cheer each good endeavor,
  My gloomy doubts and fears are past.

4 Let them who, still in sorrow,
From sleep no rest can borrow,
  Turn thither their regard
Where day of rest that 's endless
Shall bless the poor and friendless,
  And give to faith a rich reward:

5 But peaceful now my slumber,—
Each breath will angels number
With ever watchful care;
The world away is driven,
I 'll dream of God and heaven,
And, when I wake, may find me there.

B. Schmolke, d. 1737.

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117 *THE NEW YEAR.

Thank God!—another stage of time
To life has brought me nearer,—
That endless life of joys sublime
By earthly cares made dearer.
Thou Spring whence all our blessings flow,
When close my pilgrim-days below,
That life thou' lt give in heaven.

2 I count each day, and month, and year,
Time's weary progress chiding,
Until Eternity appear
With life that is abiding:
Then what was frail in me before
Shall, lost in Thee, be felt no more,
And I shall be immortal.

3 My heart with love intensely glows,
Its flame by thee was lighted;
From care my spirit finds repose,
By faith to thee united;

I live in thee, and thou in me,
May still the cords, that bind to thee,
Be drawn around more closely!

4 O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
The moments all I number;
O haste, and bear me joyful home,
Nor wait for death's cold slumber:
Come *now*, in all thy glory, Lord,
Behold, my lamp is all prepar'd,
My loins about are girded.

5 Yet with thy wisdom let it rest—
The time of thy appearing!
Withhold my wish, if seem thee best,
But lend a gracious hearing!
Thy coming, Lord, will I expect,
And evermore my hopes direct
To meet thee at thy coming.

6 I'll *now* rejoice that nothing can
From thee my spirit sever:
That I, without the fear of man,
May call thee mine forever:
Then, Lord of life, thou'lt own me thine,
And in thy likeness I shall shine
An heir with thee of glory.

7 I well may offer thanks and praise,
That one more year is ended!
And thus of Time's appointed days,
So many are expended,

That hold me back from what I love
In that Jerusalem above
Where saints proclaim thy praises.

8 When hands are weak and weary grown,
And when my knees are feeble,
Thy strength be in my weakness shown,
My feebleness make stable!
Supply my will with needed pow'r,
And heavenward with joy I'll soar,
Nor ever sink desponding.

9 Go on, my soul, renew'd in faith,
And of success assure thee!
With Christ in view, ne'er from the path
Let earthly toys allure thee!
Time seems a loit'rer in his course,
Haste then, as with an eagle's force,
On wings of love borne upward.

10 My soul already, Lord, to thee
Its flight had well nigh taken:
My love, constrain'd by thine to me,
This world had quite forsaken.
Let years their tardy circuit run,
With me eternity 's begun,
When I can live in Jesus.

A. H. FRANKE, d. 1727.

Written on the day of his leaving Erfurth, whence he was banished by the Elector of Mentz, to stop his preaching.

118 NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Come, let us humbly bow before him,
  Who made us, and his mercy own!
With praise and thanks let us adore him,
  For all the wonders he has done!
Full soon are months and years expended,
  When past, He forms their train anew:
For, while their hasty course is ended,
  He still remains—"the Good and True."

2 Thou, Lord, forever art abiding,—
  The God—of old, now, evermore,—
But we, the prey of Time are gliding,
  Like hurried stream along the shore.
Each day for us is life diminish'd,
  As onward speeds its rapid flight:—
To *thee*, all years, till Time is finish'd,
  Are as a summer's fleeting night.

3 Thy grace and truth for our direction
  Are constant as thy being is:
Thou promptest ev'ry right affection,
  And teachest how thyself to please:
Our earthly progress thou hast guarded
  From countless ills that others bear;
And, with a father's heart awarded
  Whatever speaks a father's care.

4 As ocean-sands, beyond our telling,
  Thy gifts 't were vain attempt to tell:

While their amount our sins are swelling,
Thy proofs of kindness onward swell:
And when of mercies now admonish'd,
By ev'ry year around us thrown,
We well may cry, with souls astonish'd,
"Why, LORD, to us such mercies shown!"

5 The by-gone year, as on it hasted,
Gave us eight thousand hours and more;
Of these, though we full many wasted,
Each brought its blessing to our door.
Ah, LORD, we 're less than any blessing
Of thine, which any hour supplies;
And ev'ry hour, its claims addressing,
Bids our unwearied thanks arise.

6 For Jesus' sake, extend thy favor
To meet my wants the coming year,
Nor leave my thoughts in doubt to waver—
If He will yet my friend appear.
My sins of former years—forgive them!
This year, help me thy ways pursue!
Thy graces—in my soul revive them!
My faith, and hope, and love renew!

7 Grant me, of life's success and pleasure,
Just what thou seeest will be best!
Of cares and crosses—needed measure—
Lest in the world I seek my rest!
No wish for goods of earth, that perish
And with its hopes must pass away;—

That good alone lead me to cherish,
  Which, like the soul, shall always stay!

8 The state—by honest men be guided!
  The people—by no wrong oppress'd!
The church—with saving truth provided!
  The nations—join'd in peace be blest!
The scatter'd, LORD, in pity gather!
  The poor, supply!—disease remove!
The widow's stay,—the orphan's father
  Be thou!—the dying raise above!

9 While here I live, whate'er befall me,
  Thy blessing with it, all is well;
And if from earth this year shall call me,
  Receive me then with thee to dwell!
For Christ's own sake, my Father, hear me!
  When flesh shall fail, my soul sustain!
Yes, LORD, thou ever wilt be near me,
  While that dear name I plead.—Amen!

C. G. GOETZ, d. 1746.

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119 ON DEATH.

THAT *I shall die*, full well I know,
  All human life is short and frail:
No lasting good can earth bestow,
  All portion here must quickly fail;
In mercy, LORD, direct my ways,
That I in peace may end my days.

2 When *I shall die*, is all unknown,
Except to thy omniscient mind:
And lest, with life, my hopes be gone,
May I from thee such favor find,
That I may always be prepar'd
For death, and for thy great award.

3 How *I shall die*, to ask were vain;
Death does his work in varied forms;
Some writhe with agonies of pain,
And some sink peaceful in his arms.
Just as thou wilt;—if, when 't is past,
My soul be found with thee at last.

4 Where *I shall die*,—I know it not,
Nor where my ashes shall be laid;
Only be it my happy lot
With saints redeem'd to leave the dead,—
Small care to me the place affords,—
The earth throughout is all the Lord's.

5 But when in death I shall recline,
Then let my soul ascend to thee!
Through Christ's redemption I am thine,
By faith his glories now I see,—
'T will all be well! I little prize—
Where, *How*, or *When*, this body dies.

B. Schmolke, d. 1737.

120 *DEATH MADE WELCOME.

All must die!—there's no redemption;
Flesh—'t is all alike but grass!
None that live can plead exemption,
Saints *through death* to glory pass.
This vile body here must perish,
Ere immortal it can cherish
Holy joys, the free reward
For the ransom'd of the Lord.

2 Life on earth can I then covet
Longer than my God shall please?
When above he would remove it,
I will greet the soul's release.
For, through what my Savior suffer'd,
Freedom from the curse is offer'd;
He has promis'd,—and to faith
Gives the vict'ry over Death.

3 Death—for me the Savior bore it,—
Dying—won for me the prize:
Life—He will in bliss restore it,—
Shall I not then joyful rise
From this world of sin and anguish,
To that world for which I languish,—
There the Three in One to praise,
With his saints through endless days?

4 Happy spirits, ever-living,
Thousand thousands all as one,

Rob'd in light, their worship giving,
There rejoice before the throne.
There the seraphim are shining,
Evermore in chorus joining—
"Holy! Holy! Holy LORD!
"Be thy holy name ador'd!"

5 Worthies, there, of sacred story,
Prophets, patriarchs are met;
There, apostles too, in glory
Fill their thrones by Jesus set;
All the saints that have ascended
Age on age, through time extended,
There, in blissful concert sing
Hallelujahs to their King.

[6 Friends in Christ, whose forms, with weeping,
We ourselves to earth consign'd,
While their dust in dust is sleeping,
Mansions there of promise find.
There the pleasures never weary,
Prospects never shall be dreary,—
Lo! they beckon us to come,
Where with Jesus is their *Home*.]

7 O Jerusalem, thou fairest!
In thy King how greatly blest!
Praising, thou his splendor sharest
Through thy streets of holy rest:
Joy and peace in thee united,
By no fear of change are blighted,

Balmy fragrance cheers the day,
Which no night shall drive away.

8 Yes! methinks I now behold it,—
That fair city of delight,
Now the robe—around me fold it,
Robe of dazzling, purest white.—
There—a crown of vict'ry wearing,
There—before the throne appearing,
Mingle with the heirs of bliss,
Where Hosannas never cease.

J. G. Albinus, d. 1769.

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121 HAPPY DEATH.

Happy the man who seeks the prize,
And in the faith of Jesus dies!
Thrice happy! when from sin releas'd,
He finds his rest
In God's own city with the blest.

2 Men, worn with cares till life is gone,
Seek many things, yet need but one:
Mortals, your vain pursuits forsake,
His counsel take,
And God your endless portion make!

3 Why toil for earth to dying day?
Poor as you came, you'll go away:
This world resign, its joy and care!

For heav'n prepare,
And place your heart and treasure there!

4 See that your peace with God be made
Ere you are summon'd to the dead,
Who warn you—"All our day is past;
"Yours glides in haste;
"While any hour may be the last!"

5 No one is found so rich—or poor,
No head so tall,—heart so secure,
Of none the morning dawns so fair,
That Death will spare:—
The common lot we all must share.

6 To tenants of this vale of gloom,
What ray of hope can cheer the tomb?
'T is thine, O Lord, whose sov'reign might,
From Death's drear night,
Brought immortality to light.

7 Thy words of grace are sounding high—
"Who trust in me shall never die!"
Thy cross, thy grave, thy life anew,
Thy glory too,
Bring our inheritance to view.

8 Our graves of rest are many here,
Many our glorious mansions where
Our faith a place to us has shown
Before the throne,
Prepar'd for us by Christ the Son.

9 He is the Lord of endless doom,—
He testifies—"I quickly come!"
"So come, Lord Jesus!" Hoping *then*
With thee to reign,—
We long to hear thy glad "Amen!"

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122 VIEW OF DEATH A MEANS OF HOLINESS.

How heedless, how secure is man!
A child of dust,—his life a span,—
Lest thoughts of death his peace should mar,
He puts the evil day afar.

2 The *stripling* thinks old age is sure,—
The *man*,—that life will long endure,
The *old* hope yet another year,—
And no mistake do any fear.

3 'T were vain pretense, if these should tell—
"We oft on death have ponder'd well:"
Whom death has none the wiser made,
No due regard to death has paid.

4 By Time Eternity is fix'd,
This world prepares us for the next;
And here our life we should employ,
To gain a life of endless joy.

5 Death to that bar the spirit brings,
Where God will judge all secret things:

What man from man conceals with care,
Would vainly hope concealment there.

6 And Death comes often by surprise,—
Be ready!—such alone are wise:
Thy faith by constant trial prove,
Whether 't is faith that works by love.

7 A *sigh*, reserv'd for dying breath,—
A *wish*, through the Redeemer's death,
Before his throne to stand approv'd—
Can never show thy guilt remov'd.

8 A heart that trusts the sacred word,
'Gainst ev'ry sin maintains a guard,—
Where faith, and hope, and love unite—
In *this* the Savior takes delight.

9 With care must holiness be sought,
Though by the pow'r of God 't is wrought;
He works, when, with a holy zeal,
Thyself would all the work fulfill.

10 The thing for which thou here shouldst live,
For its possession mainly strive,
And value most when it is gain'd,—
Is virtue through thy faith attain'd.

11 They who in life their God revere,
And, viewing their departure near,
In holiness shall seek to grow,—
The *sting* of Death will never know.

12 How oft this duty I forsake!
Do not for vengeance, LORD, awake,
But Death keep ever in my view,
That virtue's path I may pursue:—

13 That I my heart may daily try,
As under thine all-searching eye,
If there the Savior's love be found,
If there the Spirit's fruits abound:—

14 That I may trust thy grace alone,
When all thy service here is done,—
And shout, while Death inflicts his doom,
"'Tis finish'd! Come, Lord Jesus, come!"

C. F. GELLERT, d. 1769.

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123 THE CHRISTIAN IN VIEW OF THE GRAVE.

WHY so alarm'd, my deathless spirit,
On looking forward to the tomb?
It cannot hold thee, nothing fear it!
'T will only give the body room:
From dust deriv'd, this mortal frame
Shall there repose from whence it came.

2 But thou, an heir of endless being,
Shalt wing thy way to upper light,
The Source of all existence seeing,
With steady and unclouded sight,
Forever to extol his pow'r,
His wisdom and his grace adore.

3 Thou there shalt learn, with knowledge certain,
What here no wisdom could explain:
From secrets shall be drawn the curtain,
Which now all hope to draw were vain:
While error shall be done away,
The gloom of doubt be turn'd to day.

4 There shalt thou see with open vision,
Now only seen with eye of faith,
Him who, amid the world's derision,
Once died for thee a cruel death;
And shalt rejoice that fear, nor shame
Withheld thy praises to his name.

[5 Fear not the grave, it cannot harm thee,—
Thy Savior waits thee in the skies:
Nor for the sleeping dust alarm thee,—
This dust shall in his image rise,
And join'd with thee in realms of peace
Will share and swell thy happiness.]

D. SCHIEBELER, d. 1771.

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124 PRAYER FOR SUPPORT IN DEATH.

WE'RE thine, O GOD, for evermore,
Our times are subject to thy pow'r;
All things obey thy wondrous plan,
Ere life began,
Thy will had fix'd for us its span.

2 When, LORD, our journey's end is come,
And angels wait to bear us home,—
While parting friends around us weep,
Our spirits keep,
And make our death a quiet sleep.

3 Or should it come with racking pain,
Our sinking hearts do thou sustain;
A father's love to us fulfill,
And make us still
Submissive to our Father's will.

4 And by the Holy Spirit blest
With hope of an eternal rest,
May we, by faith's unfailing light,
Without affright,
Go onward through Death's gloomy night.

5 Reveal the glory of the LORD,
Where waits for us thy free reward!
And when we're leaving all below,
The Savior show—
Jesus, the friend to whom we go.

6 O'er justice must thy grace prevail,
Adjudg'd by law, the best would fail:
The holiest plead for mercy most,—
'T is all their trust!
Without thy mercy all were lost.

7 LORD, with thy grace stand by us *then*,
Our confidence in thee sustain!

That, when we yield our dying breath,
Victorious faith
May triumph o'er the fear of death.

J. J. Spalding, d. 1804.

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125 * SUPPORT IN DEATH.

When now the solemn hour is nigh
That from this world shall call me,
On what, O Lord, can I rely,
While terrors would appal me?
My soul and body, to the last,
I'll on thine arm of mercy cast,—
'T is safe to trust thy mercy!

2 My sins may seem in number more,
While conscience shall recount them,
Than sands upon the ocean-shore,—
Thy grace can still surmount them.
I'll think, dear Savior, of the death
Sustain'd by thee;—and thus my faith
From sinking shall uphold me.

3 I am a branch of thee, the Vine;
My strength from thee I borrow;
Round thee my tendril hopes shall twine
In death's drear night of sorrow:
And when 't is over, thou wilt give
An endless life with thee to live
In bliss thy sorrows purchas'd.

4 My Lord—o'er death triumphant—rose,
From earth to God ascended;
His vict'ry yields my heart repose,
The fear of death is ended:
For where He is, I too shall come,
And find with him a joyful home:
Why should I fear to follow?

5 With outstretch'd arms I'll welcome Christ,
That He from earth may take me:
I'll leave my *flesh* in hope to rest,
Till from the grave he wake me;
But Christ himself will go before,—
Of heav'n for me throw wide the door,
And bless my *soul* in glory.

N. Hermann, d. 1561.

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126 * BELIEVERS SAFE IN DEATH.

Who lives in God Has safe abode
In this world, and in heaven:
To all who rest Their hope on Christ
This life divine is given.
Henceforth will I On thee rely,
Nor, Jesus, wilt thou fail me;
My Savior-Lord, Thy help afford,
When pains of death assail me!

2 In that dark hour; Should Satan's pow'r
And rage of earth surround me,

If Thou be nigh, 'T were vain to try
By terrors to confound me.
With none beside, If thou abide,
And aid me with thy Spirit,
Let ev'ry foe His utmost do,
My soul shall nothing fear it.

3 For wants like mine, What grace but thine!
Of *other*, none is needed:
To saints, thy love, Here and above,
Is by no want exceeded.
Give faith that's true, My heart renew,
Thine, soul and body, make me!
Hear, Lord, my cry To thee on high,—
Nor in my need forsake me!

JOACHIM MAGDEBURG, d. 1560.

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127 HOPE IN DEATH.

WHO knows how near my life's expended?
Time flies, and Death is hasting on:
How soon, my term of trial ended,
May heave my last expiring groan!
For Jesus's sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O GOD, may it be well!

2 Death comes when night the world is hiding,—
He comes too in the glare of day,—
Wherever I am here abiding,
At once I may be call'd away:

For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

3 Lord, lead me oft to think of dying,
That when the hour of trial's come,
My soul may then, on Christ relying,
Sink all its terrors in his tomb:—
And for *His* sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

4 And now, betimes, would I provide me
That sure support whereon to rest,
And cheerful say—"What shall betide me,
"Choose, Lord, as thou shalt see it best!"
And when my heart and flesh shall fail,
For Jesus' sake may it be well!

5 Awake in me desires for heaven!
Help me to view the world aright;
Far from my heart its wiles be driven,
While endless joys allure my sight:
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

6 My many sins!—O veil them over
With merits of thy dying Son!
I here thy richest grace discover,—
Here find I peace, and here alone:
And, for his sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

—

7 His bleeding wounds give me assurance
That thy free mercy will abide;
Here strength I find for death's endurance,
And hope for all I need beside:
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

8 Nothing from Christ my soul shall sever,
Nor life, nor death;—things high nor low:
I take him as my Lord forever,
My future trust, as he is now:
And for his sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

9 Then come my end to-day, to-morrow,
I know, through Christ, 't will work my good:
The world may in the prospect sorrow,—
But I rejoice through Jesus' blood:
And for his sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

10 I live, meantime, in thee confiding,
Of death have no appalling fear;
Enough for me—*My* God *is guiding*,
Through faith my future hopes are clear:
Thy grace in Christ will never fail,
And when I die, *'t will all be well.*

Aemilia Juliana, Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, d. 1706.

128 *VICTORY OVER DEATH.

I WITH Jesus choose my part,
Jesus lives on high forever;
This I know,—and, glad of heart,
Hope on high to reach his favor.
Shades of death,—from endless day
Would ye scare my soul away?

2 Jesus my Redeemer lives,
Life with him—he bids me greet it;
Life, where Christ his presence gives,
Can I shun?—or fear to meet it?
Should the Head the members leave
For their absence here to grieve?

3 Now, has faith's enduring tie
Me, for life to Him united:
He'll be near me, when I die,
Hand in hand shall then be plighted;
We as one will yet abide,—
Death shall not our souls divide.

4 I am dust,—and, ev'ry hour,
Tend to dust whence I was taken,—
This I know too,—but his pow'r
Can from dust my dust awaken,
And in glory give it place,
To the glory of his grace.

5 Fitting house, by GOD prepar'd,
Shall for that new life be given:

As He is, I'll see my Lord,
When I reach my home in heaven,
Where, in body like his own,
I shall live before his throne.

6 My own eyes shall see him nigh,
And, with joy my Savior knowing,
Then, no more a stranger, I
Shall with purest love be glowing:
Weakness, doubt, fatigue, or care
Never finds admission there.

[7 *There* the lov'd ones I shall see,
Strangely call'd to die before me;
Whom, from ev'ry sorrow free,
Then my Savior will restore me:
And to Him our songs shall rise
Who is ever good and wise.

8 For, will *there* be clearly shown,
All that's now in darkness lying:
Then the love of Christ I'll own
While my comforts round were dying:
And, with perfect vision bless'd,
Learn with joy "*His way was best.*"]

9 What now sickens, weeps and sighs,
Constant health and joy shall cherish,
What now only droops and dies
With the glow of life shall flourish,

Here our form soon wastes away,
There in youth shall ever stay.

10 Jesus keeps you—Why this gloom?
Trembling saints, thrill now with gladness!
Fearless, die!—Your Lord will come!
This should leave no room for sadness:
Yes, the trump will surely sound,
Waking all beneath the ground.

11 Human terrors ye can brave,
Rage of Death and Hell despising,
Since, victorious o'er the grave,
Ye with Christ to glory rising,
Then shall find eternal peace,
Where all sin and sorrows cease.

12 Christians, high your wishes raise
From the Earth's delusive pleasures:
Now to Him devote your days
In whose love are boundless treasures:
Soon to heir the world of bliss,
Show its spirit while in this.

LOUISA HENRIETTA, Electress of Brandenburg, d. 1667.

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129 RELEASE BY DEATH.

SOON, in the grave my flesh shall rest,
My soul from earth remove,
And, in the Savior's glory dress'd,
Shall reach the Home I love;—

2 My friends—the whole celestial choir,
My ev'ry feeling—joy,
To honor God—my one desire;
His praise—my one employ.

[3 Nor would I wait till angel-host
Shall teach their song to raise:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I'll here begin my praise.

4 Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing!
With praise to God the three-in-one,
Let all creation ring!]

N. B. The first two stanzas are Hymn 3508 of Knapp's "Liederschatz, who adds the note "*Found in the Hymn Book of my deceased wife.*"

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130 AIMING FOR HEAVEN.

Heavenward, still heavenward
Urge thy ling'ring feet:
What deserves thy chief regard
Only there is met,
Not here below.
Earthly honors all are vain,
Raise, if thou would glory gain,
From earth thy view!

2 Heavenward thy wishes send,
With each rising day!
Life's brief portion to its end

Swiftly glides away.
Be this thy pray'r!
"God, who madest me for heav'n,
"Let thy strength and grace be giv'n,
"To bring me there!"

3 Heavenward He points thine eye,
There to seek thy prize:
Not depress'd, nor rais'd too high,
By earth's vanities.
Its wealth is poor;
From the good that here is won,
Only what for heav'n is done
Will long endure.

4 Heavenward direct thy mind
When afflictions press:
While thy Father, ever kind,
Watches thy distress,
Wouldst thou despair!
In that land of light and peace
Sorrow shall forever cease,—
Full joys are there.

5 Heavenward, whate'er betide,
Move the saints of God;
Scorn'd for Him—the crucified,
Pleas'd they bear the load.
This Savior own!
All for Him account but loss,—

Willing, first to bear the cross,
Then, wear the crown.

6 Heavenward the Savior led
Through reproach and wrong:
In his path they too must tread
Who to him belong.
Did He complain?
Trust, like him, his Father's care,—
Murmur not,—but strive with pray'r,
And vict'ry gain!

7 Heavenward He'll be thy guide
All the desert through:
Draw thee closer to his side
As new dangers grow;
Thus hope is giv'n,—
Which, though earthly cares annoy,
Cheers the soul with holy joy,
And lifts to heav'n.

8 Heavenward shall lead thee on
Death's own night of gloom:
True—till Death's brief shades are gone,
Terrors thick may come:—
Thy courage rouse!
Death and Night themselves shall fail,
While with rapture thou shalt hail
Thy Father's house.

9 Hallelujah! Heavenward
Send thy praises now!

Soon shalt thou, before the LORD,
With his angels bow
Forevermore,
Where the saints in glory rest,
And, with their Redeemer blest,
Praise and adore.

10 Hallelujahs shalt thou sing
When thy Lord shall come,
In triumphant joy to bring
All his people home.
Thy fears discard!
From the cross He took the throne,
He will help thee win thy crown—
On! heavenward!

J. G. SCHOENER, d. 1818.

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131 CONFIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY.

YES! I was born to live forever,—
This world cannot my portion give:
Though Death my ties to earth may sever,
I shall not, dying, cease to live.
'T is not the time I here may spend,—
Mine is a life shall never end.

2 What though the world to me were given,
Its honors, pleasures, riches,—all!
To fill my wishes without heaven,—
The world itself would be too small.

Far else than this the soul requires,
To satisfy its large desires.

3 The God of love, my wise Creator,
For my own good has seen it best
To place the wish for something greater,
With his own hand, within my breast.
He that my soul its hunger gave,
Will give the food he makes it crave.

4 My wish a perfect love to render,
And God in clearer light to see,
Which here my sins and darkness hinder,
Shall yet be fully granted me;
When I, for all his mercies done,
Will better make his glory known.

5 God will adjudge a right decision,
And virtue shall at last be crown'd;
Though here, assail'd with wild derision,
It neither peace nor safety found.
The scoffers, who may triumph here,
Before his judgment shall appear.

6 'T is so! Could angels else adore him?
Shall not the Lord of all do right?
Can scorners, and who fear before him,
Find equal favor in *his* sight?
Alike to all is death decreed,
But *retribution* shall succeed.

7 My soul would not in death be sleeping,
With this desire accords his word;—
And, to his testimony keeping,
I can no room for doubt afford:
How swells my joy when he declares—
The soul shall live for endless years!

8 Yet more!—I've Jesus now to teach me,
And show me what himself has wrought:
Instructions, from his mouth that reach me,
With mercy and with truth are fraught.
I am the purchase of his blood,
And thus redeem'd to live with God.

9 My Jesus lives! Who can destroy me?
Or rob me of a Savior's love?
He's near! Can fears of death annoy me?
He points my soul to joys above.
This body too from dust shall rise,
And share the glory of the skies.

10 Let valleys sink!—the hills be quaking!
My faith shall suffer no dismay,—
For on my soul the morn is breaking—
The dawn of an eternal day;—
When, Lord, thou wilt thy blessing give,
And I shall then begin to live.

11 Grant, Jesus, of the fruits of heaven
That I the seed may daily sow;
O may thy Spirit now be given,

That I the works of faith may do!
Then Death shall open wide for me
The gates of immortality.

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132 CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF ETERNITY.

I'M but a weary pilgrim here,
Life's varied griefs sustaining;
The ills I feel, and those I fear,
Would tempt me to complaining:
But, LORD, the hopes of joys above
The pains of pilgrimage remove,
Or give me strength to bear them.

2 Oft now, while sin is plotting still,
My soul is fill'd with terrors;
How oft its snares my heart beguile!
How many are my errors!
But I shall yet deliv'rance see,
From sin and its delusions free,—
In this my soul rejoices.

3 I see around me, day by day,
Those, Jesus, who despise thee:
Their heart of pride leads them astray,
Thy honors it denies thee:
Their scorn and pride will all be past,
When thou shalt come the Judge at last,
And saints shall shout thy welcome.

4 Oft, in the silence of the night,
My soul her griefs is sighing;
And morn, with its returning light,
No respite is supplying:—
One gleam of heav'n relief bestows,—
That home of rest no sorrow knows,
But joys reign there forever.

5 And when the future gives alarm
Of evils to oppress me;
And anxious fears of coming harm
Thick gather to distress me;—
Eternity makes time so small,—
Its fleeting fears and sorrows all
No longer raise my terror.

6 When Death, so dreaded from afar,
Comes nigh, my days to number,—
That, free from ev'ry earthly care,
My head may sink in slumber,—
That peace and joy may banish fear,
Let then eternity appear,
With views of future glory.

7 Hope, Lord, makes ev'ry burden light,
Its strength from Thee it borrows:
That glory—fit me for its sight,
By all my pilgrim sorrows!
May it in death my doubts dismiss,
And form my endless store of bliss
With Thee, in life eternal!

C. C. Sturm, d. 1786.

133 LONGING FOR HOME.

WEARY now, that home of pleasure
Gladly would my soul enjoy,
Where is stor'd my only treasure,
Where no evil can annoy.

2 Happy home,—where peace is dwelling,
Such as earth can never bring;
Seraphs bright, his glories telling,
Praises there to Jesus sing.

3 Home,—where bliss is ever growing
Which no mortal thoughts conceive;
Joys, from GOD in rivers flowing,
Like their source forever live.

4 That dear home of pilgrim strangers
Longing for their house above,—
Free from earth, its strife and dangers—
There my soul would dwell in love.

5 Then,—no more a child of sorrow,
Where no sin or trials come,
Through a day that has no morrow,—
I shall learn the joys of *Home*.

Altered from MAGENAU.

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134 PLEASURE IN HEAVEN.

WILL it no pleasure be,
When faith shall end in knowing,

Hope to fruition growing,—
The Savior's face to see?
To learn from him the story,
What vict'ries won our glory—
Will this no pleasure be?

2 Will it no pleasure be,
When friends, who went before us,
Our God shall there restore us,
From pain and sickness free?
Where sorrows show no traces,
To meet their glad embraces;
Will this no pleasure be?

3 Will it no pleasure be,
When foes that would destroy us
Shall never more annoy us?—
Where dwells full harmony,
Always to live a stranger
To trouble, fear, and danger,—
Will this no pleasure be?

4 Will it no pleasure be,
Where angel-chorus raises
To God most High their praises,
With seraphs to agree?
And, when the skies are ringing,
To join "thrice Holy!" singing,—
Will this no pleasure be?

5 O yes!—there's pleasure there!
Away, earth's glitt'ring bubbles!

Your joys are full of troubles,
  Your bliss not worth the care.
Then do not, friends, bewail me,
When heart and flesh shall fail me,—
  But think!—*There's pleasure there.*

A. KNAPP, b. 1798.

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135 AT THE DEATH OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

THE reaper now is waiting,
  The corn to ripeness come:
The evening sun is setting,
  The trav'ler seeks a home:
Grown in thy service hoary,
  Thy servant longs for rest;
LORD, take him to thy glory,
  There with his Savior blest!

2 With ills his life was blended,
  Much patient toil he bore;
Now all his ills are ended,
  His trials are no more:
His day's fatigue is over,
  With saints he there shall sleep,
Where angels round them hover,
  And safe their ashes keep.

3 Thy counsel, LORD, directed,
  And strangely oft, his way;
Thy shield his life protected,

Thy promise was his stay:
Thy Spirit, to him weary,
Gave strength thy will to do;
Full many straits and dreary
Has safely brought him through.

4 To him, when earth imparted
No joy, thy grace was near;
To him, when broken hearted
For sin, did Christ appear.
While flesh, now weak,—decaying,
Sank feeble to the tomb,—
In strength his soul was praying—
"Come, Jesus, quickly come!"

5 Blest soul!—thou shalt behold him
Whom thou hast lov'd below;
The wishes thou hast told him
Be more than answer'd now:
His call from high receiving,
Thou art to glory gone;
Thy blessing for us leaving,
And pray'rs before the throne.

6 Do not, O Lord, deny us
Like grace—so rich and true:
In feeble age stand by us,
And make us faithful too.
Lead us, thy strength supplying,
The path that Jesus trod,
Till death,—that we, in dying,
May show thy praise abroad.

136 CHILDREN ON THE DEATH OF A [WIDOWED] MOTHER.

ROBE of white her *form* incloses,
Pale in death's enduring sleep,
Free from pain it now reposes;—
Thanks we offer while we weep.
Faithful mother!—with the blest
Thou hast enter'd into rest:
Sleep thy dust!—its slumber breaking,
Only when in glory waking!

2 *Eyes*—that, beaming with affection,
Oft upon her children fell;
Then, with tears for GOD's protection,
All a mother's love would tell;
On us, while we here remain,
Ne'er will beam your light again;
But our eyes hereafter meeting,
Brighter, then, will be your greeting.

3 *Hand*—the first reach'd out to guide us,
Which her gifts so kindly gave,—
Ere we knew our wants, supplied us,—
Thou art ready for the grave.
All thy toil has ceas'd at last,
Now thy day's fatigue is past,—
But, at Jesus' bright appearing,
Thou'lt be there, the palm-branch bearing.

4 *Mouth*—rever'd in childhood's wildness,
Lov'd, when riper years came round;

All thy counsels were in mildness,—
Now no more we hear thy sound:
But whate'er thy lips have said
Deep in mem'ry shall be laid;
And, when Christ his people raises,
We shall hear thee sing his praises.

5 *Heart*—whose ev'ry throb revealing
Love to kindred left to mourn,
E'en in death with love was thrilling,—
Must thy love no more return?
Weeping, hoping, we implore—
"LORD, to us that heart restore!
"When the grave our dust shall render,
"May it throb with love as tender!"

6 Then will grateful tears be flowing,
As they now in sorrow flow;
We in *joy* our love be showing,
As in *grief* we show it now:
From thy grave that happy day
Rolls for us the stone away:—
Dead in Christ, thou'lt live forever,
Blest with his eternal favor.

A. KNAPP, b. 1798.

[7 Hear us, LORD, thy throne addressing!
Listen to the orphans' pray'r!
With thy chast'ning grant thy blessing!
Show us thy paternal care!
We in youth have felt thy rod,

Make us know the orphans' God!
Taking from us father,—mother,—
Be our stay!—we have no other.

8 With thine eye of love be near us!
Guidance by thy hand impart!
May thy mouth with counsels cheer us,
Flowing from thy tender heart!
Then our griefs in joy shall end,
While in thee we have a friend,
Who, at death, will friends restore us,
That to glory went before us.]

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137 TO A CHRISTIAN MOURNING THE LOSS OF PIOUS FRIENDS.

Why weepest thou?—The bodies of the just
Yield Death no lasting prize:
In dust to sleep retir'd the weary dust,
In earth's still bosom lies:
Life's blossoms, gaily blooming,
From with'ring naught could save;
Its joys and griefs entombing,
Full welcome was the grave.

2 Why weepest thou?—Their father-land on high
Allur'd their souls away:
From earth's deep shadows, clouding all their sky,
They sought a brighter day.
Here anxious cares unnumber'd

Our hopes and peace destroy;
There, with no fears encumber'd,
The soul has ceaseless joy.

3 Why weepest thou?—*Here* e'en the righteous fall
Oft into grievous sin;
The world, or flesh can *there* no sense enthrall,
The foe no vict'ry win;
There grace fulfills its measure,
The heart is free from stain,—
Nor, to its hours of pleasure,
Succeeds regret or pain.

4 Why weepest thou?—The future's dreary night
Obstructed all their view;
Now happy prospects cheer their ravish'd sight,
With blessings ever new:
Apart the veil is riven
Which o'er their vision lay;
Far off the clouds are driven,
And shines a glorious day.

5 Why weepest thou?—The Savior's gentle hand
Has wip'd away their tears:
No sorrow enters that dear father-land
Which to our faith appears.
His arms of love inclosing
The weary and distress'd,
There, on his heart reposing,
They find a blissful rest.

6 O weep no more!—He ever lives to save!
The *dead* shall hear his voice;
He'll bring thyself too, harmless of the grave,
To Zion and its joys.
Thy *friends* with songs shall greet thee,
When thou shalt thither come:
Thy *lost ones* there shall meet thee,
In their eternal home.

HOFFENSACK.

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138 AT A CHRISTIAN'S BURIAL.

We give this body to the dust;
But in the sure and joyful trust,
That, when the trumpet sounds, 't will rise
To life immortal in the skies.

2 The soul, releas'd, is now with God,
By death dismiss'd to its abode,
And, purified from ev'ry sin,
Adores the pow'r of grace divine.

3 The ills, which here the saint attend,
At death forever have an end:
And all who Christ by faith receive,
On dying, shall forever live:

4 Shall live from sin and sorrow free;
Their dust shall sleep in Christ, till He,
Reveal'd in pow'r, this dust shall raise
To share his glory,—show his praise.

5 Here rest thee sweetly till he come!
While we repair, each to his home,
Henceforward looking for the day
Which soon will call our souls away.

6 Dear Savior, now our souls prepare,
That we the call may nothing fear;
May vict'ry through thy death obtain,
And find—for us to die is gain.

MICHAEL WEISS, 1531.

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139 THE CHRISTIAN IN PROSPECT OF HIS RESURRECTION.

I HAIL the day, in prospect bright,
When, I from death awaking,
My Savior GOD shall meet my sight,
Forth in his glory breaking:
Then to the skies With joy I'll rise
Their crown of glory wearing
Who love their Lord's appearing.

2 Thou, Lord, wilt in due time reveal
That day of consummation
When all thy saints from ev'ry ill
Shall have complete salvation;—
Then, of thy love Shall learn *above*,
Through *endless life*, the measure,—
Of grace, thy boundless treasure.

3 *That* life thou wilt to me impart,—
Thou art my hope unceasing;—
Thy coming shall rejoice my heart,
My prison'd dust releasing:
Nor need I fear Before thy bar
Thy scoffers to resemble,—
Who shall in anguish tremble;—

4 While I, in wonder and delight,
Shall stand, dear Lord, before thee,
With ransom'd sinners on thy right,
And then in heav'n adore thee.
With hopes so high, Thy grace supply,—
To fit me for thy favor,
And for thy joys forever!

P. Busch, d. 1744.

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140 RESURRECTION OF THE SAINTS.

Hark! The trump of God is sounding,
Th' Archangel's shout the call resounding,
Arise, ye saints, and leave the tomb!
Children of your heav'nly Father,
To Him, from your dispersions, gather,
The Lord of glory calls you home.
Behold the morning break,
Death's night is gone,—awake!
Hallelujah!
Now is prepar'd Your full reward,—
That day,—the last great day is here!

2 Earth, and Sea, and Hell are quaking,
Now the redeem'd to life are waking;
To new and perfect life they rise:
Jesus comes in glory's brightness,
Before him mercy, truth, uprightness,—
How fair their crown! How rich the prize!
They live with God's dear Son,
Their light his shining throne;
Shout Hosannas!
Redeemer, thou Dost give us now
Sure mansions of eternal peace.

3 Praise shall be our glad employment
Through endless day of pure enjoyment;
What stores in thee of grace unknown!
Joys are now all hope excelling,
New wonders still thou art revealing,
Our friend, and God's beloved Son.
Never to eye appear'd,
Such things were never heard,—
Thine the glory!
Eternally, O Lord, to thee
New songs and honors be address'd!

C. C. Sturm, d. 1786.

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141 ADVENT OF CHRIST.

The Savior comes! Sing praise to Him,
The God proclaim'd by seraphim
"Thrice Holy!" in their praises.
Thou comest, God's Eternal Son,

Descending from thy heav'nly throne,
Whose grace to glory raises!
May we By thee
Find deliv'ry From our slavery,
And, in glory,
Sing of grace the wondrous story!

2 We welcome thee, great Prince of peace,
Through whom from sin we hope release,—
Welcome to earthly dwelling!
Thou takest on thee flesh and blood,
Becomest man to work our good,
Thy heart with pity swelling.
And now Art thou
Mercy reaching, Kindly teaching
To transgressors,
How of grace to come possessors.

3 Thou bringest comfort from distress,
Life, health, enduring happiness;—
To thee be praise forever!
What, dearest Savior, can we bring?
How render thee fit offering?
Thou, by thy matchless favor,
To men In sin
Helpless lying, Near to dying,
Op'nest heaven;—
Greater boon was never given!

4 We bring a grateful heart to thee,
For sin aggriev'd, from feigning free,

And in thy service ready:
To thee, and to our neighbor true,
Where'er thou leadest would pursue,
With purpose ever steady.
Jesus, To us,
Make thy pleasure Duty's measure!
All who cherish
Not thy love, by wrath must perish.

5 May we for endless glory strive,—
By faith upon thy promise live,—
Our hopes still upward rising;
In sorrows look to thee above,
Abiding ever in thy love,
Earth's vanities despising;—
Till we To thee
Sing the praises Heaven raises,
And, before thee,
With the ransom'd throng adore thee.

J. S. Dieterich, d. 1797.

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142 THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

O Bethlehem! O Bethlehem!
To envied honors growing;
Thou sister of Jerusalem,
What grace to thee is flowing!
Blest Ephrata, once David's home,
Now David's Lord to thee is come,
His promis'd mercy showing.

2 The time of promise is fulfill'd,
Now comes the great salvation;
The sorrows of the heart are still'd,
Restor'd our desolation:
What boundless, what unearthly joy!
Our hope and peace none can destroy,
Or stay our exultation.

3 I, like the shepherds, sat,—the shade
Of darkness all around me,—
A darkness that my sins had made,
And there in fetters bound me:
When lo!—a splendor from on high,
Whose glories, spreading o'er the sky,
With hopes and fears confound me.

4 Which should I look for,—weal—or woe?
Then heard I sweetly pealing,—
"To God on high new praises now!
"To all mankind good feeling!
"On earth shall endless peace abide
"With all, who for His grace confide
"In him this grace revealing!"

5 And I my darkness fain would leave,
This call of light obeying;
But, like the shepherds too, receive
The bliss, no value paying:
I have no gold, or precious store,—
I give my heart, I have no more,
A heart full often straying.

6 And wilt thou take it at my hand,
Thy peace on me bestowing?
O wondrous child of Canaan's land,
What in my heart is glowing!
Thou Prince of peace,—thy grace I own,
A peace and joy, before unknown,
Thy Spirit there is sowing.

7 Henceforth, when sin would seek my harm,
'T will have no power to harm me;
The night of Death, with its alarm,
No longer can alarm me:
O'er sin and trouble, fear and Death,
I'll rise triumphant, cheer'd by faith;
In him whose love will arm me.

WM. MEINHOLD, 1837.

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143 * A SAVIOR BORN.

To us the promis'd child is born!
To us a son is given!
And, else of ev'ry hope forlorn,
We now may look for heaven.
Without this son to be our trust,
In deep despair we all were lost,—
He only can deliver!
But all who own this wondrous child,
Their hopes on thee, blest Jesus, build,—
Shall live with GOD for ever.

M. LUTHER, d. 1546.

144 SIMEON AND THE INFANT JESUS.

Ye who with years are sinking,
To death so nearly gone,
Now on the grave be thinking,
With aged Simeon.

2 He, at the holy temple,
In pray'r employ'd his breath,
And was a bright example
Of hope and joy in death.

3 Gently his days were flowing,
As balsam gently flows;
His spirit brightly glowing,
As day of summer glows.

4 He knew it was appointed
From death he should be free,
Until the Lord's anointed
His longing eyes should see.

5 He saw:—with transport thrilling,
He took him to his breast,—
The sight his wishes sealing,
His soul was fully blest.

6 And see!—this saint beholding,—
Of death he has no fear;
His feeble arms infolding
The Lord,—his triumphs hear!—

7 "Though head with age is hoary,
"Young pleasure swells my heart;
"Now, to the realms of glory,
"Would I in peace depart.

8 "Him—What my joy can heighten?—
"Who Israel's hope has been,
"Who gentiles shall enlighten,—
"At length my eyes have seen."

9 As faith still mounted higher,
And rapture yet increas'd;
He press'd his Savior nigher
Upon his heart,—*and ceas'd.*

10 When, LORD, with age encumber'd,
Or bow'd with ills and grief,
I here my days have number'd,—
May such be my relief!

11 Though not, in form as living,
My Savior greet my eyes;
May he, his presence giving,
Release me to the skies:

12 And, while my soul is singing—
"Hosanna! Lord, appear!"
The heavens back be ringing—
"Hosanna! He is near!"

145 PRAYER OF SIMEON.

I too, through Jesus, may in peace
Depart, like Simeon, praying;
And find in death my wish'd release,
No grief or fear betraying;
For rest my weary eyelids close,—
My flesh in quiet sleep repose,—
My spirit rise to heaven.

2 What then will be my glad surprise,
When earthly cares all ended,
My ransom'd soul shall mount the skies,
By angel-guard attended!
When I shall see in glory bright,
Those mansions of eternal light,
By God for me made ready!

3 May I, Lord, ever ready be,
Upon thy grace relying!
May hope of glory strengthen me,
To honor thee in dying!
Then will I cry, with cheerful faith
In Him, who dying conquer'd Death,—
"Come, Jesus! Lord, come quickly!"

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146 VISIT OF THE MAGI.

King, to Jews and gentiles given
For their healing and their light,

Saba sees thy star in heaven,
And rejoices at the sight:
Shem and Japhet come from far,
To the light of Jacob's star.

2 Join'd to those, who are inquiring
From the East, dear Lord, for thee;—
All we ask, or are desiring,
Is the royal child to see.
We our knees before thee bow,
With our arms embrace thee now.

3 Take our presents, nor refuse us
Giving what we value most:
In thy gentleness, excuse us
That our hands no riches boast:—
Ours is no blest Araby,—
All our wealth is poverty.

4 Stead of gold and costly *treasure*,
Faith, and hope, and love receive!
May our *incense* meet thy pleasure—
We our hearts' devotion give;
But for *myrrh*,—our penitence—
Of our guilt an humbling sense.

5 Take in kindness what we offer,—
Willing gifts from souls sincere;
Leave us not from foes to suffer
Rous'd to rage by guilty fear;

From the bloody Herod's sword,
Thy protection be our guard!

6 While we homeward shall be going,
May thy blessing with us go:
Cheer us on, thy mercy showing,—
Still the rage of ev'ry foe;
Lead us with thy gentle hand,
Till we reach our father-land.

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147 CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

Though manhood's feeble nature
Our Savior made his own,
The godhead's ev'ry feature
In him was clearly shown.

2 Earth's wealth and pomp declining,
His lowly way he trod,
While through the veil were shining
The glories of the God.

3 By him God wrought with power,
God's image he express'd;
God's Spirit was his dower,
As none beside possess'd.

4 Of prophets sent by heaven
With him could none compare;
He Israel's hope was given,
A light to lands afar.

5 His godhead was discover'd
To Bethle'm's shepherd throng,
When angels o'er them hover'd,
And sang their raptur'd song.

6 While childhood yet was tender,
His piety was seen:
What fruit his graces render!
How godlike was his mien!

7 His perfect approbation
God gave him from above;
Men show'd their admiration,—
None could withhold their love.

8 For highest worth he nerv'd him,
On this he kept his view;
Ye angels here who serv'd him,
Make him your pattern too!

9 Here learn we virtue's measure;—
His early days to fill,
It was his highest pleasure
To do his Father's will.

10 God's glory he is seeking,
Nor waits for riper years;
He hears when Wisdom's speaking,
And ponders what he hears.

11 Assemble now, ye sages,
And listen while he speaks:

The wisdom of long ages
From lips of childhood breaks.

12 From doubt and error turning,
Ye teachers, hear him teach:
From him a knowledge learning,
Your schools could never reach.

13 'T is wisdom all he 's saying,
And, with attractions new,
The way of life displaying,
His doctrine all is true.

14 How blest the child that chooses
Religion for his part;—
While evil he refuses,
To virtue gives his heart!—

15 In size and knowledge growing,
Like Jesus he shall prove—
While men their love are showing,
God too will show him love.

16 The words of Christ regarding,
In *youth* he shall be blest;
Honors his *age* rewarding,
His *end* be endless rest.

148 JOHN THE FORERUNNER.

The world enslav'd to sin,
Were loaded with its curses;
'T was then that God would show
The fullness of his mercies,
And sends a herald forth
The tidings to declare—
That now his Son, their King,
Is with salvation near.

2 The messenger is come,
And of the king gives warning;
He shines, a steady light,
With holy zeal is burning;
While sinners of all ranks
He bids their guilt deplore:
And on his spirit rest
Elijah's, and his pow'r.

3 The faithful John proclaims
Upon the banks of Jordan,—
"The heav'nly King is nigh,
"Repent, and seek for pardon!
"Lo! the Redeemer comes!
"Bear fruits of righteousness!—
"And thus shall Israel's God
"His mourning people bless."

4 He own'd—"I am not He!
"But show you the anointed;"

And to his hearers cried,
While he to Jesus pointed,—
"Behold the Lamb of God,
"Whose blood, for sinners spilt,
"A fountain shall supply
"To wash away their guilt!"

5 O what a word was that!
To us the message reaches;
And shall we not accept
The mercy that it teaches?
Hail to the Lamb of God,
By John so clearly shown
The Savior of the world;
And be his praises known!

6 This word, O Lord, reveals
The myst'ry of salvation;
May it thy glory sound
To ev'ry clime and nation!
Who penitent believes,
Has joys unknown before;
And, when his course is done,
Shall live forevermore.

J. A. Schlegel, d. 1793.

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149 MINISTRY OF JESUS.

That men to truth might not be strangers,
—The truth that has its source above,—

Might thus escape sin's fearful dangers,
And purify their hearts in love;
For this, Lord, thou wast hither sent,
For this thy life on earth was spent.

2 This daily was thy great employment,—
How active was thy ceaseless care!
In this was centred thy enjoyment,
Nor would thy love its efforts spare
That, by display of truth so bright,
The darken'd world might see the light.

3 The light, that shows God's mercy given
And teaches all we need to know;
The light, that shows the way to heaven
And how that way we should pursue;
The light that cheers our prospects here,
Till we in perfect light appear.

4 To shed this light, so pure and holy,
On wretched man—what ills were borne
By thee!—what scorn from human folly!
Yet all could not thy purpose turn;
So great thy patience to endure
Whatever might thy work secure.

5 And, Lord, thy life abides forever—
The life which thou hast liv'd below,—
The richest blessing of God's favor,
For which to him our thanks we owe.

A blessing, too, that bids us raise
To thee, Redeemer, songs of praise.

6 Great Teacher, now accept our praises,
For thy salvation clearly shown:
May all in sin's delusive mazes
Thy grace and truth be brought to own!
And we, here faithful to thy love,
Enjoy thy perfect light above!

J. S. DIETERICH, d. 1797.

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150 JESUS OUR EXAMPLE.

JESUS, of what we should approve,
Thou art the bright example;
Thy heart, warm in the Father's love,
Was virtue's living temple;
And with his glorious image seal'd,
Thou, in thy lowly state wast fill'd
With wisdom, pow'r and goodness.

2 To do the Father's will, Whose aim
Was ever shown so zealous?
Who, for the honor of his name,
Was ever found so jealous?
Thine was no selfish interest,
The ruling object of thy breast
Was but to work his pleasure.

3 To see proud man His grace refuse
Depress'd thy soul with sadness;
Were any brought that grace to choose,—
It thrill'd thy heart with gladness:
On his depended all thy will,—
To Him thine eye was looking still,
With meekness and reliance.

4 Before the world, by word and deed,
Thou praise to Him didst offer;
Wast ready too as he decreed,
For our relief to suffer:
And as the Father's name is *Love*,
So thy delight, all else above,
Was found in showing mercy.

5 Nor could the injuries or wrath
Of man, to murmurs move thee;
True to thy God, in griefs and death,
Thou on the cross didst prove thee:
Thy courage never falter'd once,
In him was plac'd thy confidence,
So cheerful and unwav'ring.

6 Thy hope was constant in his name,
With scoffers all around thee;
And when thine hour of darkness came,
Confiding still it found thee:
Thy hope was met;—thy God was there,
He heard and answer'd then my pray'r,—
Thou wast from death deliver'd.

7 By him wast thou in glory thron'd,
Angels on high adore thee;
There, saints their grateful songs resound,
And cast their crowns before thee,—
Proclaiming—"Worthy is the Lamb
"Who died for us,—and to his name
"Be worship, praise, and power!"

8 Grant, Lord, that to resemble thee
May be our highest pleasure;
That we too, in God's love, may see
Our noblest, richest treasure;—
May in his providence confide,
And fearless all his will abide,
In living, and in dying.

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151 JESUS OUR PATTERN.

Most holy Jesus!—Fount unfailing
Of joy all other joys excelling,
Thou art the fount of holiness.
The brightest cherubim before thee,
The seraphim, who there adore thee,
Compar'd with thee sink in disgrace.
A pattern thou for me,—
O may I copy thee,
Holy Savior!
And, Jesus, now Thy help bestow,
And teach me to be holy too!

2 Most humble Jesus!—self-denying,
With all thy Father's will complying,
To death thou didst his will pursue:
My spirit with like temper arming,
My actions to thy life conforming,
My pride and waywardness subdue!
May I, like thee, be mild;
With feelings of a child
Truly humble:
And, Jesus, now Thy help bestow,
And teach me to be humble too!

3 O watchful Jesus!—without slumber,
By toils and sorrows out of number,
Thou wast encircled night and day;
By day, in ceaseless labor keeping,
Whole nights before thy God wast weeping,
Forgetful not to watch and pray.
Grant thou, O Lord, to me
That I may also be
Ever watchful!
Yes, Jesus, now Thy help bestow,
And teach me to be watchful too!

4 O tender Jesus!—kindest Savior,
What love and mildness of behavior
Didst thou maintain to friend and foe!
So God to all the sun is sending,
To all his fruitful show'rs extending,
Though thanks to him they never show.

Like thee, Lord, would I love,
Myself I thus would prove
Thy disciple:
And, Jesus, now Thy help bestow
And teach me to be tender too!

5 Most gentle Jesus!—unoffending,
Thy foes, with injuries unending,
To wrath could not thy spirit rouse.
Unmov'd, while shame on thee is pouring,—
Indignant zeal thy soul devouring,
When shame is shown thy father's house.
My Savior, I would be
Thus gentle,—and like thee
Timely zealous:
And, Jesus, now Thy help bestow,
And teach me to be gentle too!

6 Great Heir of all!—Thou King most worthy!
Though angels ceas'd not to adore thee,—
Contented here with mean estate,
A servant's only thy condition,
'T was thine to yield entire submission,
For self assuming nothing great.
O Lord, this temper give,
That I on earth may live
Ever lowly!
Yes, Jesus, now Thy help bestow,
And teach me to be lowly too!

7 Unspotted Jesus!—thy demeanor
Was chaste and pure in all its tenor;
A perfect modesty was thine
In thought and word, in look and feeling;
Thy manners, dress, and acts revealing
A soul of purity divine.
Dear Savior, I would strive
Like thee below to live
Pure and blameless.
And, Jesus, now Thy help bestow,
And teach me to live spotless too!

8 Most temp'rate Jesus!—in thy trials
We find, in all thy self-denials,
Example for our guidance still.
When hunger press'd,—it never hinder'd
The service to thy Father render'd,—
Thy hunger was to do his will.
Lord, teach me in thy school
My appetites to rule,
Temp'rance learning.
Yes, Jesus, now Thy help bestow,
And teach me to be temp'rate too!

9 Now, hear me, Jesus—my chief pleasure,
Conform me fully to thy measure,
And let me bear thine image bright!
Thy Spirit and thy strength bestowing,
That I, in ev'ry virtue growing,
May ripen for the world of light.

O may thy love with pow'r,
Constrain me more and more,
Faithful Savior!
Yes, Jesus, thou Wilt grace bestow,
That I may reign in glory too.

G. Arnold, d. 1740.

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152 MIRACLES OF JESUS.

How great the wonders wrought by thee!
At thy command diseases flee,
Their scourge is felt no longer;
The devils now their victims yield,
And Satan, baffled, quits the field,—
The strong one finds a stronger.
The raging storm at once is still:
Thy steady feet, if such thy will,
Walk on the floods that vainly rave;
Thy path is o'er the foaming wave—
This is an hour Displays a pow'r
All should adore,'
And never doubt thy godhead more.

2 We see the blind restor'd to sight,
The deaf, now list'ning with delight,
Their way with thee pursuing:
The dying leave their bed of pain,
The buried walk on earth again,
Their ended life renewing:

Where crowds were famishing for bread,
There now by thee are thousands fed,—
Sweet as thy new-created wine
They drink thy heavenly doctrine in.
Each soul distress'd That seeks thy rest
Is fully blest,—
Of all good gifts thine are the best.

3 In thee all might and wisdom stor'd,
With goodness join'd, proclaim thee Lord,—
The rocks might well proclaim it.
But scoffers would more wonders see,—
In scorn of all thy works and thee,
New proof they ask,—and name it:—
"The sun must at his bidding stand,
"The moon, abide at his command;
"Let him of time roll back the course;
"Or rise through sky to God his source;—
"When this is done, It will be shown,
"And we will own
"He is indeed God's equal Son."

4 Ere shepherds to thy manger came,
The skies *had* witness'd to thy claim,
Unwonted light displaying:
Again their op'ning vault appear'd,—
The Father then his love declar'd
To thee, at Jordan praying:
Then too, the Spirit from above,
Descending on thee as a dove,

Call'd on the world in thee to own
Messiah, Christ, the promis'd one.
All wisdom's thine; While pow'r divine
And goodness join
That here in flesh the GOD may shine.

5 In mercy is thy pleasure still,
No flames of vengeance at thy will
Against revilers burning:
So, when for fire disciples pray'd,
Thy tender pity was display'd,
Their thoughts to mercy turning.
But, sinners, dare not to presume!
He, who triumphant bursts the tomb,
Whom GOD from grave to glory brings,
And there enthrones him King of kings,—
Will ever reign The pride to stain
Of mortals vain
Who treat his gospel with disdain.

6 To earth thou yet wilt come again,
Before the gather'd sons of men
To work thy greatest wonder.
Enthron'd on clouds wilt thou appear,
When friend and foe thy doom shall hear,—
Then, ever part asunder.
Let sinners dread that final doom!
To saints thou wilt with favor come:
By thee they find a mercy seat,
And now in faith thy coming wait.

Thy wondrous pow'r, Thy wisdom's store,
Thy goodness, more,
And truth, dear Savior, we adore.

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153 JESUS ON TABOR.

CHRIST, our bliss— all joys combining,
Thy face above the sun is shining,
A glitt'ring robe thy form arrays;
Glory bright from thee is beaming,
The voice of truth thy worth proclaiming,
While from the Father's mouth it says
In love's endearing tone—
"This is my only Son,
"Me well pleasing:
"His wish regard! And your reward
"Be endless glory with the LORD!"

2 Can one glimpse, so quickly over,
Suffice us, Jesus, to discover
The splendors of thy high estate?
All its wonders to be telling,
We need to build for thee a dwelling,
And evermore around thee wait.
Dear Savior, at thy side
Joy, health and peace abide—
Hallelujah!
Here, Lord, with thee 'T is good to be,
From ev'ry care and sorrow free.

3 Lord of life, to earth returning,
Our bodies with thy light adorning,
Give us thy splendor *then* to see!
When our dust, o'er grave victorious,
And, fashion'd like His body glorious,
Shall splendid and immortal be,—
Far brighter light will shine
Than, Tabor, e'er was thine!
While Hosannas
Of higher praise Our tongues shall raise,
On Zion's hill, through endless days.

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154 TEARS OF JESUS.

Our Lord wept o'er Jerusalem
In sin yet unrelenting;
Think, then, what joy it gives to him
When sinners are repenting:
And How to his own people's cry
Can he a gracious ear deny?
These tears, too, fully manifest
That Jesus Christ—
He is the faithful Great High-priest.

2 Yes, Jesus, and these tears of thine
For me make intercession,
When I from duty's path decline,
Too heedless of transgression.
Their price in God's esteem is high,

And none who thither turn their eye
Of hope,—for guilt sincerely grieve,
And sin will leave,
But that from God shall grace receive.

3 And Have they not a voice to speak
Their solemn admonition?—
A voice that in my soul should wake
A deep, sincere contrition?
O suffer not that earthly cares
At once command my ready tears,
While, in this erring heart of mine,
Sorrow for sin
Can brief admission scarcely win.

4 Full oft my spirit is depress'd,
And bitter tears betide me;
The sight of crime afflicts my breast,
The scoffing world deride me:
Beneath such trials lest I sink,
'T will give new courage then to think
The hatred which to thee they prov'd
Whom thou hadst lov'd,
To tears thy tender pity mov'd.

5 Lord, all my tears thyself dost see,
And in their order set them;
Though many are forgot by me,
Thou never wilt forget them:
These, all remember'd, each apart,
So move with sympathy thy heart,

That, while through trials I proceed
Where thou hast led,
Thou cheerest me in all my need.

6 The Christian, who with pious tears
Is to the Spirit sowing,
Shall reap, when his reward appears,
A harvest overflowing.
Shall reap such blessings as excel
All we conceive, or tongue could tell,—
For trifling sorrows of an hour,
Abundant store
Of joys to last forevermore.

7 Once, grief and shame entwin'd thy head,
Our sins thy soul encumber'd;
Tears were by thee in torrents shed
While with transgressors number'd.
But now thy sorrows all are done,
Above is fix'd thy shining throne,
And thither soon thou 'lt welcome me,
To honor thee,
For all thy tears, eternally.

J. HEERMANN, d. 1647.

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155 SEIZURE OF JESUS.

GREAT thy sorrows, injur'd Jesus,
That with joy we might be crown'd:
Thou, from bondage to release us,

Art as malefactor bound.
Schemes of cruel foes thou knewest,
Back, to shun them, never drewest;
But, in holy courage strong,
Goest forth to meet their wrong.

2 More than twelve of angel-legions,
That surround thy Father's throne,
Quick would leave the heavenly regions,
For the rescue of his Son:
At thy call would fly to save thee,
Crush the foes that scorn and brave thee,—
Yet, for vengeance or defense,
Callest thou no legions thence.

3 Nor the strength of thy high nature
Leaves thy manhood now alone:
But, redeeming thy lost creature,
Boundless might in grace is shown.
Only let the word be spoken,
All thy fetters soon were broken,—
And the throng of scoffing foes
Plung'd in helpless, hopeless woes.

4 On they come—now, backward flying,
Prostrate fall before thy word—
"I am He!"—sure proof supplying
Of thy pow'r and courage, Lord.
Thee to die no one has driven,
Life for us by choice is given;—

And, our guilty souls to free,
Shame and bonds are borne by thee.

5 'T is to break our chains forever,
Thou art bound by wicked hands;
To complete God's scheme of favor,
Sparest thou the soldier-bands;—
Aid of friendly sword repellest,
Wound of eager foe-man healest;
Freely takest fetters on,—
Though no evil thou hast done.

6 Should thou here account me worthy
For thy sake to suffer shame;
Grant me, Jesus, I implore thee,
Grace to honor thy dear name:
Bonds, reproach—all—I can bear it,
Only give thy cheering Spirit,
And with joy I'll spend my breath,
Serving thee, by life, or death.

J. J. RAMBACH, d. 1735.

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156 JESUS DESERTED.

How trying to the heart
The wound that friends impart!
To thee, Lord, far more bitter
Than buffet, stripe, or fetter,
That, when thy foes assail thee,
Thy chosen twelve should fail thee.

2 The danger scarcely near,
These all are fill'd with fear:
They who could boast so loudly,
And were so ready—proudly
To prove their faith by dying,
Their safety seek, by flying.

3 Who boldly drew his sword,—
E'en Peter—leaves his Lord;
He flees, with panic taken;—
Sham'd thee to have forsaken,
Returns;—but on new trial,
Falls deeper by denial.

4 Is faith in Peter found?
When safe, he Jesus own'd,
Him as *the Christ* proclaiming,
With zeal and courage flaming,—
But now, when danger tries him,
He, with an oath, denies him.

5 But soon thy look, O Lord,
Him to himself restor'd,
His guilt most deeply feeling:
—Sorrow his lips is sealing,—
While tears in torrents pouring,
For mercy are imploring.

6 He sought,—he found it there:
O then, let none despair,
But ask forgiveness rather!

God is a gracious father,
And sins, felt as a burden,
Through Christ may find a pardon.

7 Had e'en the traitor too,
After his deed of woe,
Sought grace, with godly mourning,
To the betray'd returning,—
What hasted his perdition,
That blood had seal'd remission.

8 But he who mov'd the plot,—
Satan,—forsakes it not,
Exciting guilty terrors,
Till Judas' growing errors
Make him of self the hater,
To his own soul a traitor.

9 How dreadful his award!
Mortals, be on your guard!
Still Satan frights, entices.
Lord, show us his devices!
Be thou our strength and tower,
To save us from his power.

10 Should any guilt divide—
(O may it ne'er betide!)
Me from thy holy keeping;
Make me like Peter,—weeping,
For grace to thee repairing,—
Not, Judas-like, despairing!

157 PETER'S DENIAL.

URG'D, Lord, by sinful terror,
Peter denied thy name:
Soon, conscious of his error,
He mourn'd his guilt with shame:
Thy look with sorrow fill'd his breast,
He sought thy pard'ning mercy,
And was with pardon bless'd.

2 After, how grew this martyr
In faith and hardihood!
He scorn'd thy truth to barter,
But seal'd it with his blood:
For thee his Lord he spent his breath,
In life declar'd thy glory,
And honor'd thee in death.

3 *My* soul is in disquiet,
'T is fill'd with constant pain:
'T were useless to deny it,
From thee concealment's vain,
And, Lord, I now confess with grief
Thy name I have dishonor'd,—
O grant my soul relief!

4 When loud the bold blasphemer,
Amid the scoffing crowd,
Revil'd thee, my Redeemer,
Thy name, my Lord and GOD!

I durst not own myself to be
A Christian;—basely fearing
Revilers more than thee.

5 Lord, thou hadst freely offer'd
Thy life's blood in my place,—
And still by thee was proffer'd
For me all needed grace.
What vile ingratitude was mine,
That I, the friend of scoffers
Would rather seem than thine.

6 I own, deep sorrow feeling,
My fear was strangely base:
Forgive me, Lord, revealing
The strangeness of thy grace.
On Peter fell thy pitying eye—
O may thine eye of pity
Pass my transgression by!

7 And may this time of sorrow
Be ever in my mind;
Thence may thy service borrow
New cords my love to bind.
Far sooner than thy name deny,
For that dear name, a martyr
Would I like Peter die.

8 May but thy favor arm me,
Then all reproach is vain:
Whate'er is meant to harm me

Shall only work my gain.
Let all my foes their strength unite,
And marshal all their terrors,
I'm fearless in thy might.

9 From thee what shall divide me?
Henceforward I will own,
Should all the world deride me,
Jesus my Lord alone:
And when before thy judgment brought,
If here I shall confess thee,
Thou wilt deny me not.

B. MUENTER, d. 1793.

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158 JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

THE Lord of our salvation
Must now to judgment go!
At such humiliation,
Shall we no wonder show?
'Gainst Jesus, the unspotted,
Of Jews the promis'd Head,
Their council long had plotted,
He 's now their pris'ner led.

2 With impious haste and daring,
To glut their cherish'd hate,
Their scheme afore preparing,
They hurry on his fate.

Their wrath, to fury raging,
The innocent condemns:
His blood alone assuaging
Its fierce malignant flames.

3 His holy words and living—
To whom were these unknown?
Who most, their favor giving,
Were bound his worth to own?
Who most ow'd him protection?
None more should guard his cause,
Than they who claim'd direction
Of worship and its laws.

4 But here false proofs were render'd
By base and perjur'd men;
The holy one was slander'd,
As if the slave of sin:
Here justice was denied him,
The Judge's sin disgrac'd;
As falsehood had belied him,
The guilty doom was pass'd.

5 The place bore degradation,
The court a shameful blot,
From Jesus' condemnation,—
His innocence, no spot.
He spoke not,—his not speaking
Their calumny disprov'd;
While they their rage were wreaking,
His spirit was unmov'd.

6 O that, to wrong perverted,
Were found no judges still,
Whose pow'er is e'er exerted
To work the righteous ill!
No place, though once devoted
To virtue and to God,
That now is strangely noted
For perjury and blood!

7 Keep me, Lord, from deceiving!
Whate'er is right and true,
Thy guidance never leaving,
I onward would pursue:
In speaking or refraining,
Would own thy gentle yoke,
From ev'ry thing abstaining,
Resentment to provoke.

8 Reproach guard me from saying
To those reproaching me;
From hate with hate repaying:
Thus may I follow thee!
I will no inj'ry offer,
And if, in duty's place,
I still must inj'ries suffer,
I'll trust me to thy grace.

H. J. Herrmann, d. 1811.

159 JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

BEHOLD *the man!* How heavy lay
On him the sinner's burden!
What grievous price had he to pay
That we might hope for pardon!
Such sorrows, since the world began,
Before were never seen by man,
Nor since on earth been witness'd.

2 The Prince of life, to glory born,
Our Savior here, hereafter,
Now bears the Jewish rulers' scorn,
Their taunts, and jeering laughter;
As malefactor he is seiz'd,
Accus'd, defam'd,—the crowd are pleas'd,
And join the proud derision.

3 Their fury, raging unrestrain'd,
To grosser insult urges;
With fetters bound, with blood distain'd,
With buffets bruis'd and scourges,
A reed his sceptre, thorns his crown,
In purple robes for mock'ry shown,—
He stands before revilers.

4 His heathen Judge, of foreign birth,
Is with compassion taken;
He brings him to his brethren forth,
Their pity to awaken:—
"Behold the man!—there's no offense,

"I can't condemn while innocence
"So strongly pleads to save him!"

5 In vain!—alas, 't was all in vain,
This plea of gentile stranger;
The mad, infuriate, Jewish train
Grow bold in Jesus' danger.
His death alone can satisfy
Their rage:—with deaf'ning shout they cry,
To Pilate,—"*Crucify him!*"

6 Thou canst not, but with horror, think
That this devoted nation
Thus mix their cup of wrath to drink
To distant generation.
Think too, my soul, how 't is with thee!
What are thy sins?—and art thou free
From guilt for death of Jesus?

7 *Behold the man!*—it was for *thee*
His shame and griefs were suffer'd;
Now hear him say—"Behold, in me,
"The victim for thee offer'd!
"The guilt was *thine*, its fearful load
"I bore, atoning with my blood,
"I died, from death to save thee!"

8 Blest Jesus, God's beloved Son!
Who all my sins removest,—
Exalted to thy Father's throne,
Show that my soul thou lovest!

And let thy griefs and death, O Lord,
New life and peace to me afford,—
Thus glorify thy mercy!

9 And when the world, when flesh and blood
To paths of sin allure me;
That I may keep the heav'nly road,
From wand'ring to secure me,
In mercy cry to me—"Behold
"The man, who suffer'd ills untold
"For thee!—Wilt thou forsake me?"

10 Redeemer, I have sworn to thee,
—Let not my purpose waver!—
As my God liveth,—that in me
Thy love shall rule forever:
And May the mem'ry of thy death
And sorrows, while I have my breath,
Constrain me to be faithful!

B. Muenter, d. 1798.

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160 CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

Come now, my soul, thy thoughts engage
On what by Christ was spoken,
When on the cross man's deadly rage
With griefs his heart had broken.
His words may prove A gift of love,
The best his love could offer;
Keep them in store, And learn their pow'r,
When call'd thyself to suffer.

2 What then employ'd his care the most,
Of his first pray'r the burden,
Was that the scoffing, cruel host
From God should find a pardon.
"Forgive! forgive! And let them live!
"My Father, O forgive them!
"They little know What 't is they do,—
"Their darken'd hearts deceive them."

3 How good, for hate to render love,—
'T is what his pray'r would teach us,—
Nor seek, by inj'ry, to remove
The injuries that reach us.
'T would also teach— In grace how rich
The man who, when with rudeness
Malignant foes His good oppose,
Opposes only goodness.

4 To Mary then he made address,
Where she with John was mourning;
And from his cross sooth'd her distress,
His heart with pity yearning;
"Mother, thy son Behold!—this one
"Belov'd by me, will love thee!"—
"Thy mother see! And do for me
"As love to both shall move thee!"

5 So, Lord, thy friends shall ever share
Thy love, nor meet denial:
Thou watchest them with tender care,
In seasons of their trial:

By deed and word, Wilt help afford,
When sorrows may depress them:
In all their grief, Wilt give relief,
And with new mercies bless them.

6 Then, next, our Savior spake the word
To one this pray'r addressing—
"Remember me with favor, Lord,
"And grant me then thy blessing,
"When thou the throne And glorious crown
"Shalt take, as Prince of Heaven!"
Said He—"The bliss Of Paradise
"To thee, this day, be given!"

7 How sweet this promise to assuage
The cares of saints who hear it!
Should Death redouble all his rage,
No longer shall they fear it.
With all his pow'r, What can he more
Than soul and body sever?
While they shall rise, To perfect joys
In Paradise forever.

8 But while the malefactor's joy
Thy words, O Lord, awaken,
Yet deeper griefs thy soul employ,
Now by thy God forsaken.
"Eli! my God! So great a load
"Why am I doom'd to suffer!
"That when I cry To thee on high,
"No answer thou wilt offer."

9 Learn hence this lesson, O my soul,—
When griefs from God assail thee,
When waves of sorrow o'er thee roll,
Let not thy patience fail thee!
Till life be past, Hope to the last
To see the storm abating!
In faith abide; Through him who died,
For mercy pleading, waiting.

10 He speaks again, and feebly cries,
—His thirst from anguish growing,—
"I thirst!"—Thus spake he whose supplies
Of life to all are flowing.
What can it mean!— It thence is seen
How he was bow'd with curses,
For crimes of thine Through years of sin,
That thou might sing of mercies.

11 And further, too, well may it teach—
How much it meets his pleasure,
That still his cross, in all and each,
Of good should work its measure.
Be ye aware Whose anxious care
Your thirst for grace is showing,—
To give you drink, Himself would sink
With thirst—his blood bestowing.

12 And when his strength well nigh was gone
His soul with griefs replenish'd,
Then said he—"Now the work is done!"
But, What work then was finish'd?

'T was often told By seers of old,—
Through ages 't was predicted,
That on the Son, For sins our own,
Such griefs should be inflicted.

13 'T is finish'd! What for thee remains?
Wouldst thou the work go over,
As if the sinner's toil and pains
Could help his guilt to cover?
The work is done! Well be it known—
Naught can be added to it.
'T is thine, by faith, To trust his death,
And by thy living show it.

14 His sorrows now have reach'd their end,—
"Receive," he cries, "my spirit!
"This, Father, I to thee commend,
"Thy glory to inherit."
His God receives The soul that leaves
The heart that death is chilling:
Thus from his woes He found repose,
The plan of grace fulfilling.

15 Grant, O my God, that such an end
May, when I die, attend me!
That I with joy into thy hand
Of mercy may commend me!
And when my Lord's Last spoken words
My last words too are spoken,
Then let me rise To take the prize
Of bliss that's never broken!

Paul Gerhard, d. 1676.

161 LAST WORDS OF JESUS.

"'Tis finished!"—thus, in tortures dying,
Spake Jesus with triumphant voice;
Words, from our fears relief supplying,
Which bid confiding souls rejoice
That now the off'ring is complete
Whereby to find a mercy-seat.

2 Our Savior dies!—the rocks are shaken,
In darkness hides the glimm'ring sun,
And sleeping saints from death awaken,—
The grave for them is open thrown:
Earth quakes,—the temple-veil divides,—
Nothing the seat of mercy hides.

3 How much, O Lord, art thou fulfilling,
While Death and Hell their pow'r display!
Thy agonies the wrath are stilling
Which on a world of sinners lay.
The work is done! there needs no more,
But that for mercy we implore.

4 Our all to thee, O Lord, we tender,
No less thy benefits require;
Help us, that we the service render,
To which our grateful hearts aspire:
With needed strength our weakness meet,
That we our off'ring may complete.

5 Oft painful fears of Death alarm us:—
O nerve us for that trying hour!

May *then* the courage fully arm us
Wherewith thou hast subdued his pow'r:
Thus, by thy strength brought conq'rors through,
We will exclaim—"'T is finish'd!" too.

J. E. Schmidt, d. 1745.

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162 DEATH OF JESUS.

Let tears descend! Man's noblest friend,
In deeds of love untiring,
Now, amid reproach and shame,
Is with thieves expiring.

2 Let tears descend! Man's injured friend
In snares of Hell is taken:
What the grief his soul endures,
While by all forsaken!

3 Let tears descend! Man's suff'ring friend
His soul to God is breathing:
Ransom for a guilty world
By his death bequeathing.

4 Let tears descend! Man's faithful friend
In dreary grave is lying:
Weep no more! Sweet sleep is there
Rest and strength supplying.

5 Weep, weep no more! Our Lord, with pow'r,
Without corruption seeing,
Shall from death, in glory new,
Rise to endless being.

C. W. Ramler.

163 BURIAL OF JESUS.

Now to the tomb Thyself art come,
Who, death for us enduring,
Didst bear the curse for sin,
Eternal life procuring.

2 Death wrought his will On thee, and still
Our life in thee reposes,
As of weak mortals now
The grave thy form incloses:

3 Yet, in the grave, Thy God shall save
Thee, from corruption seeing:
And soon be shown thy pow'r
From death thy body freeing.

4 Yes, and at last, When Time is past,
Us from the grave thou'lt waken;
And why should now our hearts
With fear of it be shaken?

5 Nay, we will there Till thou appear,
In peace and hope recline us;
Then, through thy death, to thee
From death and grave will join us.

6 Ye, whom in chains The world detains,
May at corruption tremble:
Through Christ, *our* moulder'd flesh
His body shall resemble.

7 No,—nothing's lost, Sure is our trust,
The very dust that's sleeping,
For glory purified,
Shall leave the earth's safe keeping.

8 Then let the grave Our bodies have,
This matter nothing grieves us:
The thinking on thy grave
From all such care relieves us.

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164 RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Dying a guilty world to save,
Jesus the shout of vict'ry gave,
With his last breath "'Tis done!" he cried,
In silent wonder, round the throne
The angels stood, when to the Son—
"The work is finish'd!"—God replied.
The heavens heard, and raise
New songs of sacred praise
To God the Son.
He conquers,—for the vict'ry dies!
Thus Judah's Lion wins the prize!

2 He left the tomb, with glory crown'd,
God, reconcil'd, the ransom own'd;—
The curse of Sinai rules no more:
Who now thy triumphs, Grave, shall sing?
Relentless Death, where is thy sting?
Ye're captives to the victor's pow'r.

'Tis done, in Hell's despite,
This work of grace and might,—
Jesus be prais'd!
Great Death-destroyer! with thine aid,
Of Death who now shall be afraid?

3 Assert, victorious King, thy throne!
A people shall thy sceptre own,
Unnumber'd as the morning dew:
They're safe who put in thee their trust?
Zion, all glorious from the dust,
Thou wilt restore with honors new.
Though fire and sword impede,
The church shall rise:—the deed,
Jesus, is thine!
Hell rages,—this but swells thy praise,
Thy vict'ries all its fury raise.

4 Thou wilt appear to judge our race,—
Grant me, Redeemer, then a place
Among the saints upon thy right!
Thou Savior from avenging doom
When flames shall earth and skies consume,
Afore prepare me for thy sight!
High-seated on thy throne,
The Conq'ror, God's own Son,
Thy grace bestow!
That I may love thy service here,
And with thy saints at last appear.

165 RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

My Savior *lives*!—and through death's dreary gloom
Now streams the dawn of day,
The Prince of life to us with life is come!
The grave has lost its prey!
In death awhile he slumber'd,
Now wakes with strength to save;
No more with sorrows cumber'd,
He left them in the grave.

2 My Savior *leads*!—and Hell, and Grave, and Death
Are driven back to Night!
My soul he strengthens now with cheerful faith,
To seek his home of light.
Through shades of Death,—beside me,—
And through the grave,—still on,
He heavenward will guide me,
The path himself has gone.

3 My Savior *reigns*!—on high in glory reigns!
His throne shall ever last!
With power divine the sceptre he sustains,
His trials all are past.
At death *my* trials closing,
My soul with him shall rest;
My flesh, in hope reposing,
Shall wake, with glory blest.

HOFFENBACH.

166 RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Who is this with glory gleaming,
His features bright with vict'ry beaming,
That shines amid sepulchral gloom?
Mortals!—of your dread annoyer,
Of Death—it is the great Destroyer,
Who now triumphant leaves the tomb.
His grave is empty now,—
His foes are lying low
All around him.
His praises tell! O'er Death and Hell,
In grateful songs, his vict'ry show!

2 Sin brought Death and desolation,—
Thou Prince of life and of salvation,
Of Death thou hast subdu'd the might:
That to earth peace might be given,
And man enjoy the hope of heaven,
Thyself didst leave the realms of light.
Thy struggle not for thee,—
Thy vict'ry, Lord, for me—
Me a sinner!
Thy death endur'd My life secur'd,
And set my prison'd spirit free.

3 Jesus, shall I not adore thee?
My thanks shall never cease before thee,
Thy praise my heart can ne'er decline.
Thou for me the fight sustaining,—

In death a perfect vict'ry gaining,—
Thy vict'ry, Conqueror, is mine.
My love shall endless prove
For thy far richer love,
Mighty Hero:
Songs too of praise And thanks I raise
To thee, eternal God above.

4 Now, this Conqueror addressing,
Come, sinners, humbly seek his blessing,
And fix your faith on Him alone!
Each with me now bow before him,
With songs of grateful praise adore him,
And tell what he for us has done!
His word let all believe,
As God's own truth receive
All his teaching!
He won the prize, And bids us rise
That in his glory we may live.

5 When the cup of Death is tasted,
For us his terrors all are wasted,—
Where is his sting? What can he do?
Jesus lives!—His saints he numbers,
His voice shall wake us from our slumbers,
And then *our* graves be empty too.
Those who his promise trust,—
He'll raise them from the dust—
Vict'ry shouting.
The voice—it comes— "Leave now your tombs!
"Arise, and triumph with the just!"

6 What a day of bliss surprising,
When now the Sun of glory rising,
Shall scatter Death's long-gather'd gloom!
O what joy and wonder blended,
When, all our night of darkness ended,
The morn shall break upon our tomb!
Great Leader, guide our way
On to that glorious day,—
Lo, we follow!
Yes, though thy path Shall lead through death,
We'll follow thee without delay.

7 Terror, Lord, to Hell thou givest,—
Thyself hast died,—and yet thou livest;
Thy life and reign shall ever last:
Vict'ry, life, a throne in heaven,
His world to rule, thy God has given:—
And till thy glory shall be past,
In it, 't will be thy care
That all thy friends shall share
Here, hereafter.
By thy behest, We here are blest,
And look for endless blessings there.

B. Muenter, d. 1793.

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167 * EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

Christ our Lord is risen,
Bursting Death's dark prison:—
This fills the angel-hosts with joy,
And will their endless praise employ. Hallelujah!

2 Life for us he offer'd;
Death he freely suffer'd,
To bring immortal life to light:
For this we'll sing with soul and might— "Hallelujah!"

3 On the cross suspended,
There his griefs were ended:
He now on high in glory lives,
For us his intercession gives. Hallelujah!

4 Here a feeble stranger,
None to share his danger,
Abas'd, the pow'rs of Hell he bound,—
Now reigns,—his vict'ry angels sound. Hallelujah!

5 Once, the grave his dwelling,
Now, his deeds are telling
Whose pow'r it is the dead to raise,—
The ransom'd host proclaim his praise. Hallelujah!

6 He, from condemnation,
Shows a free salvation,
For all who will repent, believe,
And through His blood the grace receive. Hallelujah!

7 Lord, shall we before thee
With thy saints adore thee?
Prepare our souls for that employ,
While here we sing with holy joy— "Hallelujah!"

Commended but disclaimed by LUTHER.

168 ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Rejoice, ye saints!—your fears be gone!
Your Lord ascends to take his throne,—
He conquers!—with triumphant voice,
Proclaim his vict'ry and rejoice!

2 His conflict here is finish'd now,
Death is disarm'd, a vanquish'd foe,—
Peace to the world from God is giv'n,
And He with glory crown'd in heav'n.

3 Now all abroad, and to the sky,
Extol his pow'r and majesty;
The seraphim resound his praise,—
To him your highest anthems raise!

4 All nations are his purchas'd right,
His sceptre rules with grace and might,
Will ever rule, till at his feet
All foes shall to his pow'r submit.

5 In ev'ry strait He is at hand,
The guardian of his faithful band;
He is their Head:—your honors bring,
And let the skies with echo ring!

6 Jesus, accept our honors due!
While we, with praise and rapture, view
The glories of the heav'nly throne,
To which thy God exalts his Son.

7 In thee our store of blessings lies,
And faith in thee secures the prize
So dearly purchas'd, with thy blood,
For all who seek a pard'ning God.

8 What should we fear? Thou art our Lord,
Thy pow'r and skill shall be our guard,
Thy grace, all needed mercies grant,
Thy fullness, meet our ev'ry want.

9 We joy,—in hope, when life shall end,
Eternal life with thee to spend;
On earth our pilgrim-service done,
To serve with angels round thy throne.

10 O draw us to thee more and more,
That upward our desires may soar,
And seek the things that are above,
Where sits the Savior whom we love.

11 And may thy throne of glory there
So sink all earthly joy and care,
That, from a life of faith below,
We may ascend to glory too.

12 Then will we, O thou sinners' friend,
With nobler pow'rs thy fame extend;
And, to thy praise, new songs employ
In regions of eternal joy.

169 JESUS, KING OF GLORY.

LIFT up now your heads for the Prince everglorious
Wide open, ye gates of the world, to your King!
He comes,—over Hell and his foes all-victorious,
He comes his salvation to bring.

2 He comes, who alone spoiling Death of his terrors,
Can quell our alarms of the opening grave;
Who sinners, from bondage to ruinous errors,
By grace is almighty to save.

3 Their hands, stead of bonds, the glad palm-branch are bearing;
And hopes, stead of sorrows, are filling the breast;
For prison-groans, songs now their joys are declaring,
Their troubles are follow'd by rest.

4 His heralds haste onward the message of heaven,
Proclaiming salvation, and life from the dead:
Away the dark clouds of delusion are driven,
And night's gloomy shadows are fled.

5 May we, King of glory, our honors now bringing,
For all the rich tokens to man of thy love;
In life and in death here thy praises be singing,
Then sing nobler praises above.

170 THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Can human thought thy secret counsels measure,
Our King at God's right hand, our sov'reign Lord?
We see thee form a people for thy pleasure,
Thy little flock from ev'ry mischief guard.
Where is a work of wonder like thine own?
An humble work, and yet of glory too!
So *still*,—on earth 't is heeded but by few,
So *great*, that angels hail it round thy throne.

2 Celestial principalities and powers
Here learn thy wisdom deep, and manifold:
While, o'er the sinner, righteous vengeance lowers,
With glad surprise thy mercy they behold.
Thy law and grace together must unite—
Can light and darkness then be made agree?
Faith wonders:—naught but darkness can we see,
But all thy darkness only leads to light.

3 Yes—'t is through death that thou to life art leading,
The vict'ry is alone for them who yield:
The shadows thick must first abroad be spreading,
Before thy morning star can be reveal'd.
Here clouds of gloom encircle us around,
Through deserts wild and drear lies oft our way,—
Till we will hail of light a single ray,
Rejoice, when one poor blade of comfort's found.

4 Thine eye of fire the universe pervading,
To Thee the secret thoughts of all are known;

How oft the hearts, our confidence persuading,
Are to thy view unsound and faithless shown.
Thy call and choice, what's scorn'd by others, raise,
The lowly are preferr'd:—men would not spare
The plant, that in thy garden wins thy care,
And, more than proudest tree, yields fruit of praise.

5 The poor man, not the rich, thy gifts replenish,—
That praise to thee may ne'er be mix'd with pride;
Before thy light must human glory vanish;
The glory of thy grace alone abide.
Thou teachest all—thine all-sufficiency;
For humble souls thou keepest open door,
Against the proud thy gates wilt doubly bar,
Our weakness make us feel in victory.

6 No change or weakness do thy plans discover;—
Who shall presume to form thy council-board?
Thou dost thy will:—and only when 't is over,
We then may learn the pleasure of our Lord.
Here is a land;—for vengeance ripe it seems;
Thou sendest thither messengers of grace;—
"'T is Midnight!"—is the cry,—but in its place,
Behold thy mercy spreads its morning beams.

7 A station *here*—thou lettest foes destroy it,—
'T was one, perhaps, of which thy flock were proud:
There, guardest well from all that would annoy it,
A barren field where scarce a blossom blow'd.
Here, with thy host display'd in martial line,
Struck down in midst of life, their champion died;

There, lone and feeble, for relief applied
A sickly guest,—where now thy temples shine.

8 As river courses, human hearts thou turnest;—
That secret wisdom, Lord, is only thine:
The vict'ry, oft, with striving long thou earnest,
But, oft, one word of grace will vict'ry win.
The wildest tempers to thy beck are tame,—
How many foes receive thy gentle sway!
The strongest now are led thy willing prey,—
They stay to bless thee, who for cursing came.

9 The age of wonders never yet has ended;—
Thy name is "Wonderful," nor suffers loss,
They see it not, whose glare themselves has blinded,
When shine abroad the wonders of the cross.
Still by thy angels are the light'nings sped—
Lo! Sennacherib, with his dauntless host,
Of scorn to thee and people makes his boast,—
The morning comes,—th' insulting foe has fled.

10 To testify,—with joy thy people hasten,—
That Israel's Hero thou abidest still;
And though thy hand may bow them oft, and chasten,
They leave thee not,—thy Spirit rules their will.
So much of light upon our hearts has shone,
How could we wish to live in darkness more!
Who once has known thee, and thy saving pow'r,
A thousand times will trust thee—*thee alone.*

11 We of thy glory now can only stammer,
Although in glory thou art ever great.

Blest he who, in these times of doubt and clamor,
By faith maintains allegiance to thy state.
Now fitful glimpses break the gloom of night,—
But earth from pole to pole shall own thy sway:
Thy triumphs *then* shall show, in endless day,
Thy foolishness is wise,—thy darkness, light.

A. Knapp, b. 1798

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171 JESUS IN GLORY.

Our Jesus, now at God's right hand,
Is high in glory seated:
He reigns in that dear father-land
From far with transport greeted,
Whither our warm affections move,
And where celestial spirits love
Him, as their Lord, to honor.

2 Above all principality
His shining throne he raises,
The angels' highest minstrelsy
In vain would reach his praises:
To him the songs of cherubim,
Responded by the seraphim,
Cry "Holy! Holy! Holy!"

3 All things are subject to his reign,
The earth and skies together,—
What is, and what has ever been,
The upper world and nether;

All pow'r and might of ev'ry name
Shall own, dear Lord, thy sov'reign claim—
Thy rule is universal.

4 Thou must too be our great High-priest,
Thy blood, our soul's oblation;
None else can show our guilt releas'd,
Or bless us with salvation.
The grace we need none else can give,
For none, like thee, a priest shall live
To intercede forever.

5 Bright hopes to us thy love affords,
To faith thou naught deniest;
Thou reignest now the Lord of lords,
Above all kings the Highest:
Thy throne of righteousness secure
Through endless ages will endure,
Dispensing grace and judgment.

6 Immanuel! ever at our side
Thou'lt be, till time is ended,
Through all our pilgrimage to guide,
With pow'r and mercy blended:
In ev'ry strait wilt bring us through,—
For us contend and conquer too,—
Till Death himself is vanquish'd.

7 Thou say'st—"Him that shall overcome
"None from my joys shall sever;
"A child of God I'll bring him home,

"To share my throne forever;
"E'en as I too have vict'ry won,
"And sit upon my Father's throne
"In majesty and glory."

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172 CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT.

The trumpet sounds!—the day is come!
In glory Christ revealing;
To men the day of final doom—
Their state forever sealing.
He comes! The Son of man is here,
Borne on a cloud, see him appear
Array'd in robes of judgment!

2 Earth's fleeting schemes of error fail,
But firm the truth of ages;
Now right decides with even scale,
And sin receives its wages;
Repentance has no longer space,
Art and deception find no place,—
'T were vain to seek false witness.

3 Here, on the brink of endless fate,
Each takes his sev'ral station:
All who have lived, both small and great,
Since first the world's creation;
Each by th' Omniscient seen, they stand,
Though countless as the ocean's sand,—
All wait the solemn sentence.

4 He speaks!—the list'ning skies are still,—
All eyes on Jesus centre,
While awe and dread the bosom fill:—
"*Come ye, your kingdom enter!*"
He says to those who mercy sought:
And then,—to all who priz'd it not,—
"*Depart from me, ye cursed!*"

5 O Lord, with what resistless might
Thy doom of justice sounded!
The sinners, who refus'd thy right,
Sink down to Hell, confounded;
Where meets them deep, unmingled woe,—
Ah! Who can ever save them now?
All hope is gone forever!

6 But lo! The saints ascend on high,
Cloth'd with the light of heaven;
Their Savior leads them through the sky—
What burst of joy is given!
For now they see, with raptur'd eyes,
That faith and love receive the prize,
Through grace rich, free, abounding.

7 And see!—they take the mansions bright,
Where God prepar'd their dwelling:
Like angels now,—and, to their sight,
Their joys are onward swelling:
They knew in part,—now, all is clear,—
Nor doubt, nor sorrow enters here,
To break their bliss unceasing.

8 Oft, Jesus, from thy judgment-seat,
Would I reflection borrow:
That thus my soul may fearless meet
The waves of earthly sorrow.
O teach my hopes above to mount,
While, mindful of my last account,
I search thy truth for guidance!

DOXOLOGIES:

SERVING ALSO AS AN

INDEX TO THE MEASURES OF THE HYMNS.

I. OF FOUR LINES.

I.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
While angels bow before him,
With joy let all the ransom'd host
Sing praises and adore him.
(Hymn 51.)

II.

2 To God,—the Father, and the Word,
And Holy Ghost,—with one accord,
Let us with angels join to raise
The song of gratitude and praise.

or,

When angels "Holy! Holy!" cry,
"Supreme in grace!" let saints reply,
And strive in praise to honor most
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
(H. 70, 75, 114, 122, 138, 168.)

III.

3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost sing praises,
The God whom christians love;
From sin and fear, from death and Hell he raises,
To endless joys above.
(H. 90.)

IV.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, sing praises!
He is the God of grace:—and from the mazes
Of sin, and death, and Hell, he bids us come
To joys on high—a bright, eternal home.
(H. 113.)

V.

5 Now to our God,—the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost,—be sacred honors done!
Let saints below, with deepest adoration,
And saints above, extol his great salvation!
(H. 115.)

VI.

6 Now to our God—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing!
With praise to God, the Three-in-one,
Let all creation ring.
(H. 129.)

VII.

7 Now to Father, Son, and Spirit,
Let the earth her praises sing!
And, ye angels, as ye hear it,
Let the skies your echoes ring!
(H. 133.)

VIII.

8 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
From earth let praise arise!
Ye angels, as ye hear it,
Prolong it through the skies!
(H. 144, 147.)

IX.

9 To God,—to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,
Let saints now with angels in praises unite!
Beginning the joys they shall fully inherit
Forever in regions of light.
(H. 169.)

II. OF FIVE LINES.

I.

10 Raise high your song
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ye saints below!
And angels, as ye hear it,
With saints above, the praise prolong!
(H. 4.)

II.

11 To God, the Father of our Lord,
To God, the Son, the living Word,
To God, the Holy Ghost,
Let saints their grateful notes prolong,
"The God of grace" their only song.
(H. 49.)

III.

12 Let saints below their honors bring
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Here tune their voice the praise to sing

That shall employ the heavenly host,
Forevermore.
(H. 69)

IV.

13 To God, the Father of our Lord,
To God the Son, the living Word,
To God, the Spirit of all grace,
Our songs we raise,
While heav'n resounds with higher praise.
(H. 81, 121, 124.)

V.

14 To Father, Son, And Spirit,—One,—
As by the host of heaven,
Glory, honor, thanks, and praise
By the earth be given!
(H. 162.)

VI.

15 To God alone, The Three in One,
On earth be praises given,
As by the saints redeem'd,
And angel-hosts in heaven.
(H. 163.)

VII.

16 Ye of ev'ry nation
Hoping for salvation,
Praise only God who saves the lost,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah!
(H. 167.)

III. OF SIX LINES.

I.

17 Who, with deepest adoration,
Should extol the great salvation
Wrought by grace for sinners lost?
Sinners sav'd, your honors bringing,
Lead its praises, ever singing
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

(H. 9.)

II.

18 To Father, Son, And Spirit,—One,—
The God who reigns in heaven,—
As done above, May praise and love
By all on earth be given.

(H. 11.)

III.

19 Now to the Father-God, who gave us
His Son to bear away our guilt;
To God the Son, made flesh to save us,
Whose blood was for our ransom spilt;
To God the Spirit of all grace,
Let praise ascend from ev'ry place.

(H. 13, 17, 32, 47, 52, 67, 72, 84, 99, 123, 127, 131, 149, 161.)

IV.

20 Come, let us now our honors bring,
To Father, Son, and Spirit sing,—
The song of angels raising!
Let all below, and all above,

Unite in holy joy and love,
Our God Jehovah praising!
(H. 16, 28, 61, 98.)

V.

21 Praise to the Father-God, who gave us
His Son to seek and save the lost;
To God the Son, who died to save us,—
Nor less to God the Holy Ghost:
Eternal praise for grace abounding,
To God, the Three in One, be sounding!
(H. 84.)

VI

22 Praise to God the Father bring,—
Well our praise his favors merit;
And with equal praises sing
God the Son, and God the Spirit:
Praise in song, ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
(H. 85, 82, 128.)

VII.

23 To God, whose boundless favors
Demand our best endeavors
In songs of grateful praise,—
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
As well their glories merit,
Let earth and skies loud anthems raise.
(H. 48, 66, 88, 116.)

VIII.

24 Our God, who from heaven
His blessings has given,—
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit we sing:
While angels before him,
And saints too adore him,
Exalting with praises Eternity's King.
(H. 59.)

IX.

25 Now to the Father, the Son and the Spirit,
Sing all ye angels encircling the throne!
Saints who in glory his promise inherit,
Sing to the God who your victory won!
Saints here below, too, in chorus be singing
Him who your spirits to glory is bringing.
(H. 65.)

X.

26 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit,—Three in One,—
On earth be praises given;
While angels raise Their higher praise
With the redeem'd in heaven.
(H. 85, 90.)

XI.

27 Let Jews no longer spurn their King!
Nor Moslems their false prophet sing!
Let Heathens cast to bats and moles
The gods that cannot save their souls!

Let all below unite, with angel host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
(H. 102.)

XII.

28 Him, who gave his only Son;
Him, who died from death to raise;
Him, who makes the Savior known,
All ye ransom'd join to praise!
Praise in song, ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
(H. 110.)

XIII.

29 Let God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit be ador'd,
By saints and angels round the throne,
By all on earth, who love the Lord.
To Him, whose grace all good supplies,
Now let our Hallelujahs rise!
(H. 119.)

XIV.

30 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Now ye saints exalt with praise:
And, ye angels, as ye hear it,
Higher still your anthems raise!
Striving how to honor most
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
(H. 146.)

XV.

31 To God,—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit,—One,—
Be honor, glory, blessing,
With songs of praise unceasing!
Let all on earth adore him,
And angels bow before him!
(H. 156.)

IV. OF SEVEN LINES.

I.

32 Thou God and Father of our Lord,
We bring our praise before thee;
Thou equal Son, the living Word,
With praises we adore thee:
Thou Holy Ghost accept the praise
Which, taught of thee, alike we raise
To Father, Son, and Spirit.

or,

Now to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost give praises!
To God, whose grace to sinners shown
From death to glory raises:
Let saints below, and saints above,
With angels vie in showing love,
'T is man alone finds mercy.

(H. 1, 14, 18, 29, 31, 33, 43, 54, 60, 63, 64, 74, 76, 92, 108, 109, 111, 117, 125, 133, 142, 145 150 159, 171, 172.)

II.

33 LET all, with heart and voice,
To Father, Son, and Spirit
Sing praises and rejoice!
To Him, his Son, who gave,
To Him, who died to save,
To Him, who works our peace,
Our honors we address.
(H. 20.)

III.

34 GLORY now to GOD who gave us
His Son to bear away out guilt!
To GOD the Son, made flesh to save us,
Whose blood was for our ransom spilt,
To GOD the Spirit of all grace,
Let saints resound, in endless praise, Glory!
(H. 22.)

IV.

35 To GOD be praise!—The Father of our Lord
The Son and Spirit, too,
With grateful songs of honor be ador'd,
By all who dwell below;
While hosts above, with joy unceasing,
To Him give glory, honor blessing:
To GOD be praise!

or,

PRAISE Him that's true!—The Father of our Lord,
The Son he loves so well,
And Holy Ghost—forever be ador'd!

Let saints his praises tell
Whom angels, for his truth unbending,
Extol with praises never ending,—
Our God is true!
(H. 30, 93, 95.)

V.

36 Praise ye the Lord!—To Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost—be sacred honors done!
He is the God of grace,—and bids us come
From all our wand'rings to a peaceful home.
Praise ye the Lord!
His praise, his praise
Shall there employ our songs through endless days.
(H. 37.)

VI.

37 It here must pleasure be,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
To all who grace inherit,
Their praise to offer thee.
But when to us in heaven
Angelic notes are given,
What must our pleasure be!
(H. 184.)

VII.

38 Now to our God in heaven,—
The Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost,—be given
Our praise for mercy shown:

Let all his saints on earth adore,
And saints above be singing—
"Glory forevermore!"
(H. 157.)

V. OF EIGHT LINES.

I.

39 JEHOVAH, GOD!—The Father, Son, and Spirit,—
Accept our humble sacrifice of praise!
For all the good we have, or shall inherit,
To thee our song of gratitude we raise.
The Father gives for us his only Son,
The Son to pay our ransom freely dies,
The Holy Ghost the purchas'd grace applies,—
Eternal praises to the Three in One!
(H. 2, 170.)

II.

40 Now GOD, the Father, praise,
On earth as done in heaven;—
To Jesus, his dear Son,
Be equal praises given;
Help us, thou Holy Ghost,
Whom we with praise adore,
The Father, Son, and Thee
To praise for evermore.
(H. 3, 5, 25, 27, 28, 50, 69, 148.)

III.

41 ALL ye who grace inherit,
The GOD of grace adore!

To Father, Son, and Spirit
  Give praise forevermore!
Of mercies here, the treasure
  Demands our praise and love;
And praise shall be our pleasure
  Before his throne above.
(H. 6, 58, 91, 185, 158.)

IV.

42 Saints and angels bow before thee,
  Singing praises near thy throne;
So, O Lord, let earth adore thee,
  Praising God, the Three in One!
God the Father, grace supplying,—
  God the Son, the way of grace,—
God the Spirit—sanctifying,—
  Aid and own our songs of praise!
(H. 7, 41.)

V.

43 Praise to Him, his Son who gave us
  Here to seek and save the lost!
Praise to Him, who died to save us!
  Praise to Him—the Holy Ghost!
  Ever praise the Three in One!
  He is God,—and He alone!
Saints and angels bow before him,
Let the earth with songs adore him!
(H. 10, 15, 26, 136.)

VI.

44 It was the Father's wondrous love
That gave his Son to die,
And sent his Spirit from above
To train us for the sky:
Now to our God,—the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost,—we sing,—
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring!
(H. 12, 79.)

VII.

45 Come let us now our honors bring,
To Father, Son, and Spirit sing,—
The song of angels raising!
Let all below, and all above,
Unite in holy joy and love,
Our God Jehovah praising!
'T is He who first our being gave,—
He gives his grace our souls to save.
(H. 19, 104.)

VIII.

46 The Lord is God!—To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Let saints unite their grateful songs to raise!—
Till all the nations of the world shall hear it,
And too shall learn to swell the notes of praise.
Let earth and skies rejoice
To spread his name abroad,—
And shout with thankful voice,—
"*The* Lord *is* God!"
(H. 21.)

IX.

47 Sing the Father's will to save us!
Sing of Christ the dying love!
Sing the Holy Ghost, who gave us
Hearts to sing our God above!
To God—to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,—
All glory and honor! Ye saints, as ye hear it,
Bear on with your voices the anthems we raise,
While angels resound their ascriptions of praise.
(H. 24, 46.)

X.

48 It was the Father's wondrous love
That gave for us his Son to die,
And sent his Spirit from above,
To train us for his joys on high:
Now to our God—the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost—our praise we sing,
Let saints below, to Him alone,
And saints above, their honors bring!
(H. 38.)

XI.

49 Come, Holy Spirit, aid our songs,
While we our praise are singing
To Him—to whom all praise belongs,—
To God our honors bringing:
Your praises join, ye ransom'd host
From ev'ry tribe and nation,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Proclaim the great salvation!
(H. 40.)

XII.

50 SAINTS and angels bow before thee,
Singing praises near thy throne;
So, O LORD, let earth adore thee,
Praising GOD, the Three in One!
GOD the Father, source of blessing,
GOD the Son, of love unceasing,
GOD the Spirit of all grace,—
Now accept our song of praise!
(H. 57, 77, 120, 155.)

XIII.

51 HIGH let us now our voices raise,
The Father, Son, and Spirit praise,—
His gracious aid and ear imploring!
Let angels, as they hear the song,
The notes of joy and love prolong,
Jehovah, GOD alone, adoring.
The wonders of his grace and pow'r
Demand our praise forevermore.
(H. 78.)

XIV.

52 FROM GOD the Father, through the Son,
And by the Holy Spirit,
Believers shall around the throne
Eternal joys inherit.
Here let them raise Their songs of praise,
Till nobler songs be given,
To swell their praise in heaven!
(H. 86, 87, 139.)

XV.

53 Now to our God in heaven,—
The Father, and the Word,
And Holy Ghost,—be given
Our praise with one accord.
Let all on earth adore,
With saints their honors bringing,
And with the angels singing—
"Glory forevermore!"
(H. 94, 112.)

XVI.

54 Now to the Father-God who gave us
His Son to bear away our guilt;
To God the Son, made flesh to save us,
Whose blood was for our ransom spilt;
To God the Spirit of all grace,
Let praise ascend from ev'ry place!
This God is ours!—let earth adore him,
While saints and angels bow before him!
(H. 97.)

XVII.

55 Now, to the Father-God who gave us
His Son to work our endless good:
To God the Son who came to save us,
And paid our ransom with his blood,
To God the sanctifying Spirit,—
Let all the earth unite in praise!
Let angels kindle as they hear it,
And louder Hallelujahs raise!
(H. 105, 118.)

XVIII.[1]

56 Now to God, the Three in One,
Songs of glory raise!
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit—praise!
The God of love!
Boundless wisdom, grace and pow'r
Give to Him, as evermore
Is done above!

(H. 180.)

XIX.

57 Praise ye the Lord!—The Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit praise!
To Him be everlasting honors done,
For matchless pow'r and grace!
Our life—'t is He who gave it,
'T is his to take away;—
Our soul—'t is his to save it,
And bless with endless day.

(H. 187, 165.)

VI. OF NINE LINES.

I.

58 Now to the God of matchless grace,
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
We lift our highest notes of praise,
Yet far below his merit.
Ye, whom the promise of his love

To endless glory raises.
Ye saints below, and saints above,
Unite to sing his praises,
With angel hosts forever!

(H. 8, 71, 103, 107.)

II.

59 Now, Holy Ghost, help us to raise
To Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
The Three in One, our God adoring,
His gracious aid and ear imploring:
Let all thy saints, in grateful song,
Their notes of joy and love prolong,
While angels bow in admiration,
And praise their God for man's salvation.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

(H. 73.)

III.

60 To God—the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost—sing praises!
The God, whose sov'reign grace alone
From death to glory raises.
Saints below, above,
Sing Redeeming love!
Angels, swell the song!
Our notes of praise prolong!
Sing "Holy! Holy! Holy!"

(H. 89.)

IV.

61 Now to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost give praises!

The God, whose wondrous mercy shown
From death to glory raises:
Let saints below, and saints above
With angels vie in showing love!
Sav'd, when on waves of ruin toss'd,
The saints should most
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MEASURES WITHOUT DOXOLOGIES.

VII. OF TEN LINES.

62 (I.) Hymn 42.
63 (II.) " 44.
64 (III.) " 45.
65 (IV.) Hymn 55.
66 (V.) " 101.
67 (VI.) " 143.
68 (VII.) Hymn 160.

VIII. OF ELEVEN LINES.

69 (I.) Hymn 83.
70 (II.) Hymn 164.

IX. OF TWELVE LINES.

71 (I.) Hymns 68, 106, 140, 153, 166.
72 (II.) " 100.
73 (III.) Hymn 126.
74 (IV.) " 141.
75 (V.) Hymn 151.

X. OF FOURTEEN LINES.

76 (I.) Hymn 36.
77 (II.) Hymns 39, 56, 58, 96, 152.

CORRECTIONS.

Page 118, last line, for "then," read "them."
" 138, last line, for "then," read "than."
" 240, 10th line, for "thy," read "my."
" 305, 18th line, for "sin," read "seat."
The Hymns 65, 118 should have an asterisk (*) before their titles.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

APPENDIX.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"Dies Iræ."

Day of wrath—the sinner dooming,
Earth, with all its works, consuming,—
Scripture warns—*that day* is coming!

Oh what terror, on espial
Of the Judge to to hold *that* trial
Where no wrongs will brook denial!

Hark!—the trump!—its tones of thunder,
Citing all on earth, or under,
Fill its startled realms with wonder;

Death and Nature, frighted, quaking,
While the dead, to life awaking,
Are their place for judgment taking.

Then, before the world collected,
Books are open'd, lives inspected,
And by these the doom directed.

When the Judge, for inquest seated,
Marks for vengeance duly meted,
Flagrant crimes, and faults secreted,—

Guilty—What can I be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
Saints themselves are mercy needing!

Savior, thron'd in exaltation,
Thou hast wrought a free salvation,
Save me from that condemnation!

Think of all thy way from heaven
That my sins might be forgiven,—
Must I still to woe be driven?

Seeking me, thy strength oft fail'd thee,
On the cross ills thick assail'd thee,—
Have thy suff'rings nought avail'd thee?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Bless my soul with absolution,
Ere that day of execution!

For my sins my spirit sighing,
Shame my cheek with crimson dyeing,
Hear me, Lord, for mercy crying!

Cheer'd was Mary's deep contrition,—
Heard by thee the thief's petition,—
I will hope from thee remission.

Pray'rs of mine no merit offer,
Thou thy grace, benignant, proffer,
Lest eternal pains I suffer!

With thy friends my portion give me!
On the left oh never leave me!
But to thy right hand receive me!

Ere the curse, thy foes addressing,
Sinks them down to woe unceasing,
Speak to me the words of blessing!

Sad and prostrate I adore thee,
And with contrite heart implore thee—
"May I then rejoice before thee!"

When, that day of dread assizes,
Man from dust for judgment rises,
Though our crimes deserve thy curses,
Show us, Lord, thy tender mercies!

Jesus, Savior, Prince of peace,
Bid our grief and terror cease! Amen!

MARY AT THE CROSS.

"Stabat Mater."

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
  Gazing on her dying son:
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,—
  Through her soul the sword has gone.

O what grief on her was pressing,
Lately blest beyond all blessing,
  Mother of that promis'd seed;
Sorrow, agony unbounded,
Horror all her thoughts confounded,
  While she saw her darling bleed.

Who, with heart to love another,
Could have seen this weeping mother,
  And could yet remain unmov'd?
Who have kept from sympathizing
With her spirit agonizing
  For the pangs of him she lov'd?

What he for his people suffer'd,
Stripes, and scoffs, and insults offer'd,
  His fond mother saw the whole;—
Never from the scene retiring,
Till he bow'd his head, expiring,
  And to GOD breath'd out his soul. * * *

[But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
  At our Savior's cross to mourn.
'Twas our sins brought him from heaven,
These the cruel nails had driven,—
  All his griefs *for us* were borne.

When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
  He his love and pow'r display'd:

By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.
Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live!]

CHRIST HONORED IN HIS MARTYRS.

"Æterna Christi munera" — of Ambrose.

The boundless grace of Christ our King
Which martyrs in their vict'ries own,
With joyful hearts now let us sing
While we with praise the victors crown.

They, by the churches honor'd most
As dauntless leaders in the fight,
And champions of the Christian host—
Reflect abroad the gospel light.

The world—its rage stirs no alarm,
The flesh—its pains they disregard;
And Death—releases them from harm,
To be forever with the Lord.

At times to cruel flames they're giv'n,
Or famish'd beasts their bodies tear;
Now, soldier-bands, to fury driv'n,
To bow their wills no tortures spare.

They're scourg'd till forth their bowels glide,
And blood in purple streams descends;
But undismay'd their souls abide,
Expecting life that never ends.

Of heart that's pure—the faith unfeign'd,
The hope—of all by faith that live,
And love to Christ—by his constrain'd—
O'er earth and Hell the vict'ry give.

By them the Father's glory shown,
In them the Son's redeeming love,
And Spirit's joy, to rapture grown,
Supply with song the courts above.

Our souls, O Lord, by grace prepare,
That, where thy martyr'd saints adore,
Some humble part we too may bear
In praising thee for evermore. Amen!

MORNING HYMN.

"Jam lucis orto sidere"—of Ambrose.

The rising sun now cheers our sight,—
Let us to God devoutly pray—
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide our feet the coming day:

That tongue or hand may do no ill,
Nor thoughts indulge in what is vain,
Our lips the simple truth may tell,
And love within our bosoms reign.

With guardian watch that never fails,
Our senses, Jesus, now defend!
These gateways, where the foe assails,
Keep safe until the day shall end!

We ask, too, that our daily toil
May with thy blessing be begun,
And, further'd by thy gracious smile,
May show thy praises when 't is done.

And lest the flesh should proudly think
To lord it o'er the deathless soul,
May abstinence in food and drink
The guilty pride of flesh control.

Give God the Father, glory due!
And God his only Son, adore!
To God the Holy Spirit, too,
Give praises!—now, and evermore!

[A SUBSTITUTE FOR 5TH STANZA.

And should our flesh presume in pride
To lord it o'er the deathless soul,
May thoughts on thee—the crucifi'd—
The guilty pride of flesh control.]

SONNET FROM THE FRENCH OF DES BARREAUX.

GREAT GOD, thy ways are true, thy judgments right,
Thy thoughts to mercy evermore inclin'd;
But sins like mine—when *these* thy love requite,
Thy justice fails, if I should pardon find.
Yes, LORD, my scorn of thee—thy grace and might—
Forbids thy goodness longer to be kind,
Nor can thy honor and my peace unite,—
Against me Mercy has with Justice join'd.

Then do thy will!—for this thy glory cries—
At all my tears let wrath indignant rise!
Let lightnings flash!—mid thunders strike thy foe!
In sinking, I adore my righteous GOD.
But on what part can vengeance deal the blow
That is not *cover'd with a Savior's blood?*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, thron'd where angels bow,
Thy name be hallow'd here below;
Thy kingdom come;—thy will be done
On earth, as done in heaven;
Give us our bread, each day its own;
And be our sins forgiven,
As we forgive the wrongs we bear;
Our weakness from temptation spare;
From evil save:—for, thine's the pow'r,
The kingdom, glory evermore. Amen!



